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HENRIK IBSEN: HIS EARLY CAREER AS POET AND PLAY-WRIGHT.

CURIOSLY enough, Henrik Ibsen, who has been rightly characterized as "most distinctively and decidedly Norwegian" in genius and temperament, has not, so far as it is possible to trace his genealogy, a drop of Norwegian blood in his veins. It is true, as we shall see, that Norwegian blood may have been introduced at several points through the females of his line, but there is no positive proof, and only in one case even a probability of it.

His great-great-grandfather, Peter Ibsen, was a Danish seaman, who, in 1720, emigrated from the island of Möen to Bergen, and became a citizen of this enterprising and picturesque seaboard town, where he married the daughter of a German immigrant. No information is given as to the nationality of the mother of the bride. Peter Ibsen's son, Henrik Petersen Ibsen, who also followed the sea, took to wife the daughter of a Scotchman named Dishington, who had established himself in business and been admitted to citizenship in Bergen. Here, too, it is uncertain whether Mrs. Dishington was Norwegian or Scotch. Henrik Petersen Ibsen died during the first year of his wedded life. Soon after his death his widow gave birth to a son, and the posthumous child was christened Henrik, in memory of the deceased father. Henrik Ibsen wedded the daughter of a merchant named Plesner, in Skien, whither his mother had removed after

her second marriage. Both Plesner and his wife were of German descent. Henrik Ibsen was, like his father, a seafarer, and perished, with the ship of which he was the captain and owner, on the coast at Hesnaes, near Grimstad. Only a few fragments of the wreck, and among them the name of the vessel, drifted ashore to tell the tale of disaster. This unfortunate mariner left one son, Knud Ibsen, who married Maria Cornelia Altenburg, the daughter of a wealthy merchant of German extraction, residing in Skien. The maiden name of the bride's mother was Paus, and her family must have been either Danish or Norwegian, probably the latter. Knud Ibsen's eldest child, the poet Henrik Ibsen, was born in Skien, March 20, 1828.

This mixture of foreign elements, Danish, Scotch, a possible Norwegian tinge, and a threefold German strain, in the blood of a man whose Norwegianism is quite as intense, though not so turbulent and aggressive, as that of his fellow-countryman, the typical Norseman, poet, and tribune, Bjørnstjerne Bjørnson, would seem to indicate that what we call national character is in a less degree the product of lineage than of environment. In other words, the qualities which an individual possesses in common with the people to which he belongs are due, not so much to the race of which he is born as to the social, political, educational, geographical, and climatic conditions into which

he is born. The characteristics which distinguish the fine-breed are such as have been formed and fixed by a long course of fine breeding. It is not the mere accident of parentage that makes a man an American or an Englishman, but the impress of the peculiarly American or English culture which he has received; the multifarious and complex influences which have unconsciously moulded his character; in short, the moral and intellectual atmosphere which has surrounded and sustained him, and in which he has lived, moved, and had his being from earliest infancy.

In nomadic society consanguinity alone constitutes tribal membership, and furnishes a tie sufficiently strong to hold the vagrant community together; but with the transition to sedentary life and the permanent occupation of the soil, geographical propinquity becomes a matter of greater moment than genealogical propinquity; nearness of kin, as a bond of union, yields its claims to the more pressing and imperative demands of territorial nearness; kindness, as an emotion, overleaps the barriers of etymology, and no longer confines itself to kind; and a wider sympathy and solidarity of interests, gradually growing up, give rise to larger political aggregations, whose members recognize each other as countrymen instead of mere clansmen.

It has been suggested that the unrelenting severity with which Ibsen insists upon "the categorical imperative," and the high ethical standard which he sets up as a rule of conduct, as well as his somewhat pessimistic attitude towards human life as he finds it, are heirlooms of the Puritanism and idealism which have played such a decisive part in Scotch history, and left such a deep and lasting impress upon Scotch philosophy. On the other hand, his taste and talent for purely abstract and speculative reasoning, and his predilection and faculty for rigorously logical

and systematic thinking, might naturally enough be regarded as German hereditaments. Indeed, it may be said of him, in the language of Kant, that two things fill his soul with ever new and increasing admiration and awe the oftener he contemplates them: the starry heavens above him and the moral law within him. In both cases it is the same sort of "cosmic emotion" which the phenomena excite; but of the two sublime and eternal revelations of the supremacy of universal and inviolable laws, it is the microcosm, or psychical world within, that appeals to him more strongly and interests him more deeply than the macrocosm, or physical world without. It is not the poetic or romantic, but the mystical or metaphysical, side of nature that attracts him. There is no landscape-painting in his dramas. He never introduces descriptions of scenery for their own sake, but only as symbols of human thought and aspiration and heroic endeavor; as, for example, the allusions to the glaciers and the "ice-church," the misty mountain-tops and the stormy fiord, in *Brand*. He has the love of an old Norse salt for "the fierce, conflicting brine," but it is the mysteriousness and unfathomableness of the restless water, type of the seething passions of the soul (that "sealet" within, according to Grimm's etymology of the word), which fascinate him, and suggest psychological problems darker than the ocean's waves "and deeper than did ever plummet sound," as in *The Lady of the Sea*.

But we need not go so far away as Scotland or Germany in quest of causes to account for the idiosyncrasies of the Norwegian poet. They lay around in his infancy at Skien. Sixty years ago, this place of his birth was by no means the prosy town and mere commercial mart it is to-day. Its inhabitants comprised many persons of wealth and superior culture, and several families of distinction resided in the city, or dwelt

permanently on their estates in the immediate vicinity. As these families were, for the most part, connected by nearer or remoter ties of kinship, the social life was exceedingly intimate and animated; and dinner-parties, picnics, balls, and musical entertainments followed each other in almost unbroken succession, summer and winter. These gayeties were greatly enhanced by the primitive and generous manner in which the rites of hospitality were then exercised in Skien; very much as they are at the present time in Iceland. There were, properly speaking, no inns in the city for the accommodation of travelers, who took up their quarters with friends or relations, or were lodged by those to whom they brought letters of introduction. "We had," says Ibsen, "strangers visiting us at nearly every season of the year; and especially at Christmas and during the annual fair, which was held in February, and lasted a whole week, our large and roomy house was full of people, and the table spread from morning till night."

The Ibsen family belonged to the aristocracy of Skien, and their spacious mansion was one of the chief social centres of the city. The head of the household was a quick-witted and free-handed man, genial and good-humored, and never so happy as when entertaining crowds of guests.

It was doubtless due in part to this liberal and rather reckless hospitality that, when Henrik Ibsen was eight years of age, his father became a bankrupt, and, after satisfying the claims of his creditors, had nothing left but a small and hitherto neglected farmhouse, not far from the city, to which he retired with his family, and where he spent the next six years in a state of poverty and seclusion, which formed a striking contrast to his former life of affluent ease and constant festivity. The "aristocratic" circles of which Knud and Cornelia Ibsen had been the bril-

liant ornaments were now closed to them, and this sudden change could hardly fail to make a deep and abiding impression upon the precociously thoughtful and susceptible mind of their eldest child. The lesson thus taught by his early experience of the utter selfishness and insincerity of society was such as could never be forgotten, especially as his subsequent larger knowledge of the world only served to enforce and confirm it.

Ibsen's youth seems to have been very lonely and sad. He seldom shared the sports of other boys, or even played with his own brothers and sisters. His most vivid reminiscences of his native town are of the old city hall, with its subterranean jail, and a dark and dingy cell in which lunatics were confined; the church, with its associations of gloomy piety; the pillory and the public whipping-post, at which criminals and runaway serfs were cruelly scourged. More cheerful memories of his childhood are of the hours which he used to spend in a small room next to the kitchen, poring over old volumes full of engravings. This closet-like retreat could not be heated, and was often fearfully cold; but he could fasten it with a hook inside and shut out all intruders, and this advantage outweighed any considerations of mere physical comfort. The scene in the third act of *The Wild Duck*, where Hedwig is absorbed in Harryson's *History of London*, and, not being able to read the text, learns what it is all about from the numerous pictures, is one of his youthful recollections.

He had a decided talent for drawing, and was diligent in the use of pencil and brush. He was particularly fond of painting figures, representing different characters in appropriate costume, on pasteboard, which he then cut out and set upon wooden blocks, so that they could stand alone. These puppets he arranged in groups and moved to and fro on the table, and by improvising dia-

logues, in which he attained remarkable facility, represented dramatically the historical incidents he had read about. Sometimes he would build a castle or fortress, taking great pains with every part of it, so that it seemed to the younger children a wonderful work of art; but no sooner was it finished than he took it by storm, and laid it level with the ground. Here, too, the main object he had in view was the dramatization of some historical event which had appealed to his imagination; and the careful and conscientious manner in which the boy constructed an edifice which he intended to demolish was significant of his strong artistic sense and the thoroughness with which he carried to completion whatever he undertook, qualities which have always characterized the literary labors of the man.

Until he was fourteen years of age Ibsen attended a school kept by two theological students at Skien, where he received instruction in the elementary branches of knowledge and also learned a little Latin. One of his school-mates describes him as having a fine head, remarkable quickness of conception, an excitable and somewhat ebullient temper, a sharp tongue, and a satirical turn of mind, but as being withal a sincere friend and a good comrade. Intellectually, he stood head and shoulders above his fellows. He read history, especially that of Greece and Rome, with uncommon avidity and appreciation, and showed an exceptional interest in the religious instruction which, as a rule, the pupils considered a bore and were inclined to shirk. "I remember," says the same informant, "how still it was once in the class, when Ibsen read a composition in which he related a dream, substantially as follows:—

"As I was journeying, with several companions, over a high mountain, we were suddenly overtaken by night, and being very weary we lay down to sleep, like Jacob, with stones for our pillows. My comrades were soon wrapped in

slumber, and, after a long time, excessive fatigue compelled me also to close my eyes. Then an angel appeared to me in a dream, and said, "Arise and follow me!" "Whither wilt thou conduct me in this darkness?" I asked. "Come," he replied, "I will show thee a vision of human life as it really is." Then I followed him with fear and trembling, and we descended as it were a flight of enormous steps, until the rocks rose in huge arches over our heads, and before us lay a vast city of the dead, a whole world of pallid corpses and bleached skeletons in endless succession; and over them all a dim, crepuscular light, which the church walls and the white crosses of tombs seemed to emit and cast over the illimitable graveyard. Icy terror seized me at the sight, and the angel who stood at my side said, "Here, thou seest, all is vanity." Then there came a rushing sound, like the first faint breathings of a rising storm, the low moan composed of a thousand sighs, and it grew to a howling tempest, so that the dead moved and stretched out their arms towards me. And I awoke with a shriek, damp with the cold dew of the night."

This is certainly not a kind of writing common with school-boys of fourteen. It strikes, in fact, the keynote which vibrates in various modulations through all his dramas, and reaches its highest pitch in *Ghosts*. Ibsen states that his recollection of this incident is quite distinct, because the teacher got it into his head that the composition was taken from some book, and expressed this surmise in the class; "whereupon," adds the author, "I set him right in a more energetic manner than was pleasing to him or perhaps proper in me."

This literary production was the utterance of thoughts and feelings fostered by the peculiar experiences of his childhood, and shows only, so far as it may have been influenced by his reading, how strongly his youthful imagination had been touched by the visions of Hebrew

prophets, the pessimism of the Preacher's philosophy of life, and the doctrine of the nothingness and transitoriness of all earthly things fundamental to Christianity and mystically revealed in the Apocalypse.

Ibsen wished to be an artist, and had circumstances permitted the realization of this desire he would have been, undoubtedly, the peer of his countrymen, Hellqvist and Grönvold, although his genius and style would have made him nearer akin to the latter than to the former. In all probability he would have been more thoroughly original than either. Of the one thing needful he would have had no lack, namely, ideas. It is this inborn and incurable deficiency that renders many an artist, with whose technique no fault can be found, hopelessly dull and intolerably commonplace. Ibsen has always preserved a lively and appreciative interest in art; the final preference for the pen has not robbed him of his fondness for the pencil, nor of a skill in the use of it far above the reach of mere dilettanteism. But the financial stress of the family forced him to choose a profession that would be immediately lucrative, or at least pay his way to competency. While waiting for his laurels to grow he must diligently cultivate some humble esculent,

"not too good

For human nature's daily food."

At the age of sixteen he left his native town, and entered upon his apprenticeship in an apothecary's shop at Grimstad, where he remained until he was twenty-two. Grimstad was at that time a little seaport of eight hundred inhabitants, mostly ship-owners and wharfingers, whose interest in literature was confined to Lloyd's list, and who were even more provincial and Philistine than the Skieners. In such a place the apothecary's shop competes with the barber's shop as a loafers' resort and a sort of social exchange, where all the gossip and scandal afloat are quoted, discounted, or stamped

with the seal of general acceptance and put into circulation. It is difficult for those not "to the manner born" to form a proper conception of the intellectual depression exerted by the atmosphere of such a town. Every transgression of local customs and conventionalities is denounced as a dangerous excess; strong personal peculiarities are deemed personal defects; society shakes its empty noddle over all enthusiasms or ideas out of the common run; every vigorous expression of thought or emotion is eyed askance as an unaccountable eccentricity, and to be eccentric is to be either crazy or criminal.

That Ibsen soon came into collision with people of this sort it needs no "Scottish gift of second-sight" to foresee. It was discovered that the young man had an ambition above making pills and mixing pharmaceutical preparations, and that he intended to enter the university and study medicine; and this was a bad sign. What was still worse, he wrote poetry in the intervals of leisure left from dispensing drugs. Worst of all, he glorified in glowing verse the revolutionary movements of 1848, celebrated the heroic deeds of the Magyars, and called upon the Scandinavians to come up to the help of their kinsfolk in the Danish-German war. What impudence for a callow stripling to instruct his elders in their political duties, and to tell the nations what they ought to do!

Meanwhile, during this storm-and-stress period of his intellectual development, the young poet was diligently preparing himself for his *examen artium*, or examination for entering the university. Among other works, he read with eager interest Sallust's Conspiracy of Catiline and Cicero's Catilinarian Orations, and thought that, under the mask of the historian's trite moral indignation and through the phrases of the orator, he caught a glimpse of the true character of the old Roman nihilist and anarchist, which these adversaries had sadly

travestied. This conception he embodied in a drama entitled *Catiline*, and, failing to get it either represented or published, he had it printed, by the financial aid of a devoted and believing friend, at his own expense at Christiania, early in 1850, under the pseudonym of Brynjolf Bjarme.

Ibsen accepts what Cicero and Sallust relate concerning Catiline's lawless and licentious life, and endows him, as a *dramatis persona*, with uncurbed passions, which furnish the tragic element in his career, and lead directly and inevitably to his destruction. On the other hand, he is not a mere vulgar adventurer and selfish exciter of sedition, but a man of liberal ideas, a sincere patriot and lover of the people, who would free his country from the tyranny of a pampered and plutocratic Senate, and revive the old Roman civic virtue; a spirit, in this respect, akin to Cato, whose memory, in one instance, he invokes. In short, Catiline is politically the author's ideal of a revolutionist, and embodies in his utterances much of the poet's enthusiasm for liberty excited by the events of 1848. Corresponding to the double nature of the hero, and personifying it, as it were, are the two women, Aurelia, his wife and good genius, and the Vestal Virgin Fulvia, his evil genius, who loves him, and yet plots his ruin when she discovers that he was the seducer of her sister Silvia, who had hidden her shame under the waters of the Tiber.

The interest of the drama is chiefly psychological, although there are a few intensely dramatic scenes in it; as, for ex-

ample, that in the temple of Vesta, where Fulvia makes Catiline, whom she knows only as Lucius, swear to avenge her sister's wrong, and when he asks the name of her betrayer answers, "Catiline." He then confesses that he is the guilty one. In its original form, the play was a rather crude piece of work; but Ibsen rewrote and republished it in 1875, and, without changing it substantially, gave it a highly artistic finish, and introduced it again to the public with an exceedingly interesting autobiographical preface.¹

In March, 1850, Ibsen went to Christiania to attend the school of Heltberg, who had the reputation of being an exceedingly rapid coach, and is said to have been able to convey a youth from the farm or the shop to the doors of the university with quite incredible speed. Among other pupils whom he met there was Björnstjerne Björnson, who in a sprightly poem entitled *Old Heltberg* has described Ibsen at that time as "languid and lean, with a complexion like gypsum behind an immense coal-black beard:"—

"Anspänt og mager med Farve som Gibsen,
Bag et kul-sort, umadeligt Skjæg Henrik Ibsen,"—

lines which recall the description of the Mantuan apothecary:—

"Meagre were his looks,
Sharp misery had worn him to the bones."

Under Heltberg's high-pressure system, Ibsen was able to pass his examination in a few months, and did so with credit to himself in Latin and all the other branches except Greek and mathematics, in which he was a little weak.

¹ A Finnish critic, Valfrid Vasenius, in his *Æsthetic Researches* (Henrik Ibsens dramatiska diktning i dess första skede, Helsingfors, 1879, page 50) has endeavored to show that Ibsen gives a truer portraiture of Catiline as an historical personage than the caricature of the conspirator which has been handed down to us by tradition. That his political programme was, in a great measure, socialistic is unquestionable, and that he was honest in his aims we have no sufficient reason to doubt.

Cicero says of him that he (Catiline) asserted that no one could be a faithful defender of the poor unless he were poor himself (*negavit miserorum fidelem defensorem inveniri posse, nisi eum, qui ipse miser esset*). This remark, which is intended as a reproach and a proof of demagogism, would seem rather to indicate a sympathetic appreciation of the feelings of the proletarian classes and an ability to put himself in their place.

While still engaged in his preparatory studies, he appeared again before the public: first, as the vindicator of personal liberty, and, secondly, as the author of a new drama. A South Jutlander named Harro Harring, who had led an adventurous life, fighting for Greek independence and taking part in other revolutions, came to Norway in 1849. In the following year he published a play entitled *The Testament of America*, which, in the opinion of the authorities, contained legacies that it would be better for the Norwegian people not to know anything about. Harring was accordingly arrested by the police, and placed under guard on board of a steamer lying at the wharf, to be expelled from the country. No sooner had this event become known than an indignation meeting was held, and a protest against such an arbitrary act of tyranny drawn up and signed by one hundred and forty citizens, and presented to the city council. The protesters then marched in procession to the ship, and sent a committee on board to express their sympathies to Harring, who, when he appeared on deck, was received with three cheers for himself and loud huzzas for freedom and fatherland. Two of the most zealous leaders of this improvised demonstration were Ibsen and Björnson.

About the same time, during the Whitsuntide holidays, Ibsen wrote a play in one act, called *Kaempehöjen* (*The Hero's Mound*), which was represented September 26, 1850, in the Christiania theatre. It is the story of a viking, Audun by name, who in a predatory expedition on the coast of Normandy had been left behind, severely wounded. A young Norman girl, Blanka, who had survived the general slaughter, finds and nurses him. After recovery, he builds a hut, adopts her as his daughter, and through her influence is converted to Christianity. As a sign of this change of faith, he buries his sword and armor,

and erects a mound over them. Years afterwards, his son Gandalf comes to avenge the supposed death of his father. His first impulse is to slay the old hermit and the maiden, but he is disarmed by their gentle words. As he is thus led to neglect the duty of vengeance and to break his oath, he is about to turn his sword against his own breast, when Audun makes himself known. Gandalf returns to Norway, with Blanka as his bride; but the father prefers to remain where he is, and to end his days in his hermitage.

Ibsen's success with this piece, which was received with applause on the stage and favorably criticised by the press, determined him to abandon the idea of studying medicine, and to devote himself exclusively to literature. He gave up all thoughts of a university career, and was never matriculated as *Civis Academicus*, but had the honorary degree of Ph. D. conferred upon him after he had won his fame as a poet. He lived with his friend, the law-student Ole Schulerud, the same who had furnished the necessary funds for the publication of *Catilina*, in a modest quarter of the Norwegian capital. His income was exceedingly small and uncertain, the revenues of Schulerud were usually at a low ebb, and there was no knowing when a happy conjunction of affairs would bring in a flood tide. It often happened that the whole amount of their money was insufficient to pay for a simple dinner, but lest other persons in the house should suspect their real condition they went out at noon, and, after wandering about as long as it would have taken them to eat a good meal, returned, and appeased the pangs of hunger with bread and coffee. "At this period," says Botten-Hansen, "I saw them almost every day, but they were always in such excellent humor, and succeeded so well in concealing their pecuniary stress, that for a long time I did not have the slightest inkling of it." The good cheer which their table lacked

was supplied by their stout hearts and hopeful spirits. Only thirty copies of *Catilina* had been disposed of, and one evening, when their pantry, their purses, and their paunches were equally empty, they remembered the goodly amount of stock on hand, and resolved to "send it to Bucklersbury," as Ben Jonson expresses it, where they were sure the green-grocer would appreciate the quality of the paper. "For several days afterwards," says Ibsen, with characteristic conciseness, "we were not in want of any of the necessaries of life."

He wrote also for an organ of the labor movement edited by Abildgaard and Thrane, who, after a time, were arrested and the contributions to the journals seized. As Ibsen's articles were among them, he expected to share the fate of the editors, but escaped through the shrewd sense of the manager, who, when the policeman came to the office, threw a bundle of the most compromising manuscripts on the floor, and affected to conceal others of a perfectly harmless character. The police, with the overweening conceit of the bureaucratic mind, fell into the trap, demanded imperiously the hidden papers, and bore them off in triumph, paying no attention to those which had been so ostentatiously flung at their feet. Abildgaard and Thrane were sentenced to several years of hard labor in the penitentiary.

In connection with Paul Botten-Hansen and Aasmund Olafsson Vinje, he began, on January 1, 1851, the publication of a weekly political sheet, which, from the vignette on the title-page, was popularly known as *Man*. It was strongly radical, and represented the opposition in the Storting. With the suppression of the revolution and the setting in of a general reaction in Europe, the Norwegian oppositionists grew feeble-kneed, to the intense disgust of Ibsen, who satirized them in a spirited travesty of Bellini's opera, entitled *Norma*, or the Love of a Politician; a

Musical Tragedy in Three Acts, and changed the political into a literary weekly, called *Andhrimner*, after the cook who served the gods and heroes of Valhalla with their daily food, but which, it is to be hoped, was able to offer its readers a more varied bill of fare than that furnished by the mythical Scandinavian *chef*, whose culinary functions seem to have been confined to boiling over the same inconsumable old boar. However this may have been, the periodical was financially a failure; the number of its subscribers never reached a hundred, and it expired with the falling of the autumn leaves in the year of its birth.

Although the pecuniary returns of Ibsen's literary activity during the eighteen months of his life in Christiania were a mere pittance, and he was never free from "necessity's sharp pinch," the lyrics, dramas, satires, and criticisms he had published had won for him the reputation of being something more than a prolific scribbler who "writes to dine;" and when, chiefly through the untiring energies of Ole Bull, a new theatre had been established at Bergen, Ibsen was appointed dramaturgist and dramatic poet. His salary was about four hundred dollars a year, to which was added, at the outset, the sum of two hundred and twenty-five dollars to defray his traveling expenses abroad for three months, in order that he might visit foreign theatres and acquire a practical knowledge of stage management. For this favor he bound himself to retain his position and perform the duties of "theatrical instructor" for five years.

Though the income was moderate, this was just the place Ibsen needed at this stage of his literary career. Alexandre Dumas fils, in the preface to *Un Père Prodigue*, makes the remark that "it is possible to become a painter, a sculptor, or a musician by study, but not a dramatic poet; a man is so either at once or never, as he is blonde or brown,

and cannot help it." "If this be true," says Henrik Jäger, who quotes the observation, "then the genius of the dramatic poem must form a remarkable exception to the general laws of evolution, to which all manifestations of physical and intellectual life are subject." In fact, the statement is preëminently absurd; and never was the principle of *nascitur, non fit*, more unfittingly applied. Indeed, it is far less true of the dramatic than of the lyric poet, whose effusions are intensely subjective and inward, and therefore in a greater degree independent of external circumstances. The dramatist portrays historical or social life, which he cannot know by intuition; nor is he born with a technical knowledge of the stage, without which his works may be read with pleasure, but can never be effectively represented. In this respect, the greatest genius may learn something from the manager or the mechanic of a theatre, or even from an experienced scene-shifter. The lively duet between Papageno and Papagena, in the second act of *The Magic Flute*, owes its present character to the suggestions of the old stage-director Schikaneder; as Mozart first composed it, the performance was exceedingly tame. A very slight circumstance may determine whether the laugh comes in at the right or wrong place; and upon this trivial event often depends the success of a play.

Ibsen remained in Bergen from 1852 to 1857, and during this period not only put more than a hundred plays of various kinds on the stage, but also conscientiously produced a drama of his own on January 2 of each year, namely, *Midsummer Night* (*Sankthausnatten*), a revision of *The Hero's Mound*, *Dame Inger of Oestrât*, *The Feast at Solhaug*

(*Gildet på Solhaug*), and *Olaf Liljekrans*. All these dramas have been printed except the first and the last.¹ From 1857 to 1864 Ibsen was "artistic director" of the new Norwegian (in distinction from the old Danish) theatre in Christiania. This theatre, like that in Bergen, was a product of the strong enthusiasm for a purely national art and literature, which had been excited by the popular poems and sagas and other treasures of folk-lore brought to light by the labors of Asbjørnsen and Moe, who, in this province of research, did for Norway what the brothers Grimm had already done for Germany. It is certain that, Dumas to the contrary notwithstanding, the indisputable eminence of Ibsen as a master in dramatic technique is due in a great measure to his twelve years' theatrical experience in Bergen and Christiania.

As regards the aforementioned national movement, Ibsen threw himself into the fray with truly Berserker ardor and energy, and organized with Bjørnson, November 22, 1859, the Norwegian Society, the chief purpose of which was to nationalize the Norwegian stage by getting rid of the Danish influences that had taken exclusive possession of it. Another expressed object of the society, which sounds funny enough nowadays, was to oppose the Düsseldorf school of painting; showing how prominent this school was thirty years ago as a representative of foreign art, although even then it had lost much of its relative importance.

It was under the impulse of this movement that Ibsen wrote his interesting essay *On Heroic Song and its Significance for Artistic Poesy* (*Om Kæmpevisen og dens Betydning for Kunstpoesien*). *Illustreret Nyhedsblad*, 1857,

¹ It was in Bergen, too, that Ibsen met the lady to whom he was wedded on June 18, 1858, Miss Susanna Thoresen, daughter of the provost of the collegiate church in that city, and step-daughter of the well-known novelist and

dramatic poetess, Magdalene Thoresen. The fruit of this marriage has been one son, Sigurd, for some time connected with the Swedish embassy in Washington, and at present Swedish secretary of legation in Vienna.

Nos. 19 and 20), and applied the principles therein set forth in his drama *The Warriors at Helgeland* (*Haermaendene på Helgeland*); and that Björnson published his tales of Norwegian peasant life, *Synnøve Solbakken*, *Arne*, *A Happy Boy*, and other shorter stories. These productions were not merely works of art, but also parts of a political programme, a genesis, however, which does not prejudice in the least their literary character. The refusal of the Danish theatre in Christiania to represent *The Warriors at Helgeland* provoked a bitter controversy, which was waged in the press, and finally led to the utter defeat of the Danish party, and the fusion of the Norwegian with the Danish theatre on a national basis. The piece was first given in 1861, and has remained a stock play there ever since.

During this period Ibsen wrote two other dramas, wholly diverse in theme and technical treatment, — *Love's Comedy* (*Kjærlighedens Komedie*, 1863) and *The Pretenders* (*Kongsemnerne*, literally *King-candidates*, 1864). The topic treated in the first of these dramas had been already touched upon in *Midsummer Night*, the scene of which is laid in a farmhouse, where young ladies and students are assembled to dance on the feast of St. John, and, at the same time, to celebrate the betrothal of two couples, for which purpose punch is served in the garden. The kobold Nisse — a mischievous and sprightly elf, near akin to Shakespeare's Puck — squeezes into the punch the juice of a magical herb, which has the fatal effect of endowing those who drink it with the power of seeing things as they really are, stripped of all beneficent illusions. One can readily imagine what havoc this faculty makes in the relations of the lovers.

The perfectly correct feeling that a drama of modern social life ought not to be written in verse led Ibsen to work out the first draught of *Love's Comedy* in

prose; but the result proved unsatisfactory. His thoughts had been so long accustomed to move in rhythmic measure, or in the somewhat stiff and stilted style of the sagas, that he found it difficult to hit the free and easy tone of ordinary conversation. He therefore recast the play in pentametric iambics, which have seldom been surpassed for compactness and strength, lightness and elasticity, and melodiousness of metrical expression; realizing in these respects what would seem to be the highest capabilities of dramatic dialogue in rhyme.

"Is marriage incompatible with love?" is a question said to have been submitted to a jury of noble ladies in a mediæval *cour d'amour*, and to have been decided by them unanimously in the affirmative. Essentially the same problem is presented for solution in Ibsen's drama, where, of all the fresh and sparkling rivulets of love that are merged and swallowed up in the sea of matrimony,

"naught enters there,
Of what validity and pitch so'er,
But falls into abatement and low price,
Even in a minute."

The widow Halm, whose mission in life it is to find among her lodgers suitable husbands for seven nieces and two daughters; the country parson, Strohmänn (*nomen et omen*), and spouse, —

"The maiden once adored as his ideal,
A slattern now, with shoes down at the
heel," —

with twelve children in occupancy and one in expectancy; the ministerial copyist and secretary, Styrrer, affianced for seven years to Miss Skäre ("Magpie," with the qualities characteristic of this bird); and the theological student, Lind, who in the first act becomes engaged to Anna Halm, all exemplify, in a greater or less degree, how impossible it is for love to resist the vulgarizing effect of matrimony, or even of betrothal. In Lind's relations to Anna we see the first fresh budding and blossoming of tender

romantic sentiment, but it is like the rose,

"whose fair flower,
Being once display'd, doth fall that very hour."

No sooner is their engagement made known than four meddling aunts and troops of officious friends seize upon it, strip it of all its poesy, and scatter its delicate aroma to the winds, until the young lovers are forced, in sheer self-defense, to hide their passion from these desecrating minds. In the play, the critical attitude is taken by Falk, a young author, still in the first fury and rather turbid stages of poetic fermentation, who vents his sarcastic humor on the self-complacent, commonplace couples, and finds a congenial spirit in Swanhild Halm. In Falk and Swanhild are two hearts evidently made for each other, two kindred souls drawn together by the irresistible forces of elective affinity into perfect and indissoluble unity. The scene in the beginning of the third act would seem to indicate in them a reserve of passionate capabilities strong enough to defy all adverse fate and inauspicious stars; as a matter of fact, they have not strength sufficient to overcome the petty social prejudices which they had joined hands in protesting against. A few common-sense remarks by the merchant Guldstad, who looks at matrimony from a baldly practical point of view, suffice to dissipate their illusions. Swanhild, at Falk's suggestion, takes off her engagement ring and flings it into the fiord; they part in order that their love may remain pure, ideal, and eternal as a memory. That Guldstad should lead Swanhild to the altar doubtless takes the gentle reader somewhat by surprise. Think of Juliet calmly accepting the hand of County Paris, because he promises to be a stout and trusty staff to her through life, a sort of ever-present and permanent gold-stick in waiting! But the complete solution of the psychological problem presented in the drama necessitated this sacrifice.

Falk, meanwhile, disappears with a band of students, swinging his hat and shouting *Excelsior!* Philistinism keeps the field, and celebrates its victory by dancing on the green to the prosy thrumming of a piano and the popping of champagne corks. *Sic transit gloria amoris!*

Love's Comedy, in which matrimony, so far from being assailed, is defended and upheld, even in its least alluring form of *mariage de convenance*, "roused a storm of indignation more violent and extended," says Ibsen, "than most books can boast of in a land in which the majority of the inhabitants do not concern themselves in literary events." The critics of the Christiania press were loud in their denunciations of it, as "not only untrue and immoral, but also as unpoetical, as all views of life must be that represent the ideal and the real as irreconcilable." One writer even suspected that the author "must be drifting towards Catholicism, since the whole tendency of the piece is to commend celibacy."

Ibsen declares that he was not at all surprised at the manner in which the drama was received. It was regarded as a wanton assault upon the sanctities of love and the institution of marriage, which all sentimentalists and good citizens would naturally resent. "The majority of those who read and pass judgment upon books," he says, "possess only in a very inadequate degree the discipline and training of thought necessary to discern such errors. But it is not my business to give them a course of instruction."

Love's Comedy was the product of three years' labor, and the net profits on the copies sold a little exceeded one hundred dollars; and yet this paltry sum was more than as much again as he had received for any of his plays hitherto published. So severe was his pecuniary stress at this time that his friends thought seriously of endeavoring to se-

cure for him a subordinate position in the custom-house, where he might earn a meagre subsistence by weighing boxes of sugar and sacks of coffee, as Robert Burns had done by gauging pipes and puncheons of whiskey.

Fortunately, the greatest of Norwegian dramatists was saved from the sordid fate of the greatest of Scotch lyric poets. An application to the government for a traveling stipend was, after violent opposition from the University of Christiania, finally granted. With this *viaticum*, which amounted to a little less

than seven hundred dollars a year, but was somewhat increased by the thoughtful generosity of a private gentleman, he left his native land, with his wife, April 2, 1864, going first to Berlin, and then *via* Trieste to Rome.

This event brought to a close the formative period of his development as poet and playwright, which it has been the purpose of this paper to sketch, and without a knowledge of which it is impossible fully to appreciate his literary character and to understand his later career as a dramatic poet.

E. P. Evans.

THE TRAGIC MUSE.

XLIX.

MIRIAM had guessed happily in saying to Nick that to offer to paint Gabriel Nash would be the way to get rid of him. It was with no such invidious purpose, indeed, that our young man proposed to his intermittent friend to sit; rather, as August was dusty in the London streets, he had too little hope that Nash would remain in town at such a time to oblige him. Nick had no wish to get rid of his private philosopher; he liked his philosophy, and though of course premeditated paradox was the light to read him by, yet he had frequently, in detail, an inspired unexpectedness. He remained, in Rosedale Road, the man in the world who had most the quality of company. All the other men of Nick's acquaintance, all his political friends, represented, often very communicatively, their own affairs, and their own affairs alone; which, when they did it well, was the most their host could ask them. But Nash had the rare distinction that he seemed somehow to stand for *his* affairs, the said host's, with an interest in them unaf-

fectured by the ordinary social limitations of capacity. This relegated him to the class of high luxuries, and Nick was well aware that we hold our luxuries by a fitful and precarious tenure. If a friend without personal eagerness was one of the greatest of these, it would be evident to the simplest mind that by the law of distribution of earthly boons such a convenience should be expected to forfeit in duration what it displayed in intensity. He had never been without a suspicion that Nash was too good to last, though, for that matter, nothing had happened to confirm a vague apprehension that the particular way he would break up, or break down, would be by wishing to put Nick in relation with his other disciples.

That would practically amount to a catastrophe, Nick felt; for it was odd that one could both have a great kindness for him and not in the least, when it came to the point, yearn for a view of his belongings. His originality had always been that he appeared to have none; and if, in the first instance, he had introduced Nick to Miriam and her mother, that was an exception for which

Peter Sherringham's interference had been in a great measure responsible. All the same, however, it was some time before Nick ceased to think it might eventually very well happen that to complete his education, as it were, Gabriel would wish him to foregather a little with minds formed by the same mystical influence. Nick had an instinct, in which there was no consciousness of detriment to Nash, that the pupils, perhaps even the imitators, of such a genius would be, as he mentally phrased it, something awful. He could be sure, even Gabriel himself could be sure, of his own reservations, but how could either of them be sure of those of others? Imitation is a fortunate homage only in proportion as it is delicate, and there was an indefinable something in Nash's doctrine that would have been discredited by exaggeration or by zeal. Providence, happily, appeared to have spared it this probation; so that, after months, Nick had to remind himself that his friend had never pressed upon his attention the least little group of fellow-mystics, nor offered to produce them for his edification. It scarcely mattered now that he was just the man to whom the superficial would attribute that sort of tail; it would probably have been hard, for example, to persuade Lady Agnes, or Julia Dallo, or Peter Sherringham, that he was not most at home in some dusky, untidy, dimly-imagined suburb of "culture," peopled by unpleasant phrasemongers who thought him a gentleman and who had no human use but to be held up in the comic press, which was probably restrained by decorum from touching upon the worst of their aberrations.

Nick, at any rate, never discovered his academy, nor the suburb in question; never caught, from the impenetrable background of his life, the least reverberation of flitting or flirting, the smallest æsthetic ululation. There were moments when he was even moved to a degree of pity by the silence that poor

Gabriel's own faculty of sound made around him — when at least it qualified with a slight poorness the mystery he could never wholly dissociate from him, the sense of the transient and occasional, the likeness to vapor or murmuring wind or shifting light. It was, for instance, a symbol of this unclassified condition, the lack of all position as a name in well-kept books, that Nick in point of fact had no idea where he lived, would not have known how to go and see him or send him a doctor if he had heard he was ill. He had never walked with him to any door of Gabriel's own, even to pause at the threshold, though indeed Nash had a club, the Anonymous, in some improbable square, of which Nick suspected him of being the only member — he had never heard of another — where it was vaguely understood that letters would some day or other find him. Fortunately it was not necessary to worry about him, so comfortably his whole aspect seemed to imply that he could never be ill. And this was not, perhaps, because his bloom was healthy, but because it was morbid, as if he had been universally inoculated.

He turned up in Rosedale Road, one day, after Miriam had left London; he had just come back from a fortnight in Brittany, where he had drawn unusual refreshment from the subtle sadness of the landscape. He was on his way somewhere else; he was going abroad for the autumn, but he was not particular what he did, professing that he had returned to London on purpose to take one last superintending look at Nick. "It's very nice, it's very nice; yes, yes, I see," he remarked, giving a little general assenting sigh as his eyes wandered over the simple scene — a sigh which, to a suspicious ear, would have testified to an insidious reaction.

Nick's ear, as we know, was already suspicious; a fact which would sufficiently account for the expectant smile (it indicated the pleasant apprehension of

a theory confirmed) with which he inquired, "Do you mean my pictures are nice?"

"Yes, yes, your pictures and the whole thing."

"The whole thing?"

"Your existence here, in this little remote independent corner of the great city. The disinterestedness of your attitude, the persistence of your effort, the piety, the beauty, in short the example of the whole spectacle."

Nick broke into a laugh. "How near to having had enough of me you must be when you talk of my example!" Nash changed color slightly at this; it was the first time in Nick's remembrance that he had given a sign of embarrassment. "*Vous allez me lâcher*, I see it coming; and who can blame you? — for I've ceased to be in the least spectacular. I had my little hour; it was a great deal, for some people don't even have that. I've given you your curious case, and I've been generous; I made the drama last, for you, as long as I could. You'll 'slope,' my dear fellow — you'll quietly slope; and it will be all right and inevitable, though I shall miss you greatly at first. Who knows whether, without you, I should n't still have been representing Harsh, heaven help me? You rescued me; you converted me from a representative into an example — that's a shade better. But don't I know where you must be when you're reduced to praising my piety?"

"Don't turn me away," said Nash plaintively; "give me a cigarette."

"I shall never dream of turning you away; I shall cherish you till the latest possible hour. I'm only trying to keep myself in tune with the logic of things. The proof of how I cling is that, precisely, I want you to sit to me."

"To sit to you?" Nick thought his visitor looked a little blank.

"Certainly, for after all it is n't much to ask. Here we are, and the hour is peculiarly propitious — long light days,

with no one coming near me, so that I have plenty of time. I had a hope I should have some orders: my younger sister, whom you know and who is a great optimist, plied me with that vision. In fact, we invented together a charming sordid little theory that there might be rather a 'run' on me, from the chatter (such as it was) produced by my taking up this line. My sister struck out the idea that a good many of the pretty ladies would think me interesting, would want to be done. Perhaps they do, but they've controlled themselves, for I can't say the run has commenced. They have n't even come to look, but I dare say they don't yet quite take it in. Of course it's a bad time, with every one out of town; though you know they might send for me to come and do them at home. Perhaps they will, when they settle down. A portrait-tour of a dozen country-houses, for the autumn and winter — what do you say to that for a superior programme? I know I exasperate you," Nick added, "but don't you see how it's my interest to try how much you'll still stand?"

Gabriel puffed his cigarette with a serenity so perfect that it might have been assumed to falsify Nick's words. "Mrs. Dallow will send for you — *vous allez voir ça*," he said in a moment, brushing aside all vagueness.

"She'll send for me?"

"To paint her portrait; she'll recapture you on that basis. She'll get you down to one of the country-houses, and it will all go off as charmingly — with sketching in the morning, on days you can't hunt, and anything you like in the afternoon, and fifteen courses in the evening; there'll be bishops and ambassadors staying — as if you were a 'well-known' awfully clever amateur. Take care, take care, for, fickle as you may think me, I can read the future: don't imagine you've come to the end of me yet. Mrs. Dallow and your sister, of

both of whom I speak with the greatest respect, are capable of hatching together the most conscientious, delightful plan for you. Your differences with the beautiful lady will be patched up, and you'll each come round a little and meet the other half-way. Mrs. Dallow will swallow your profession if you'll swallow hers. She'll put up with the palette if you'll put up with the country-house. It will be a very unusual one in which you won't find a good north room where you can paint. You'll go about with her and do all her friends, all the bishops and ambassadors, and you'll eat your cake and have it, and every one, beginning with your wife, will forget there is anything queer about you, and everything will be for the best in the best of worlds; so that, together—you and she—you'll become a great social institution, and every one will think she has a delightful husband; to say nothing, of course, of your having a delightful wife. Ah, my dear fellow, you turn pale, and with reason!" Nash went on: "that's to pay you for having tried to make me let you have it. You have it, then, there! I may be a bore"—the emphasis of this, though a mere shade, testified to the first personal resentment Nick had ever heard his visitor express—"I may be a bore, but once in a while I strike a light, I make things out. Then I venture to repeat, 'Take care, take care.' If, as I say, I respect those ladies infinitely, it is because they will be acting according to the highest wisdom of their sex. That's the sort of thing women invent when they're exceptionally good and clever. When they're not, they don't do so well; but it's not for want of trying. There's only one thing in the world that's better than their charm: it's their conscience. That indeed is a part of their charm. And when they club together, when they earnestly consider, as in the case we're supposing," Nash continued, "then the whole thing takes a lift; for it's no longer the con-

science of the individual, it's that of the sex."

"You're so remarkable that, more than ever, I must paint you," Nick returned, "though I'm so agitated by your prophetic words that my hand trembles and I shall doubtless scarcely be able to hold my brush. Look how I rattle my easel trying to put it into position. I see it all there, just as you say it. Yes, it will be a droll day, and more modern than anything yet, when the conscience of women perceives objections to men's being in love with them. You talk of their goodness and cleverness, and it's much to the point. I don't know what else they themselves might do with these things, but I don't see what men can do with them but be fond of them."

"Oh, you'll do it—you'll do it!" cried Nash, brightly jubilant.

"What is it I shall do?"

"Exactly what I just said; if not next year, then the year after, or the year after that. You'll go half-way to meet her, and she'll drag you about and pass you off. You'll paint the bishops and become a social institution. That is, you will if you don't take great care."

"I shall, no doubt, and that's why I cling to you. You must still look after me; don't melt away into a mere improbable reminiscence, a delightful symbolic fable—don't, if you can possibly help it. The trouble is, you see, that you can't really keep hold very tight, because at bottom it will amuse you much more to see me in another pickle than to find me simply jogging down the vista of the years on the straight course. Let me, at any rate, have some sort of sketch of you, as a kind of feather from the angel's wing, or a photograph of the ghost, to prove to me in the future that you were once a solid, sociable fact, that I did n't invent and elaborate you. Of course I shall be able to say to myself that you can't have been a fable—otherwise you would have had a moral;

but that won't be enough, because I'm not sure you won't have had one. Some day you'll peep in here, languidly, and find me in such an attitude of piety — presenting my bent back to you as I nigger over some interminable botch — that I shall give cruelly on your nerves, and you'll draw away, closing the door softly (for you'll be gentle and considerate about it and spare me — you won't even make me look round), and steal off on tiptoe, never, never to return."

Gabriel consented to sit; he professed he should enjoy it and be glad to give up for it his immediate Continental projects, so vague to Nick, so definite, apparently, to himself; and he came back three times for the purpose. Nick promised himself a great deal of interest from this experiment; for from the first hour he began to feel that really, as yet, compared to the scrutiny to which he now subjected him, he had never, with any intensity, looked at his friend. His impression had been that Nash had a head quite fine enough to be a challenge, and that as he sat there, day by day, all sorts of pleasant and paintable things would come out in his face. This impression was not falsified, but the whole problem became more complicated. It struck our young man that he had never *seen* his subject before, and yet, somehow, this revelation was not produced by the sense of actually seeing it. What was revealed was the difficulty — what he saw was the indefinite and the elusive. He had taken things for granted which literally were not there, and he found things there (except that he could n't catch them) which he had not hitherto counted in. This baffling effect, being eminently in Nash's line, might have been the result of his whimsical volition, had it not appeared to Nick, after a few hours of the job, that his sitter was not the one who enjoyed it most. He was uncomfortable, at first vaguely and then definitely so — silent, restless, gloomy, dim, as if, when it came to the test, it

proved less of a pleasure to him than he could have had an idea of in advance to be infinitely examined and handled, sounded and sifted. He had been willing to try it, in good faith; but, frankly, he didn't like it. He was not cross, but he was clearly unhappy, and Nick had never heard him say so little, seen him give so little.

Nick felt, accordingly, as if he had laid a trap for him; he asked himself if it were really fair. At the same time there was something fascinating in the oddity of such a relation between the subject and the artist, and Nick was disposed to go on until he should have to stop for very pity. He caught, eventually, a glimmer of the truth that lay at the bottom of this anomaly; guessed that what made his friend uncomfortable was simply the reversal, in such a combination, of his usual terms of intercourse. He was so accustomed to living upon irony and the interpretation of things that it was strange to him to be himself interpreted, and (as a gentleman who sits for his portrait is always liable to be) interpreted ironically. From being outside of the universe he was suddenly brought into it, and from the position of a free commentator and critic, a sort of amateurish editor of the whole affair, reduced to that of humble ingredient and contributor. It occurred afterwards to Nick that he had perhaps brought on a catastrophe by having happened to say to his companion, in the course of their disjointed pauses, and not only without any cruel intention, but with an impulse of genuine solicitude, "But, my dear fellow, what will you do when you're old?"

"Old? What do you call old?" Nash had replied bravely enough, but with another perceptible tinge of irritation. "Must I really inform you, at this time of day, that that term has no application to such a condition as mine? It only belongs to you wretched people who have the incurable superstition of

‘doing;’ it’s the ignoble collapse you prepare for yourselves when you cease to be able to do. For me there’ll be no collapse, no transition, no clumsy readjustment of attitude; for I shall only *be*, more and more, with all the accumulations of experience, the longer I live.”

“Oh, I’m not particular about the term,” said Nick. “If you don’t call it old, the ultimate state, call it weary — call it exhausted. The accumulations of experience are practically accumulations of fatigue.”

“I don’t know anything about weariness. I live easily — it does n’t fatigue me.”

“Then you need never die,” rejoined Nick.

“Certainly; I dare say I’m eternal.”

Nick laughed out at this — it would be such fine news to some people. But it was uttered with perfect gravity, and it might very well have been in the spirit of that gravity that Nash failed to observe his agreement to sit again the next day. The next, and the next, and the next passed, but he never came back.

True enough, punctuality was not important for a man who felt that he had the command of all time. Nevertheless, his disappearance, “without a trace,” like a personage in a fairy-tale or a melodrama, made a considerable impression on his friend, as the months went on; so that, though he had never before had the least difficulty about entering into the play of Gabriel’s humor, Nick now recalled, with a certain fanciful awe, the unusual seriousness with which he had ranked himself among imperishable things. He wondered a little whether he had at last gone quite mad. He had never before had such a literal air, and he would have had to be mad to be so commonplace. Perhaps indeed he was acting only more than usual in his customary spirit — thoughtfully contributing, for Nick’s enlivenment, a mystery to an horizon now

grown unromantic. The mystery, at any rate, remained; another, too, came near being added to it. Nick had the prospect, for the future, of the harmless excitement of waiting to see when Nash would turn up, if ever, and the further diversion (it almost consoled him for the annoyance of being left with a second unfinished portrait on his hands) of imagining that the picture he had begun had a singular air of gradually fading from the canvas. He could n’t catch it in the act, but he could have a suspicion, when he glanced at it, that the hand of time was rubbing it away little by little (for all the world as in some delicate Hawthorne tale), making the surface indistinct and bare — bare of all resemblance to the model. Of course the moral of the Hawthorne tale would be that this personage would come back on the day when the last adumbration should have vanished.

L.

One day, toward the end of March of the following year, or in other words more than six months after the incident I have last had occasion to narrate, Bridget Dormer came into her brother’s studio and greeted him with the effusion that accompanies a return from an absence. She had been staying at Broadwood — she had been staying at Harsh. She had various things to tell him about these episodes, about his mother, about Grace, about herself, and about Percy’s having come, just before, over to Broadwood for two days; the longest visit with which, almost since they could remember, the head of the family had honored Lady Agnes. Nick noted, however, that it had apparently been taken as a great favor, and Biddy loyally testified to the fact that her elder brother was awfully jolly, and that his presence had been a pretext for tremendous fun. Nick asked her what had passed about

his marriage — what their mother had said to him.

“Oh, nothing,” Biddy replied; and he had said nothing to Lady Agnes and not a word to herself. This partly explained, for Nick, the awful jollity and the tremendous fun — none but cheerful topics had been produced; but he questioned his sister further, to a point which led her to say, “Oh, I dare say that before long she’ll write to her.”

“Who will write to whom?”

“Mamma’ll write to his wife. I’m sure he’d like it. Of course we shall end by going to see her. He was awfully disappointed at what he found in Spain — he did n’t find anything.”

Biddy spoke of his disappointment almost with commiseration, for she was evidently inclined, this morning, to a fresh and kindly view of things. Nick could share her feeling only so far as was permitted by a recognition merely general of what his brother must have looked for. It might have been snipe, and it might have been bristling boars. Biddy was indeed brief, at first, about everything, in spite of the two months that had intervened since their last meeting; for he saw, in a few minutes, that she had something behind — something that made her gay and that she wanted to come to quickly. Nick was vaguely vexed at her being, fresh from Broadwood, so gay as that; for (it was impossible to shut one’s eyes to it) what had come to pass, in practice, in regard to that rural retreat, was exactly what he had desired to avert. All winter, while it had been taken for granted that his mother and sisters were doing what he wished, they had been doing the precise contrary. He held Biddy, perhaps, least responsible, and there was no one he could exclusively blame. He washed his hands of the matter, and succeeded fairly well, for the most part, in forgetting that he was not pleased. Julia Dallow herself, in fact, appeared to have been the most active member of the little

group united to make light of his scruples. There had been a formal restitution of the place, but the three ladies were there more than ever, with the slight difference that they were mainly there with its mistress. Mahomet had declined to go any more to the mountain, so the mountain had virtually gone to Mahomet.

After their long visit in the autumn, Lady Agnes and her girls had come back to town; but they had gone down again for Christmas, and Julia had taken this occasion to write to Nick that she hoped very much he would n’t refuse them all his own company for just a little scrap of the supremely sociable time. Nick, after reflection, judged it best not to refuse, and he spent three days under Mrs. Dallow’s roof. The “all” proved a great many people, for she had taken care to fill the house. She was a magnificent entertainer, and Nick had never seen her so splendid, so free-handed, so gracefully practical. She was a perfect mistress of the revels; she had organized something festive for every day and for every night. The Dormers were so much in it, as the phrase was, that after all their discomfiture their fortune seemed, in an hour, to have come back. There had been a moment when, in extemporized charades, Lady Agnes, an elderly figure being required, appeared on the point of undertaking the part of the housekeeper at a castle, who, dropping her *h*’s, showed sheeplike tourists about; but she waived the opportunity in favor of her daughter Grace. Even Grace had a great success. Nick, of course, was in the charades, and in everything, but Julia was not; she only invented, directed, led the applause. When nothing else was going on Nick “sketched” the whole company: they followed him about, they waylaid him on staircases, clamoring to be allowed to sit. He obliged them, so far as he could, all save Julia, who did n’t clamor; and, growing rather red, he thought of

Gabriel Nash while he bent over the paper. Early in the new year he went abroad for six weeks, but only as far as Paris. It was a new Paris for him then: a Paris of the Rue Bonaparte and three or four professional friends (he had more of these there than in London); a Paris of studios and studies and models, of researches and revelations, comparisons and contrasts, of strong impressions and long discussions and rather uncomfortable economies, small cafés and bad fires and the general sense of being twenty again.

While he was away his mother and sisters (Lady Agnes now sometimes wrote to him) returned to London for a month, and before he was again established in Rosedale Road they went back, for a third period, to Broadwood. After they had been there five days—and this was the salt of the whole dish—Julia took herself off to Harsh, leaving them in undisturbed possession. They had remained so; they would not come up to town till after Easter. The trick was played, and Biddy, as I have mentioned, was now very content. Her brother presently learned, however, that the reason of this was not wholly the success of the trick; unless indeed her further ground were only a continuation of it. She was not in London as a forerunner of her mother; she was not even, as yet, in Calcutta Gardens. She had come to spend a week with Florence Tressilian, who had lately taken the dearest little flat in a charming new place, just put up, on the other side of the Park, with all kinds of lifts and tubes and electricities. Florence had been awfully nice to her—she had been with them ever so long at Broadwood, while the flat was being painted and prepared—and mamma had then let her, let Biddy, promise to come to her, when everything was ready, so that they might have a kind of old maids' house-warming together. If Florence could do without a chaperon now (she

had two latch-keys and went alone on the top of omnibuses, and her name was in the Red Book), she was enough of a duenna for another girl. Biddy alluded, with sweet and cynical eyes, to the fine, happy stride she had thus taken in the direction of enlightened spinsterhood; and Nick hung his head, somewhat abashed and humiliated, for, modern as he had supposed himself, there were evidently currents more modern yet.

It so happened that on this particular morning Nick had drawn out of a corner his interrupted study of Gabriel Nash; for no purpose more definite (he had only been looking round the room in a rummaging spirit) than to see, curiously, how much or how little of it remained. It had become, to his apprehension, such a shadowy affair (he was sure of this, and it made him laugh) that it did n't seem worth putting away, and he left it leaning against a table, as if it had been a blank canvas or a "preparation" to be painted over. In this attitude it attracted Biddy's attention, for to her, on a second glance, it had distinguishable features. She had not seen it before, and she asked whom it might represent, remarking also that she could almost guess, but not quite: she had known the original, but she could n't name him.

"Six months ago, for a few days, it was Gabriel Nash," Nick replied. "But it is n't anybody or anything now."

"Six months ago? What's the matter with it, and why don't you go on?"

"What's the matter with it is more than I can tell you. But I can't go on, because I've lost my model."

Biddy stared an instant. "Is he dead?"

Her brother laughed out at the candid cheerfulness, hopefulness almost, with which this inquiry broke from her. "He's only dead to me. He has gone away."

"Where has he gone?"

"I have n't the least idea."

"Why, have you quarreled?" Biddy asked.

"Quarreled? For what do you take us? Does the nightingale quarrel with the moon?"

"I need n't ask which of you is the moon," said Biddy.

"Of course I'm the nightingale. But, more literally," Nick continued, "Nash has melted back into the elements — he is part of the ambient air." Then, as even with this literalness he saw that his sister was mystified, he added, "I have a notion he has gone to India, and at the present moment is reclining on a bank of flowers in the vale of Cashmere."

Biddy was silent a minute, after which she dropped, "Julia will be glad — she dislikes him so."

"If she dislikes him, why should she be glad he's in such a delightful situation?"

"I mean about his going away; she'll be glad of that."

"My poor child, what has Julia to do with it?"

"She has more to do with things than you think," Biddy replied, with some eagerness; but she had no sooner uttered the words than she perceptibly blushed. Hereupon, to attenuate the foolishness of her blush (only it had the opposite effect), she added, "She thinks he has been a bad element in your life."

Nick shook his head, smiling. "She thinks, perhaps, but she does n't think enough; otherwise, she would arrive at this thought — that she knows nothing whatever about my life."

"Ah, Nick," the girl pleaded, with solemn eyes, "you don't imagine what an interest she takes in it. She has told me, many times — she has talked lots to me about it." Biddy paused, and then went on, with an anxious little smile shining through her gravity, as if she were trying, cautiously, how much her brother would take: "She has a

conviction that it was Mr. Nash who made trouble between you."

"My dear Biddy," Nick rejoined, "those are thoroughly second-rate ideas, the result of a perfectly superficial view. Excuse my possibly priggish tone, but they really attribute to Nash a part he's quite incapable of playing. He can neither make trouble nor take trouble; no trouble could ever either have come out of him or have gone into him. Moreover," our young man continued, "if Julia has talked to you so much about the matter, there's no harm in my talking to you a little. When she threw me over, in an hour, it was on a perfectly definite occasion. That occasion was the presence in my studio of a disheveled actress."

"Oh, Nick, she has not thrown you over!" Biddy protested. "She has not — I have the proof."

Nick felt, at this direct denial, a certain stir of indignation, and he looked at his sister with momentary sternness. "Has she sent you here to tell me this? What do you mean by the proof?"

Biddy's eyes, at these questions, met her brother's with a strange expression, and for a few seconds, while she looked entreatingly into his own, she wavered there, with parted lips, vaguely stretching out her hands. The next minute she had burst into tears — she was sobbing on his breast. He said "Hallo!" and soothed her; but it was very quickly over. Then she told him what she meant by her "proof," and what she had had on her mind ever since she came into the room. It was a message from Julia, but not to say — not to say what he had asked her just before if she meant; though indeed Biddy, more familiar now, since her brother had had his arm round her, boldly expressed the hope that it might in the end come to the same thing. Julia simply wanted to know (she had instructed Biddy to sound him, discreetly) if Nick would undertake her portrait; and the girl

wound up this experiment in "sounding" by the statement that their beautiful kinswoman was dying to sit.

"Dying to sit?" repeated Nick, whose turn it was, this time, to feel his color rise.

"Any time you like, after Easter, when she comes up to town. She wants a full-length, and your very best, your most splendid work."

Nick stared, not caring that he had blushed. "Is she serious?"

"Ah, Nick — serious!" Biddy reasoned tenderly. She came nearer to him, and he thought she was going to weep again. He took her by the shoulders, looking into her eyes.

"It's all right, if she knows *I* am. But why does n't she come like any one else? I don't refuse people!"

"Nick, dearest Nick!" she went on, with her eyes conscious and pleading. He looked into them intently — as well as she, he could play at sounding — and for a moment, between these young persons, the air was lighted by the glimmer of mutual searchings and suppressed confessions. Nick read deep, and then, suddenly releasing his sister, he turned away. She did n't see his face in that movement, but an observer to whom it had been presented might have fancied that it denoted a foreboding which was not exactly a dread, yet was not exclusively a joy.

The first thing Nick made out in the room, when he could distinguish, was Gabriel Nash's portrait, which immediately filled him with an unreasoning resentment. He seized it and turned it about; he jammed it back into its corner, with its face against the wall. This bustling transaction might have served to carry off the embarrassment with which he had finally averted himself from Biddy. The embarrassment, however, was all his own; none of it was reflected in the way Biddy resumed, after a silence in which she had followed his disposal of the picture —

"If she's so eager to come here (for it's here that she wants to sit, not in Great Stanhope Street — never!), how can she prove better that she does n't care a bit if she meets Miss Rooth?"

"She won't meet Miss Rooth," Nick replied, rather dryly.

"Oh, I'm sorry!" said Biddy. She was as frank as if she had achieved a sort of victory over her companion; and she seemed to regret the loss of a chance for Mrs. Dallow to show magnanimity. Her tone made her brother laugh, but she went on, with confidence: "She thought it was Mr. Nash who made Miss Rooth come."

"So he did, by the way," said Nick.

"Well, then, was n't that making trouble?"

"I thought you admitted there was no harm in her being here."

"Yes, but he hoped there would be."

"Poor Nash's hopes!" Nick laughed. "My dear child, it would take a cleverer head than you or me, or even Julia, who must have invented that wise theory, to say what they were. However, let us agree that, even if they were perfectly devilish, my good sense has been a match for them."

"Oh, Nick, that's delightful!" chanted Biddy. Then she added, "Do you mean she does n't come any more?"

"The disheveled actress? She has n't been near me for months."

"But she's in London — she's always acting? I've been away so much I've scarcely observed," Biddy explained, with a slight change of note.

"The same part, poor creature, for nearly a year. It appears that that's success, in her profession. I saw her in the character several times last summer, but I have n't set foot in her theatre since."

Biddy was silent a moment; then she suggested, "Peter would n't have liked that."

"Oh, Peter's likes!" sighed Nick, at his easel, beginning to work.

"I mean her acting the same part for a year."

"I'm sure I don't know; he has never written me a word."

"Nor me either," Biddy returned.

There was another short silence, during which Nick brushed at a panel. It was terminated by his presently saying, "There's one thing, certainly, Peter *would* like — that is, simply to be here to-night. It's a great night — another great night — for the disheveled one. She's to act Juliet for the first time."

"Ah, how I should like to see her!" the girl cried.

Nick glanced at her; she sat watching him. "She has sent me a stall; I wish she had sent me two. I should have been delighted to take you."

"Don't you think you could get another?" asked Biddy.

"They must be in tremendous demand. But who knows, after all?" Nick added, at the same moment, looking round. "Here's a chance — here's a quite extraordinary chance!"

His servant had opened the door and was ushering in a lady whose identity was indeed justly indicated in those words. "Miss Rooth!" the man announced; but he was caught up by a gentleman who came next and who exclaimed, laughing and with a gesture gracefully corrective, "No, no — no longer Miss Rooth!"

Miriam entered the place with her charming familiar grandeur, as she might have appeared, as she appeared every night, early in her first act, at the back of the stage, by the immemorial central door, presenting herself to the house, taking easy possession, repeating old movements, looking from one to the other of the actors before the footlights. The rich "Good-morning" that she threw into the air, holding out her right hand to Biddy Dormer and then giving her left to Nick (as she might have given it to her own brother), had nothing to tell of intervals or alienations.

She struck Biddy as still more terrible, in her splendid practice, than when she had seen her before — the practice and the splendor had now something almost royal. The girl had had occasion to make her courtesy to majesties and highnesses, but the flutter those effigies produced was nothing to the way in which, at the approach of this young lady, the agitated air seemed to recognize something supreme. So the deep, mild eyes that she bent upon Biddy were not soothing, though they were evidently intended to soothe. The girl wondered that Nick could have got so used to her (he joked at her as she came), and later in the day, still under the great impression of this incident, she even wondered that Peter could. It was true that Peter apparently had n't.

"You never came — you never came," said Miriam to Biddy, kindly, sadly; and Biddy, recognizing the allusion, the invitation to visit the actress at home, had to explain how much she had been absent from London, and then even that her brother had n't proposed to take her. "Very true — he has n't come himself. What is he doing now?" Miriam asked, standing near Biddy, but looking at Nick, who had immediately engaged in conversation with his other visitor, a gentleman whose face came back to the girl. She had seen this gentleman on the stage with Miss Rooth — that was it, the night Peter took her to the theatre with Florence Tressilian. Oh, that Nick would only do something of that sort now! This desire, quickened by the presence of the strange, expressive woman, by the way she scattered sweet syllables as if she were touching the piano-keys, combined with other things to make Biddy's head swim — other things too mingled to name, admiration and fear and dim divination and purposeless pride, and curiosity and resistance, the impulse to go away and the determination not to go. The actress courted her with her voice (what was the matter

with her and what did she want?), and Biddy tried, in return, to give an idea of what Nick was doing. Not succeeding very well, she was going to appeal to her brother, but Miriam stopped her, saying it did n't matter; besides, Dashwood was telling Nick something — something they wanted him to know. "We're in a great excitement — he has taken a theatre," Miriam added.

"Taken a theatre?" Biddy was vague.

"We're going to set up for ourselves. He's going to do for me altogether. It has all been arranged only within a day or two. It remains to be seen how it will answer," Miriam smiled. Biddy murmured some friendly hope, and her interlocutress went on: "Do you know why I've broken in here to-day, after a long absence — interrupting your poor brother, taking up his precious time? It's because I'm so nervous."

"About your first night?" Biddy risked.

"Do you know about that — are you coming?" Miriam asked quickly.

"No, I'm not coming — I have n't a place."

"Will you come if I send you one?"

"Oh, but really, it's too beautiful of you!" stammered the girl.

"You shall have a box; your brother shall bring you. You can't squeeze in a pin, I'm told; but I've kept a box, I'll manage it. Only, if I do, you know, mind you come!" Miriam exclaimed, in suppliancy, resting her hand on Biddy's.

"Don't be afraid! And may I bring a friend — the friend with whom I'm staying?"

Miriam looked at her. "Do you mean Mrs. Dallow?"

"No, no — Miss Tressilian. She puts me up, she has got a flat. Did you ever see a flat?" asked Biddy expansively. "My cousin's not in London." Miriam replied that she might bring whom she liked, and Biddy broke out, to her

brother, "Fancy what kindness, Nick: we're to have a box to-night, and you're to take me!"

Nick turned to her, smiling, with an expression in his face which struck her even at the time as odd, but which she understood when the sense of it recurred to her later. Mr. Dashwood interposed with the remark that it was all very well to talk about boxes, but that he did n't see where, at that time of day, any such luxury was to come from.

"You haven't kept one, as I told you?" Miriam demanded.

"As you told me, my dear? Tell the lamb to keep its tender mutton from the wolves!"

"You shall have one: we'll arrange it," Miriam went on, to Biddy.

"Let me qualify that statement a little, Miss Dormer," said Basil Dashwood. "We'll arrange it if it's humanly possible."

"We'll arrange it even if it's inhumanly impossible — that's just the point," Miriam declared, to the girl. "Don't talk about trouble — what's he meant for but to take it? *Cela s'annonce bien*, you see," she continued, to Nick: "does n't it look as if we should pull beautifully together?" And as he replied that he heartily congratulated her — he was immensely interested in what he had been told — she exclaimed, after resting her eyes on him a moment, "What will you have? It seemed simpler! It was clear there had to be some one." She explained, further, to Nick, what had led her to come in at that moment, while Dashwood approached Biddy with civil assurances that they would see, they would leave no stone unturned, though he would not have taken it upon himself to promise.

Miriam reminded Nick of the blessing he had been to her nearly a year before, on her other first night, when she was fidgety and impatient: how he had let her come and sit there for hours — helped her to possess her soul till the

evening and keep out of harm's way. The case was the same at present, with the aggravation, indeed, that he would understand — Dashwood's nerves as well as her own: they were a great deal worse than hers. Everything was ready for Juliet; they had been rehearsing for five months (it had kept her from going mad, with the eternity of the other piece), and *he* had occurred to her again, in the last intolerable hours, as the friend in need, the salutary stop-gap, no matter how much she bothered him. She shouldn't be turned out? Biddy broke away from Basil Dashwood: she must go, she must hurry off to Miss Tressilian with her news. Florence might make some other stupid engagement for the evening: she must be warned in time. The girl took a flushed, excited leave, after having received a renewal of Miriam's pledge, and even heard her say to Nick that he must now give back the stall that had been sent him — they would be sure to have another use for it.

LI.

That night, at the theatre, in the box (the miracle had been wrought, the treasure was found), Nick Dormer pointed out to his two companions the stall he had relinquished, which was close in front — noting how oddly, during the whole of the first act, it remained vacant. The house was magnificent, the actress was magnificent, everything was magnificent. To describe again so famous an occasion (it has been described, repeatedly, by other reporters) is not in the compass of the closing words of a history already too sustained. It is enough to say that this great night marked an era in contemporary art, and that for those who had a spectator's share in it the word "triumph" acquired a new illustration. Miriam's Juliet was an exquisite image of young passion and young despair, expressed in the divinest, truest

music that had ever poured from tragic lips. The great childish audience, gaping at her points, expanded there before her like a lap to catch flowers.

During the first interval our three friends in the box had plenty to talk about, and they were so occupied with it that for some time they failed to observe that a gentleman had at last come into the empty stall near the front. This discovery was presently formulated by Miss Tressilian, in the cheerful exclamation, "Only fancy — there's Mr. Sherringham!" This of course immediately became a high wonder — a wonder for Nick and Biddy, who had not heard of his return; and the marvel was increased by the fact that he gave no sign of looking for them, or even at them. Having taken possession of his place, he sat very still in it, staring straight before him at the curtain. His abrupt reappearance contained mystifying elements both for Biddy and for Nick, so that it was mainly Miss Tressilian who had freedom of mind to throw off the theory that he had come back that very hour — had arrived from a long journey. Could n't they see how strange he was and how brown, how burnt and how red, how tired and how worn? They all inspected him, though Biddy declined Miss Tressilian's glass; but he was evidently unconscious of observation, and finally Biddy, leaning back in her chair, dropped the fantastic words —

"He has come home to marry Juliet."

Nick glanced at her; then he replied, "What a disaster — to make such a journey as that and to be late for the fair!"

"Late for the fair?"

"Why, she's married — these three days. They did it very quietly; Miriam says because her mother hated it and hopes it won't be much known! All the same she's Basil Dashwood's wedded wife — he has come in just in time to take the receipts for Juliet. It's a good

thing, no doubt, for there are at least two fortunes to be made out of her, and he'll give up the stage." Nick explained to Miss Tressilian, who had inquired, that the gentleman in question was the actor who was playing *Mercutio*, and he asked Biddy if she had not known that this was what they were telling him, in *Rosedale Road*, in the morning. She replied that she had not understood, and she sank considerably behind the drapery of the box. From this cover she was able to launch, creditably enough, the exclamation —

"Poor Peter!"

Nick got up and stood looking at poor Peter. "He ought to come round and speak to us, but if he does n't see us I suppose he does n't." Nick quitted the box as if to go to the returned exile. I may add that as soon as he had done so Florence Tressilian bounded over to the dusky corner in which Biddy had nestled. What passed, immediately, between these young ladies need not concern us: it is sufficient to mention that two minutes later Miss Tressilian broke out —

"Look at him, dearest; he's turning his head this way!"

"Thank you, I don't care to look at him," said Biddy; and she doubtless demeaned herself in the high spirit of these words. It nevertheless happened that directly afterwards she became aware that he had glanced at his watch, as if to judge how soon the curtain would rise again, and then had jumped up and passed quickly out of his place. The curtain had risen again without his coming back and without Nick's reappearing in the box. Indeed, by the time Nick slipped in a good deal of the third act was over; and even then, even when the curtain descended, Peter Sherringham had not returned. Nick sat down in silence, to watch the stage, to which the breathless attention of his companions seemed to be attached, though Biddy, after a moment, threw back at him

a single quick look. At the end of the act they were all occupied with the recalls, the applause, and the responsive loveliness of Juliet as she was led out (*Mercutio* had to give her up to *Romeo*), and even for a few minutes after the uproar had subsided nothing was said among the three. At last Nick began —

"It's quite true, he has just arrived; he's in *Great Stanhope Street*. They've given him several weeks, to make up for the uncomfortable way they bundled him off (to arrive in time for some special business that had suddenly to be gone into) when he first went out: he tells me they promised that at the time. He got into *Southampton* only a few hours ago, rushed up by the first train he could catch, and came off here without any dinner."

"Fancy!" said Miss Tressilian; while Biddy asked if Peter might be in good health and had been happy. Nick replied that he said it was a beastly place, but he appeared all right. He was to be in *England* probably a month, he was awfully brown, he sent his love to Biddy. Miss Tressilian looked at his empty stall, and was of the opinion that it would be more to the point for him to come in to see her.

"Oh, he'll turn up; we had a goodish talk in the lobby, where he met me. I think he went out somewhere."

"How odd to come so many thousand miles for this, and then not to stay!" Biddy reflected.

"Did he come on purpose for this?" Miss Tressilian asked.

"Perhaps he's gone out to get his dinner!" joked Biddy.

Her friend suggested that he might be behind the scenes, but Nick expressed a doubt of this; and Biddy asked her brother if he himself were not going round. At this moment the curtain rose; Nick said he would go in the next interval. As soon as it came he quitted the box, remaining absent while it lasted.

All this time, in the house, there was no sign of Peter. Nick reappeared only as the fourth act was beginning, and uttered no word to his companions till it was over. Then, after a further delay produced by renewed evidences of the actress's victory, he described his visit to the stage and the wonderful spectacle of Miriam on the field of battle. Miss Tressilian inquired if he had found Mr. Sherringham with her; to which he replied that, save across the footlights, she had not seen him. At this a soft exclamation broke from Biddy —

"Poor Peter! Where is he, then?"

Nick hesitated a moment. "He's walking the streets."

"Walking the streets?"

"I don't know — I give it up!" Nick replied; and his tone, for some minutes, reduced his companions to silence. But a little later Biddy said —

"Was it for him, this morning, she wanted that place, when she asked you to give yours back?"

"For him, exactly. It's very odd that she just managed to keep it, for all the use he makes of it! She told me just now that she heard from him, at his post, a short time ago, to the effect that he had seen in a newspaper a statement she was going to do Juliet, and that he firmly intended, though the ways and means were not clear to him (his leave of absence had n't yet come out, and he could n't be sure when it would come), to be present on her first night: therefore she must do him the service to keep a seat for him. She thought this a speech rather in the air, so that in the midst of all her cares she took no particular pains about the matter. She had an idea she had really done with him for a long time. But this afternoon what does he do but telegraph her from Southampton that he keeps his appointment and counts upon her for a stall? Unless she had got back mine she would n't have been able to accommodate him. When she was in Rosedale Road this

morning she had n't received his telegram; but his promise, his threat, whatever it was, came back to her; she had a sort of foreboding, and thought that, on the chance, she had better have something ready. When she got home she found his telegram, and she told me that he was the first person she saw in the house, through her fright, when she came on in the second act. It appears she was terrified this time, and it lasted half through the play."

"She must be rather annoyed at his having gone away," Miss Tressilian observed.

"Annoyed? I'm not so sure!" laughed Nick.

"Ah, here he comes back!" cried Biddy, behind her fan, as the absentee edged into his seat in time for the fifth act. He stood there a moment, first looking round the theatre; then he turned his eyes upon the box occupied by his relatives, smiling and waving his hand.

"After that he'll surely come and see you," said Miss Tressilian.

"We shall see him as we go out," Biddy replied: "he must lose no more time."

Nick looked at him with a glass; then he exclaimed, "Well, I'm glad he has pulled himself together!"

"Why, what's the matter with him, since he was n't disappointed in his seat?" Miss Tressilian demanded.

"The matter with him is that a couple of hours ago he had a great shock."

"A great shock?"

"I may as well mention it at last," Nick went on. "I had to say something to him in the lobby there, when we met — something I was pretty sure he could n't like. I let him have it full in the face — it seemed to me better and wiser. I told him Juliet's married."

"Did n't he know it?" asked Biddy, who, with her face raised, had listened in deep stillness to every word that fell from her brother.

"How should he have known it? It has only just happened, and they've been so clever, for reasons of their own (those people move among a lot of considerations that are absolutely foreign to us), about keeping it out of the papers. They put in a lot of lies, and they leave out the real things."

"You don't mean to say Mr. Sherringham wanted to *marry* her!" Miss Tressilian ejaculated.

"Don't ask me what he wanted — I dare say we shall never know. One thing is very certain: that he did n't like my news, and that I sha'n't soon forget the look in his face as he turned away from me, slipping out into the street. He was too much upset — he could n't trust himself to come back; he had to walk about — he tried to walk it off."

"Let us hope that he has walked it off!"

"Ah, poor fellow — he could n't hold out to the end; he has had to come back and look at her once more. He knows she'll be sublime in these last scenes."

"Is he so much in love with her as that? What difference does it make, with an actress, if she *is* mar—" But in this rash inquiry Miss Tressilian suddenly checked herself.

"We shall probably never know how much he has been in love with her nor what difference it makes. We shall never know exactly what he came back for, nor why he could n't stand it out there any longer without relief, nor why he scrambled down here all but straight from the station, nor why, after all, for the last two hours, he has been roaming the streets. And it does n't matter, for it's none of our business. But I'm sorry for him — she *is* going to be sublime," Nick added. The curtain was rising on the tragic climax of the play.

Miriam Rooth was sublime; yet it may be confided to the reader that during these supreme scenes Bridget Dormer directed her eyes less to the inspired actress than to a figure in the

stalls who sat with his own gaze fastened to the stage. It may further be intimated that Peter Sherringham, though he saw but a fragment of the performance, read clear, at the last, in the intense light of genius that this fragment shed, that even so, after all, he had been rewarded for his formidable journey. The great trouble of his infatuation subsided, leaving behind it something tolerably deep and pure. This assuagement was far from being immediate, but it was helped on, unexpectedly to him, it began to dawn, at least, the very next night he saw the play, when he sat through the whole of it. Then he felt, somehow, recalled to reality by the very perfection of the representation. He began to come back to it from a period of miserable madness. He had been baffled, he had got his answer; it must last him — that was plain. He did n't fully accept it the first week or the second; but he accepted it sooner than he would have supposed, had he known what it was to be when he paced at night, under the southern stars, the deck of the ship that was bringing him to England.

It had been, as we know, Miss Tressilian's view, and even Biddy's, that evening, that Peter Sherringham would join them as they left the theatre. This view, however, was not confirmed by the event, for the gentleman in question vanished utterly (disappointingly crude behavior on the part of a young diplomatist who had distinguished himself), before any one could put a hand on him. And he failed to make up for his crudity by coming to see any one the next day, or even the next. Indeed, many days elapsed, and very little would have been known about him had it not been that, in the country, Mrs. Dallow knew. What Mrs. Dallow knew was eventually known to Biddy Dormer; and in this way it could be established in his favor that he had remained some extraordinarily small number of days in London, had almost directly gone over to Paris

to see his old chief. He came back from Paris — Biddy knew this not from Mrs. Dallow, but in a much more immediate way: she knew it by his pressing the little electric button at the door of Florence Tressilian's flat, one day when the good Florence was out and she herself was at home. He made, on this occasion, a very long visit. The good Florence knew it not much later, you may be sure (and how he had got their address from Nick), and she took an extravagant satisfaction in it. Mr. Sherringham had never been to see her — the like of her — in his life: therefore it was clear what had made him begin. When he had once begun he kept it up, and Miss Tressilian's satisfaction increased.

Good as she was, she could remember without the slightest relenting what Nick Dormer had repeated to them at the theatre about Peter's present post's being a beastly place. However, she was not bound to make a stand at this if persons more nearly concerned, Lady Agnes and the girl herself, did n't mind it. How little *they* minded it, and Grace, and Julia Dallow, and even Nick, was proved in the course of a meeting that took place at Harsh during the Easter holidays. Mrs. Dallow had a small and intimate party to celebrate her brother's betrothal. The two ladies came over from Broadwood; even Nick, for two days, went back to his old hunting-ground, and Miss Tressilian relinquished for as long a time the delights of her newly arranged flat. Peter Sherringham obtained an extension of leave, so that he might go back to his legation with a wife. Fortunately, as it turned out, Biddy's ordeal, in the more or less torrid zone, was not cruelly prolonged,

for the pair have already received a superior appointment. It is Lady Agnes's proud opinion that her daughter is even now shaping their destiny. I say "even now," for these facts bring me very close to contemporary history. During those two days at Harsh, Nick arranged with Julia Dallow the conditions, as they might be called, under which she should sit to him; and every one will remember in how recent an exhibition general attention was attracted, as the newspapers said in describing the private view, to the noble portrait of a lady which was the final outcome of that arrangement. Gabriel Nash had been at many a private view, but he was not at that one.

These matters are highly recent, however, as I say; so that in glancing about the little circle of the interests I have tried to evoke, I am suddenly warned by a sharp sense of modernness. This renders it difficult for me, for example, in taking leave of our wonderful Miriam, to do much more than allude to the general impression that her remarkable career is even yet only in its early prime. Basil Dashwood has got his theatre, and his wife (people know now she *is* his wife) has added three or four new parts to her repertory; but every one is agreed that both in public and in private she has a great deal more to show. This is equally true of Nick Dormer, in regard to whom I may finally say that his friend Nash's predictions about his reunion with Mrs. Dallow have not, up to this time, been justified. On the other hand, I must not omit to add, this lady has not, at the latest accounts, married Mr. Macgeorge. It is very true there has been a rumor that Mr. Macgeorge is worried about her — has even ceased to believe in her.

Henry James.

SIR PETER OSBORNE.

THE letters of Dorothy Osborne¹ have attracted many readers to whom some detailed account of her father's life may be interesting. I am the more emboldened to put forward this slight sketch of his career because, with him as with his daughter, the story is told mainly by his own letters, — letters which seem to me instinct with graphic force, giving us not only the portrait of their author, but also in some sense a picture of his surroundings. The chief authority on which I have drawn for material has been Ferdinand Brock Tupper's *Chronicles of Castle Cornet*, an honest and entertaining volume, now, unfortunately, out of print and difficult to obtain. Those who desire to know more about Sir Peter will find in the same author's *History of Guernsey* (second edition, 1876) a somewhat shorter but equally accurate and particular account of the period. Various local and English histories, with state papers and a few domestic manuscripts, have enabled me to add something to Mr. Tupper's chronicles, and to put together the following story of Sir Peter Osborne. Stiff, conventional, and incomplete, like all mosaics of this kind, I must readily confess it to be, but not perhaps wholly without a living interest.

Of the Osborne family it is not necessary to speak here at length. They seem to have been a race of landed gentry from time immemorial, coming from the north country to Purleigh, in Essex, where they remained some hundred years. Sir John Osborne, Sir Peter's father, first planted the family at Chick-sands, in Bedfordshire, but his son Peter was probably born at Purleigh, in 1585. Sir Peter's mother was Dorothy Barlee, granddaughter of Richard, Lord Rich,

¹ See *Atlantic Monthly* for December, 1888, page 840.

Lord Chancellor of England in the reign of Henry VIII.; and this is perhaps sufficient genealogy to satisfy us of his aristocratic descent. It was James I. who made him lieutenant-governor of Guernsey in 1621, when he was thirty-six years of age. At this time Sir John was living, and his son was probably glad to obtain this independent position, especially as there was attached to the post the reversion of the governorship of Guernsey in the event of the death of the Earl of Danby. By his marriage with Dorothy Danvers, daughter of Sir John Danvers and sister of the Earl of Danby, Sir Peter allied himself with a family that afterwards espoused the cause of Cromwell, and this alliance was of service to him in the troublous times to come. In 1628, Sir John died, and Sir Peter became thereby Treasurer's Remembrancer in the Exchequer, a valuable hereditary office which had been held by his grandfather in the time of Edward VI.

The above scraps of information are all that can be collected about Sir Peter Osborne prior to 1643. Indeed, he would have passed away from the world wholly forgotten, a quiet English gentleman, a stern, unpopular ruler of the people of Guernsey, if it had not been for the civil war. This called upon him to act as he thought, and so it was that Sir Peter, like many another English worthy, showed the world the heroic English nature that lay dormant within him. His defense of Castle Cornet remains his "*carte de visite* to posterity," as a modern writer hath it, which for two hundred years no one saw fit to print, publish, and set in some literary shop-window for the public to gaze at and purchase if they would. How it comes to pass that hitherto Sir Peter has escaped the immortality of the history books is

indeed somewhat a mystery. But blind chance rather than any wise human selection seems to thrust one man forward as historical hero, to consign another in forgotten manuscripts to the oaken family chest of oblivion, while many hundred ignoble men, of low birth, in silent heroism made history, passed away, and to-day are nameless.

At the end of the year 1642, Sir Peter Osborne had been deputy-governor of Guernsey, resident in Castle Cornet more or less continuously, for some twenty years. The mere fact that he lived on an island rock, whence it was difficult to hold social intercourse with the gentry of Guernsey, probably did much to estrange him from the people. He was not in any large sense a ruler or leader of men. An uncompromising royalist; a man full of obstinate devotion to the king and his cause; one of the last of the aristocrats, belonging by birth, education, and temperament to the class that Cromwell came to destroy, one would not expect to find in him a successful governor of Guernsey at this period. He took no pains to make himself loved by the inhabitants of Guernsey. He disliked and distrusted their religious and political principles, and expressed his opinions openly. But although complaints and counter-complaints had already been made to the authorities in England by Sir Peter and the Guernsey people, there was no evidence of any open rupture between the parties until the beginning of 1643. In March of that year, the government of the bailiwick of Guernsey, which included Alderney and Sark, was provisionally vested in twelve jurats; Peter de Beauvoir des Granges being appointed president. The Parliament at least spoke boldly in its instructions to the jurats, who were ordered "to seize upon the person of Sir Peter Osborne, knight, deputy governor of the island of Guernsey, and upon the castle now in his custody; and to send him in safe custody to the Parliament,

to answer such offences, contempts, and other misdemeanours as shall be objected against him."

The order must have had its humorous side to the poor jurats, sitting helpless at St. Peter's Port, gazing from their council chamber at the impregnable castle held by Sir Peter. Then querulously they reply to the Parliament, pointing out the impossibility of the task so lightly set them. "Already," they say, "Sir Peter obstructs all shipping from entering into or sailing out of the harbour, even the fishing boats. Nor will he allow strangers to go out to sea; and if this blockade continues it will be the utter ending of this island." Thus in March, 1643, began the siege and the blockade which lasted for nine weary years.

News soon reached England that the struggle had commenced. The fortress was regarded, not unnaturally, as the key to the English Channel and the outpost of royalist Jersey. While Castle Cornet stood firm for the king, Guernsey was useless to the Parliament. The castle, which is now but the termination of a large breakwater, was then an almost impregnable island fortress, commanding the entrance to St. Peter's Port, the harbor of Guernsey. In the centre was a donjon keep, where the watchman stood on the lookout, gazing across the placid ocean plains, marking the gulls dip lazily towards the tide gently covering the rocks at his feet, or sheltering himself from the storms as best he might, while the sullen waters beat around the castle and the mists separated him further from the land. Ever and anon, as he sighted a vessel approaching, it was his duty to strike twice upon the castle bell to warn the inmates. Close to the tower clustered the houses and barracks of the soldiers, around which were double walks, turreted, frowning with machicolations, the outer ramparts set down on the very rock itself, standing at places deep in green water at all

tides. From a print of somewhat later date there appears to have been an avenue of trees or shrubs along one of the outer walls. This, had it existed in Sir Peter's time, would probably have been cut down for firewood early in the siege. Well might King Charles be anxious about the fate of such a castle as this.

At first all is bustle and busy preparation. The king himself writes from his court at Oxford, to greet his trusty and well-beloved Sir Peter with ample promises of succors of men and provisions, and further assurances of personal emolument and allowances. Sir Peter, meanwhile, draws up stringent articles for his garrison, and in a zealous and martial spirit administers an oath to all his soldiers. The articles are full and particular: "That no soldier do reveal the secrets of the house, upon pain to be shot to death." "That none shall be found to put off their clothes in the night so long as the water shall be passable on foot between the castle and the town, upon pain of severe punishment at the governor's discretion." Swearing, cursing, discord, and quarrel were punished by a fine of "paying to the poor-box twopence at the first fault," "and afterwards imprisonment." Drawing blood or striking within the house meant the loss of the combatant's right hand. All regulations were made for a time of war, for a house in a state of siege, doubtless with little thought of the years of weary watching and waiting that the governor and his men would have to undergo.

On the 16th of September, Russell, the parliamentary governor of Guernsey, formally called upon Sir Peter to resign his command, and Sir Peter replied in the following terms:—

"For the surrender of this castle without His Majesty's pleasure, signified under his royal signature, or by the right Honorable the Earl of Danby, —these islands being in no way subordinate to other jurisdiction, but to His

Majesty alone, as part of his most ancient patrimony enjoyed by those princes his glorious predecessors, before that, by claim or conquest they came to have interest in the crown of England, —no summons by virtue of what power whatsoever, hath command here, nor can make me deliver it up to any but to him, by whom I am trusted and to whom I am sworn, that have never yet made oath but only to the king. And God I hope, whose great name I have sworn by, will never so much forsake me but I shall keep that resolution (by yourself misnamed obstinacy) to maintain unto my sovereign that faith inviolate unto my last."

The point about the subjection of the Channel Islands to his Majesty alone is a happy one, and probably pleased its author as thoroughly as it must have irritated the parliamentary governor.

The first incident of the siege was the capture of prisoners by one Captain George Bowden. He came under a commission of Prince Maurice, and by treachery induced three of the Guernsey jurats, De Beauvoir, Carey, and De Havilland, to come on board his ship. Captain Bowden, who was an illiterate privateer, probably fighting as much for his own personal ends as for love of the cause, wanted to carry his prisoners to Dartmouth, they having promised him fifty jacobuses if he would do so. Sir Peter, however, would have none of it, and sent his boat with peremptory demand for the prisoners; and he not seeming to Captain Bowden the kind of man it was wise to quarrel with, and being manifestly a useless man to parley with, they were delivered up. Sir Peter was very hopeful now of treaty with the island. Meanwhile, he put his prisoners in a chamber alone, an underground dungeon, in which there happened to be a quantity of old match. There they remained for more than a month, until they be-thought themselves to cut through the floor of their prison and get at the wet

match below, which they twisted into cotton ropes, and then, on Sunday, December 3, when the tide was low, dropped out of their window and over the walls of the castle on to the sand. The sentry saw them and gave the alarm, but it was too late. The grapeshot of the cannon fell around them harmlessly, as they ran along the western beach, and the congregation rushed out of the church to welcome the escape of their three jurats. Thus were Sir Peter's hopes of bringing the island to terms roughly put an end to, and at the close of the year 1643 the siege and the blockade seemed to have no future of hope for either party.

In June of this year, the Parliament had appointed the Earl of Warwick governor of Guernsey and Jersey, and he wrote several letters of exhortation and remonstrance to the islanders, who indeed did all that men could do in face of the determination and impregnable position of Sir Peter in his own island stronghold. Sir Peter, too, addressed the jurats in February, 1644, trying to call them to what he considered a sense of duty, in an answer to the parliamentary commissioners who had offered him some sort of amnesty.

It scarcely need be said that his dignified remonstrances had no effect upon the jurats. The good men of the world all seemed to be at cross-purposes, their ideals of duty and fidelity were dissimilar, and the times were too much out of joint for any hope of peace. In June, 1644, the Earl of Warwick bethought himself to address a letter to Sir Peter, offering terms of peace. This and Sir Peter's answer, melancholy in their courtesies, cheerful in their irrevocable honesty of purpose, are worth printing at length, as illustrative of the situation at home and in Guernsey. "The tempestuous storm," as Sir Peter says, "blows us one against the other." Indeed, there is at this moment no safe anchorage for these two men in the same roadstead.

SIR, — Our ancient acquaintance, the relation I have to your family, and the affection I bear to your person, have made me studious to serve you. And upon the result of my thoughts no way offers itself with equal advantage to my being a remembrancer of that danger that may ensue your declining the Parliament. Your ingenuity (I am sure) doth easily discern how closely our religion and dearest interests are bound up in the parliament of England. And though happily the integrity of this present parliament may be obscured, and not so obvious to your apprehension in respect to the mistiness and uncertainty of those mediums that convey their proceedings; yet, surely did you see them near hand or had you any inspection of their bosoms (which is only God's Prerogative) you would discover nothing in their designs but loyalty and duty to his majesty's person and just rights, sincerity to religion in the truth and power of it, and resolution to maintain in full vigour those laws that are our common inheritance, and by which our liberties and properties are preserved. And though a sad necessity hath forced them into ways not usual, yet, if you examine them with an impartial judgment, you shall find them all to stand in order to and in a full conjunction with these ends. I know the pretences offered by those advisers of his majesty to this distance from his great council, would fain be thought specious. But, certainly their cause hath little to say for itself that relies for supportment upon the counsels of persons (heretofore in quiet times) eminently opposite to the peace and honour of this nation; upon the adherence of Papists (the professed and active underminers of our happiness); upon the razing of the parliaments, the most established foundation of our security; and upon their procuring of a cruel peace with those bloody rebels in Ireland, that have waded in the blood and ruin of so many thousand protestants and innocent

souls. Though I will not deny that some persons of honour are engaged on that side, by means of relations, misconstructions, or other accidental temptations, which bias them from those ways of honour and peace, to which their own principles would otherwise have a tendency. God will in due time plead the cause of his servants, and as both parties have appealed to the Judge of all the world, so He will at last give a righteous determination. In the meantime you may believe that he hath honoured the Parliament with many late (as well as former) successes : their armies being raised to a height of strength and honour above the proportion of their late visible means. The King's army lately flying before them ; his own person withdrawing to Woodstock, and afterwards more privately to Oxford ; Oxford being besieged by an army of 20,000 men ; York supposed by this time to be secured under the Parliament's power, and with it the whole north given over by the other side for lost. The Scotch Army being numerous and resolved ; the large disturbances in Scotland quieted, and the fomentors driven, some into the mountains, others into Newcastle to which town their pursuers have pursued them and do there besiege them ; the western parts being in a posture to close with any strength that shall appear for their countenance. All these I have received from good and unquestionable hands not many days since, which may contribute something to your own judgment and disposition for persuading a return to the Parliament from whom you have departed. As a preparation and good step whereunto, I offer to your consideration ; that, by his majesty's authority residing in them, I am appointed governor of Guernsey ; my Lieutenant-Governor Russell officiating under me, by authority lawfully derived. The castle in Guernsey, now in your hands, standeth out by your commands against that authority, wherein if you persist I leave

to your wisdom to determine the peril. The losses of the kingdom are great, and reparation will be had out of their estates who hath kindled that fire that hath near consumed us, or shall continue to blow it into a greater flame. Opportunities are precious. If you shall deliver up the castle to my lieutenant-governor for the use of his majesty and the parliament, I shall lay out myself and my interest to the uttermost in making your peace with the parliament, not doubting but to effect it. I have also taken order with Captain Jordan, in that case, to give safe convoy to yourself and lady to Portsmouth, or any other friendly port in the South, and for that purpose attend her at St. Malo ; however (in any case) to transport her ladyship with safety to Portsmouth, I being moved in that behalf by our noble friend and your brother, Sir John Danvers. This intimation is the proceed of mere love, which, whether you embrace or no, I shall still continue all those good wishes and offices of respect that may become,

Your assured friend,

WARWICK.

Aboard his Majesty's ship the *James*,

At anchor, before Lynn.

June 7th, 1644.

To which Sir Peter replies : —

MY LORD, — Your first lines bring me into a sad remembrance of that much valued happiness which in your Lordship's favours, and those of your most honourable family, I have formerly enjoyed and, by what I now suffer under your name, appear to have lost in the changes produced by these miserable times. Yet I shall not depart from that affection and true respect I shall ever bear to your family, though it gives great increase to the sense of my troubles, that I find them laid upon me by your hand. But, how sharply soever that, being guided by others, may be pressed against me, I nevertheless hope

your long knowledge of me will still suggest on my behalf, in the secret of your breast, that no bias is like to draw my course away from the direct way of an honest man, which estimation I prefer to all things else. And, since there is nothing more precious in this world than a good name, nor that more conduceth to the next than to preserve a clear conscience, I shall most carefully avoid to receive a stain in the one, and so near the evening of my life to take a burden on the other. Both these oppose my obedience to your lordship's command for the delivery up of this castle to that officer of yours, you name, which many strong engagements oblige me not to do, tied by the faith of a trust and the bond of an oath, lawfully given and sincerely taken, whereof no authority can acquit me, nor may keep me from the shame that would follow me living, and accuse me dead. Moreover, these islands, reserved by all princes to their own peculiar, and governed by the laws of Normandy, of which they are part, have never had to do with parliaments, whose ordinances and commands not to extend hath been ever accounted one of their chiefest freedoms, until some factious persons of late years, for ambitious and private ends, attempted this innovation, with intention only to make deceitfully use of their power, without yielding submission unto it as of right. Who never yet have been in any kinds provoked by any payments or taxes imposed by the King to seek out new protection, His Majesty having in no one particular made his government heavy or grievous to them. And I, for my part, decline neither parliament nor other inquisition, might this charge intrusted to me leave me free and at liberty. For, excepting a few mutinous spirits that were of necessity to find pretence to set on foot their designs, the greater numbers and generality, with one voice, acknowledge there is nothing at all to be objected to me. Of this all the English, brought

against me as enemies, have the truth and ingenuity to be my witnesses. My answer, long since given to a former summons, I am well assured your lordship hath seen, which makes me forbear the tediousness of a longer reply. And, knowing it little pertinent to enter here into a contestation concerning my right in this government, I only, with your lordship's permission, say this, that if the times were even to me, I should not have much cause to mistrust the state of my title, nor between another and me to refuse yourself for one of my Judges, so honourable and just I believe you. In conclusion therefore, my lord, to weary you no further, I am most heartily sorry my ardent desires can find no hope in your lordship's letter, of a happy accommodation of those woeful troubles, which would prove a glorious and blessed work for those that were the peacemakers. It duly hath my wishes and prayers every day. And now in my last words, I humbly beseech your lordship to be pleased in brief to receive my most humble thanks for those noble expressions of your favourable inclination towards me, which truly I believe your goodness in, although this tempestuous storm blows us one against the other, and doubt not, however this world goes, but that we shall all meet friends in heaven. Presenting you likewise, with most humble acknowledgements for your consideration of that desolate fugitive, my wife, driven to seek refuge and her safety amongst strangers, whom with her children I must leave to their patience and their great God, that, brought to the lowest extremity, can raise them up again, whose blessed will be done both in them and me. If I perish, your lordship will lose a most faithful well wisher in me, that, determined by God's assistance to make good this place like an honest man, am nevertheless,

Your lordship's humble servant

PETER OSBORNE.

CASTLE CORNET, June 22nd, 1644.

This sad but necessary business of answering the earl's letter being disposed of, nothing remained but the common round of military duties, the continuous lookout for supplies, the constant enforcing of discipline among ill-paid and badly-fed men. Colonel George Carteret, the royalist governor of Jersey, is no honest friend to Sir Peter. He was, at the Restoration, made vice-chamberlain to the king and treasurer of the navy, and is a prominent official figure in Charles II.'s reign, as readers of Pepys will remember; an ambitious, self-seeking man, managing his governorship to good personal profit, even in these days, by privateering and like means. Now, in August, 1644, he sends word that Lady Osborne, who has been aiding her husband with supplies, as far as may be, from St. Malo, has gone with her son in a Parliament ship bound for London. "I know not what fears and doubts of the success of things may work upon women," he writes maliciously, hinting that Lady Osborne has gone home to her brother and his friends, tired of the siege and faithless to the cause. Sir George speaks of his desire to help Castle Cornet, of the three thousand livres he is already out of pocket, and of another thousand livres "lent in money at several times to your lady." This letter, the only news of the outside world reaching Sir Peter in the summer of 1644, must have roused many dismal thoughts in the mind of the stout old cavalier, as he paced the ramparts of his castle. These lie clearly mirrored in a letter to his friend, Amias Andros, a Guernsey gentleman, now in Jersey, to whom he writes about this time as follows:—

SIR,—It would much amaze and trouble me if my wife should be gone for England, as won away from us, or misdoubting the event on the King's side. But I know her resolution not to be easily changed. And there can be

no other reason but want of friends and ability longer to support her self. Against necessity there is no striving, and it seems the man that gave her credit, by the troubles brought upon him, is not there now, to assist her longer. When we hear from her, I am most assured, that she was forced to take the opportunity of a good passage before her purse failed her, will be the chief reason she will allege. I that know the stock she carried have much wondered she hath so long held out; I think you have done so too. But in her absence I should be glad to have you remain in Jersey, finding so good effects of your care and diligence so it may be without danger of giving disgust to Colonel Carteret, who is our principal stay, and without whom I so well understand my self and state, we are not to expect that any thing can be done there. As you conceive best, dispose of your self for your abiding still or coming hither.

Our people make a very honourable relation of the readiness of the most principal men of that island to impress money for the raising of a magazine of provisions for our supply, to be sent as the opportunity serves, which will give great assurance to us, and no less honour to them to be preservers of this place, and will hereafter procure them not only thanks from the King, but his favour and reward, and lie as a spot upon his people, to the glory of their generous fidelity.

It is told me there is now to be had in Jersey a young man of the religion, and a very good surgeon that speaks English. That he lives in town without employment, and willing to come hither. If it be so, and that he hath a well furnished chest, I should be glad to have him. The worst I fear is, that he has served the Parliament, but his leaving that service shews that he hath left his affection to it, and is like to be more firm to the King's side. Our

surgeon is weary and must be dismissed or he will give us the slip.

Some half dozen good men, orderly and without wives, that I might not have their bodies here and their minds at home, would be very welcome hither to strengthen our squadrons least our men fall sick, which we cannot but look for, now winter, hard duties, and long nights come on.

Being confident that Matthew Le Pork will be of use to you in the procuring of such, as well as in other business, I have sent him again, for I fynde him very honest and careful and esteem him for it. If in this long letter I have forgotten anything, I will trust it to his relation and his memory, and now conclude with the remembrance of my service to you, and that I am,

Your loving friend,

PETER OSBORNE.

CASTLE CORNET, *August 29th, 1644.*

I pray with all respect present my humble service to Mrs. Carteret.

For my loving friend, the
SEIGNEUR OF SAUSMAREZ, at Jersey.

Later in the year, matters are by no means improving. He has no further good news from outside. The situation is becoming dismally monotonous. Sir George Carteret, the man whose battle he is fighting, a very half-hearted friend and supporter; his wife, penniless and unprotected, fled to England; his garrison discontented and ill supplied,—these are the doubts and distresses gnawing at his heart when, on October 3, 1644, he sits down to write to the king himself:—

“May it please your most sacred majesty, I should not assume the boldness to offer this unto your royal hands, had I well known unto whom else to address myself. For this long siege hath kept me, if not wholly ignorant, at least in much uncertainty of English affairs, and who, under your majesty,

have the managing of business now. I therefore most humbly desire this presumption may by your majesty be thus graciously excused, the extremities which I foresee we may shortly be reduced unto, pressing me to give the advertisement in time, lest peradventure the remedy may come too late. For unless we can be furnished with a speedy and complete supply, during this season that makes it unsafe for ships to lie upon us, hereafter, when they are like to return, it will grow very difficult if not impossible, to relieve this castle. Whilst I had the ability and credit to subsist, I strove upon my own strength against all necessities, the best I could. But now, unable longer to struggle with them, become too many for me, I am forced to crave assistance that I may not fail your majesty's expectation for want of succour, which I shall never do for want of truth. Of the importance of this place there will need no other argument than the eager pursuit of those who, with such expense and diligence, seek to be masters of it. In whose resistance how much I have already endured these 20 months I willingly am silent in, lest I might seem to complain myself of that which I esteem my honour, and value as a happiness, if by any sufferings of mine, I may have done your majesty the least service. For my estate in England, it remains either sequestered or disposed away from me: which I mention with no other end but only to make it appear in what need I stand of further help, having nothing left to serve your majesty with, but my life, which likewise upon all occasions I shall, by the Grace of God, be most ready to lay down to approve myself to the last,

“Your Majesty's most humble and loyal subject

PETER OSBORNE.

“From your Majesty's fort
CASTLE CORNET, *Oct. 3rd, 1644.*”

About the end of October, John Os-

borne, who is at Jersey, manages to send his father a boat-load of provisions, the garrison at Guernsey firing a piece of ordnance on its arrival, that by such primitive telegraphy those at Jersey may know of its safe arrival. Still, Sir Peter, mewed up in his castle, hears so little of the world's doings, and is so manifestly receiving shabby treatment at the hands of Carteret, that he writes at length to Lord Jermy, royalist governor of Jersey, complaining of his lieutenant's conduct, and inclosing a copy of the king's letter in which he had been promised assistance. In this letter he insists upon the necessity of some endeavor being made to relieve the castle at once, pointing out that "after Christmas it may be too late to think of relieving us, for about the 10th January last, the great ships with ketches and shallops, came hither to lie upon us, & we have good cause to expect them as early now. We stand in want of fuel, in much extremity, have drunk water this last half year, which we least consider, so our necessities were otherwise plentifully supplied, though it be very much for poor soldiers in winter and cold, to drink only water that undergo such hard duties as mine are put to do."

That Carteret might have done more for Castle Cornet is clear. But Carteret is a good business man as well as a royalist, and does nothing until he sees how he is to be paid for it. Therefore, on November 25, 1644, he writes to Sir Peter: "More I cannot do except you will be pleased to oblige yourself to repay the sums of money which I have disbursed for you, one half six months after the reduction of the island of Guernsey to the King's obedience, and the other half eighteen months after the same with interest for that money, (for I do pay it); and in case of failing of payment upon the revenue of Guernsey, then your estate in England to be liable for it." John Osborne, who is at St. Helier, writes two days afterwards

explaining, from his point of view, Carteret's conduct and his reasons for it, as follows: "As for the cause of Capt. Darrell's delay, you have guessed very well at it in your letter to him, to wit, the colonel's unsettledness and often changings. His first resolutions I have written you in my first letter, which you will receive of the captain. Now, he is determined to let you have the ketch not out of good will; but being now resolved to send you nothing more, nor lay out any more money, he thinks it best not to end basely but that it shall be said he hath now sent you an extraordinary supply. He exclaims still very much that you should refuse to give him the assurance he requires, and goes about to make the country believe your intentions to him were not sincere." The idea of obtaining an assurance from Sir Peter on the Guernsey revenues is both mean and, as Sir Peter points out, wholly unstatesmanlike. At the same time, Sir Peter does inclose some form of assurance, the exact nature of which we are unable to discover, but of which Sir Peter writes that it is one "that may content as I conceive any reasonable man."

CASTLE CORNET, *Dec. 31, 1644.*

SIR,— Much desirous to give you satisfaction (though to my own burden and disadvantage) I have now sent you an assurance that may content as I conceive any reasonable man. If it please not you, I must then appeal and refer myself to those of better judgment that will be impartial between us.

The assurance you so press upon me and peradventure hope extremities may force me to, I too plainly foresee the hazards it would encompass me with (to the great disservice of the King and my own ruin) ever to yield assent to that. No course more like to increase the obstinacy of these islanders than by engaging the profits of this Government to put myself in estate to come a needy

man among them, from whom they could not but then look for more burden than ease. Nor can there be a course more dangerous to lose the hearts of my soldiers, and raise them into mutiny (who with great endurance and patience have long undergone such misery) than now at last to see all their hopes at an end, that expect their pay and rewards from those revenues. They begin already to mutter at the overture and very whisper of it. Concerning the sum you would abate for your wife's being with mine at St. Malo, I am most assured she was received upon no such agreement, and hope my hard fortunes will never leave my wife in so ill estate, but that she will be able to give entertainment and welcome to her friends without taking money. I therefore desire you not to think upon it nor can I admit of that abatement.

Your humble servant

P. O.

Towards the end of January, 1645, the garrison must have been much in heart to receive a gracious letter from King Charles, in the following terms: —

CHARLES R.

Trusty and well beloved, we greet you well. We have received your letter of the 3rd October last, & are fully satisfied of your duty and fidelity to us, as well as with the reasons you express for requiring aid of us, after so many months siege & expenses made by you in that time. That our castle & island we cannot but esteem of very great convenience to be maintained against the rebels who have so long & earnestly sought to wrest them from us. Wherein we have endeavoured to make all the diversion of their forces that we could. For your present relief we have given effectual order to the Lord Hopton, (General of our Ordnance) and to Sir Nicholas Crisp, respectively, to send you the recruits & provisions mentioned in this note enclosed, with such speed as it

may be with you before the season for the rebel ships to return thither, & the Lord Treasurer is to allow Sir Nicholas Crisp's expenses therein upon receipts of the business in his own hands or otherwise. So as we doubt not but, by God's assistance, you will be timely supplied with the necessities desired & that, being thus enabled, you will cheerfully continue in the preservation of that place, & suppressing of any that there, or from abroad, do or shall affront our royal authority or the powers and command we have committed to your charge, wherein we do graciously acknowledge your eminent deservings, & shall not forget in due time both to recompense them & your expenses full: and in the mean space to take care also for such further assistance to be given you as the condition of your affairs will admit. Given at our court at Oxford, the 23rd day of January 1645.

By his Majesty's Command

EDW. NICHOLAS.

TO SIR PETER OSBORNE,
governor of Guernsey.

Nothing, however, came of these kind promises, and the incident is so thoroughly characteristic of the king that I set down its conclusion here at once. John Osborne, armed, we must suppose, with the "note enclosed," appears to have gone to England to see that the recruits and supplies are sent to Guernsey. How he fares we may know from his own letters. He soon learns the value of the king's promises, concerning which he writes in loyal wonder to his father. There is also a proposal of selling Guernsey to France, which John Osborne is able in some measure to hinder, and it comes to nothing.

"When I came to Oxford," he writes, "by Sir Richard Cave's means I had kissed the King's hand & delivered my letter, I was sent to Secretary Nicholas, who wondered you had no relief from France; for I told him you had not the

worth of a farthing, nor hopes of any : About a fortnight after, I had letters to Sir Nicholas Crispe for what I asked, with a ship of defence for a convoy, who was to be paid out of the tin he hath in his hands, assured by my Lord treasurer's letters. Now I am come hither, Sir Nicholas Crispe tells me the tin is taken out of his hands, & that the queen hath given the king a sum of money for it, & that a ship is here of 40 piece of ordnance to fetch it away for France. This is my condition. Notwithstanding, I shall not leave off so, but will endeavour my utmost to stop so much of it as to relieve you. Yet it seems strange to me the king should give me letters to furnish you upon the tin, when he hath sold it.

"Before my coming, there was a proposition made to the king to engage the island to the French for a sum of money. Whereupon my brother Henry told the King if he consented to such a thing, that it was just you should be paid for the losses you had sustained. But the King told him he did not consent to the proposition. Since my coming it hath been proposed the King that the French do offer themselves to reduce that island, & ask nothing till the work was done, & their officers were to be nominated by the Queen. When I had shewn the dangerous consequence & unjustness of it, it was not agreed to. These things I am glad I can let you know, for they were carried as if you were nothing concerned in it."

Within a few weeks, whilst still at Falmouth, or rather at the neighboring town of Penryn, he writes again to his father that "there came express letters from the King & my Lord Treasurer to Sir Nicholas Crispe with an absolute command to deliver up all tin in his hands to be sent to the Queen, so that the little hope I had was quite cut off." This faithless folly of his royal master cost John Osborne both time and money. Meanwhile, the king's castle and garrison were being starved out. It must

have needed greater strength of loyalty in Sir Peter and his men to continue their unwavering faith in kings and princes after this piece of reckless deceit practiced on them in their extremity. Perhaps Sir Peter kept the story to himself, and tried to make the best of it and square it somehow with his own honest ideals.

During the early months of the year 1645, Sir Peter, now almost at hand-grips with starvation, lives on false promises and vain hopes, while Carteret continues sending backbiting and dishonest reports to Sir Richard Browne and other authorities at home. Writing in February, he has the incredible meanness to suggest to Sir Richard Browne what he must have known to be absolutely without foundation : that Sir Peter was acting the part of a traitor, and that "when Lady Osborne left St. Malo to go to the Parliament by whom she is since restored to her former livelihood, it was not without suspicion that she went to London to overture for the delivery of the Castle into their hands, sundry messengers having past to and fro between her and Sir Peter about that time." There is no doubt that when Carteret wrote this he was greatly incensed at Sir Peter's refusal to give him a charge on the January revenue, and he appears to have been guilty of some breach of faith in reference to such assurance as was given him by Sir Peter. But the lengthy letters and depositions referring to this further misunderstanding are not sufficiently explicit or to the purpose to be set down here. John Osborne writes home that he has no news of his mother, except that he hears from Lady Gargrave, her sister, that she is very well ; and it must have been peculiarly galling to Sir Peter, sure as he himself was of his wife's loyalty to the cause for which he was suffering, not to be able to contradict with authority the rumors that Carteret was so diligent in spreading abroad.

About this time, the king sent over a royal commission to inquire into the condition of the islands. The commissioners sat at Jersey, under the personal superintendence of Sir George Carteret. One Thomas Wright, who appears to have been Sir Peter's bailiff, a trusted servant and his then accredited agent at Jersey, writes that the royal commissioners are entirely in the hands of Sir George Carteret. He tells Sir Peter that he and Captain Darrell are "curbed and snubbed and like to be clapt by the heels," to teach them manners towards Sir George and the commanders. Further, he says that some well-affected men have made a collection through every parish in the land for the relief of Guernsey Castle, amounting to upwards of £300, and Sir George, "having gotten this money into his hands," used it for his own purposes. Nothing of which is likely to be consoling to Sir Peter in his extremities. It is under these circumstances that he writes the following account of his situation to Sir Richard Browne:—

"At my wife's coming to St. Malo she was wholly guided by Sir G. Carteret whom she reposed much confidence in, and so desired to oblige that she received him and his whole family into her house, till by reason of her losses sustained, and the indirect dealing she found, she was forced to seek other assistance; being in great danger to have been soon exhausted and disabled to give us the succour which yet she still got the means to do. For when her money was spent and plate sold, she made no difficulty among strangers to engage in a great debt for the relief of this castle, till her credit at last failed. In these straights and our great extremity, she had made a shift to send us to Jersey a seasonable relief, where, committed to Sir George's trust, it lay two months wasting and untransferred while we were starving, brought from little to less, and in conclusion for bread to four biscuits a

man for a week. The rest of our provisions growing no less scant, that where as our number was parted into three divisions, we could allow those only at night a little porrage that were then to have the watch, the other two divisions going without any thing, supperless to bed. Nor could my son Charles, sent thither of purpose to hasten away those her provisions (none other expected of Sir George) procure them before his return to St. Malo, desirous to have comforted his mother with that good news. So that, oppressed with trouble and grief, she fell into a desperate sickness, that her self, and all those about her, feared her life. Of the condition that we were in, the Parliament had from our enemies continual advertisement and employed vessel after vessel, with all the shallops the islanders could set forth, to lie day and night upon us. And they conceiving it a good time again to summon me, I received a letter to that purpose from the Earl of Warwick in very fair terms. To which I likewise made a civil answer, but such as was agreeable with my allegiance to His Majesty, and that left him hopeless of making any change in me. I have both the letters to produce when time serves. In the midst of these distractions and miseries; my wife, sick without money, friends, and hope, was driven to embark herself for England in a ship of Holland, so far from recovery that she scarce felt the amendment of two days. Nor could that, her compelled departure, give suspicion of her going to harken to overtures for the surrender of the castle, which she with so much carefullness and expense to the uttermost of her means and credit, had so long preserved, and who had one of her sons then at Bristol in his Majesty's service, and at her going away furnished another whom she also sent to the king; her eldest being left with me to run the hazard of my fortunes, like to be ill enough. And though, I doubt not, but this will appear suffi-

cient, to wash off these maliciously invented slanders, my holding of this castle ever since now ten months more, with much sufferings and extremity and without all taint of disloyalty, that must needs in this time have broken out, will shew the clearness of my innocence, and the impudence of his untruths.

"Since her going Sir George hath from time to time deluded us with promises, and harrassed us with delays, that I have been constrained to send boat upon boat; till left at last without any to send upon what urgent necessity soever, so that we wanted men to perform the duty of our watches. And when at length he thought good to supply us with something, it was always with a scarce hand, nothing answerable to our wants, and the charge of our men that lay there, and who could not be dispatched, that the reckonings he makes in his bills ariseth to a strange proportion in extraordinaries to His Majesty's great charge; and yet this his Castle unsupplied, we having for this twelve month and above, never been able to allow our soldiers more than one biscuit a day, with a little porrage for their supper, and have been forced for necessity to use the stuff sent us to make candles and to dress our boats, to frye the poor John, limpets and herbs we use in the best mess, though we concealed it from them, and made no complaint, and lived thus about three weeks. The provisions, though ill-conditioned, carry the prices of the best, yet have I not returned back any thing he sent, how faulty so ever. In so much that, secure of that he hath not forborne to put again upon us the sorts we have found fault with, to vent and issue out to us, what he could not else tell how to dispose of. Neither Captain Darrell nor any of mine admitted to see the choosing, putting up, number or weight, of what he sent, he still saying 'cross me not,' 'let me alone' and much displeased if any sought to look into it. His next charge is, that with fearful

threats I seek to tie him to impossibilities. I know not what may appear fearful to his apprehension. If he can make proofs of these menaces offered to him by my letters, I shall be much ashamed of my folly. Nor do I seek impossibilities, credibly informed that many in Jersey have contributed great sums for this place by express name, though their service and merit be concealed and the money be converted to other uses.

"For the breaking up of all the vessels he sends us, he knows very well from the report and view of his own people, that I never break up any, but such as his and our enemies' shot, and foul weather made utterly unserviceable. But if it had been so as he would have it understood, as done of purpose, our extreme want of firing would have excused me, and cast the blame upon him, that was continually informed of it, and yet neither sent us coal, having plenty, nor that which was our own, which we kept a twelve month, while we were forced to pull down what was combustible about our houses to burn our timber which I now much want, and at last, which I was exceedingly troubled to be reduced to do, to burn our carriages for our ordnance that were good and serviceable and our tables and our doors, &c.

"Whereas he sayeth I turn my soldiers upon him without money or clothes. I part with none willingly, but only such as, with our hard diet being sick, would have perished here. And I hope it will be held reasonable that I should rid myself of the sick for our own safety and their preservation. And likewise, that all places under His Majesty's obedience should be open to receive and relieve such as have undergone so much, of whose miserable sufferings I need no witness, having the testimony of my accuser, though he sayth it to make me seem the more uncharitable to send them without money and clothes, that have neither to give them and well he knows it. The rest of his charges are so friv-

lous that I conceive them unworthy of replying to, as namely, that in so great necessity I should be consenting to the yielding up of a good shallop to our enemies (and no small boate as is pretended) laden with provisions that we stood in need of, and were hardly gotten for us by my son, together with the loss of a surgeon that had already received a good part of his wages, and whom I much solicited for, to quit me of one that I had then in mistrust, loosing with all divers provisions bespoken for my own particular use and health, which I cannot look to have procured for me again. A subtilty that my great wants, empty purse, and distance from friends was not like to permit to come into my imagination, much less to suffer me to put in execution that curious invention. As lykewise, that my son, charged to be guilty of this, is not sent to Paris as was thought, and where he might be safe, but by Sir George's industry discovered to be in England, the same whom I now send with my answer.

"I come now to the last charge: being again brought to the uttermost, not above a fortnight's bread left, and despairing of supply from Sir George, I was driven to seeke all shifts for myself, and therefore sent to Mrs. Danvers my wife's kinswoman (that hath had her part in all her miseries) to St. Malo with my apparel and some trunks of linen left in her custody, to make trial what she could instantly get in provisions for us upon that pawn or sale: which business she so well despatched that in six dayes she came back to Jersey, in their view chased by a pirate, and narrowly escaping by running with great danger among the rocks. Yet at her coming away the next day, she could not obtain of Sir George one seaman of his (for she requested but one) the better to man her boat, in case she met with the same man of war or any other, whereof those parts were then full. The hazzard of the loss of our provisions and the best shallop I had,

and which brought me the greatest supply that I ever received in such a boat nothing at all moving him, nor the danger and entreaty of a gentlewoman, nor the aspersions cast upon her (convinced of untruth by her return) working any remorse in him by way of compensation, to have afforded her that small courtesy.

"In conclusion touching the advice he gives for the prevention of my supposed disloyalty, so certain in his apprehension, that one of those courses must instantly be taken. If his Majesty can be brought to have my truth in doubt after so long proof of it, I silently, with all obedience submit to his Royal pleasure, though most loath, I must confess, to have such a mark of his disfavour and difference stamped upon me, as may in sorrow close up these days which in these long and many sufferings, I have the comfort and hope should have found a joyful end in his service.

"CASTLE CORNET, *June 18th, 1645.*"

Nor was such a letter without its effect on those in England, who were in all probability well aware of the comparative characters of Sir Peter Osborne and Sir George Carteret. Within a month there comes a note from the Prince of Wales himself, from his court at Liskeard, to Sir George Carteret, urging him to take some speedy course for transporting provisions to Sir Peter, and promising Carteret payment of the charges thereof. Matters indeed do not seem to get much better on receipt of this note, and perhaps Carteret had his difficulties in obtaining supplies, though it is clear that he might have done much more for Castle Cornet than he did. Thomas Wright, forwarding "a little parcel of special tobacco and a dozen of pipes" to Sir Peter, writes a gossiping letter of news from Jersey, from which we gather that Sir George was still not very gracious to the adherents of Sir Peter then sojourning at Jersey. During the next month the Prince of Wales

writes to Sir Peter, promising him supplies to be sent from Cornwall, but we cannot find that these are ever sent. Indeed, on October 20th, John Osborne tells his father that there is little hope of succor from England, in the present state of affairs; that "the council will hearken to every thing to save money;" and that poor Mr. Sheaffe, a Guernsey envoy, cannot get a trumpery sum of ten pounds from the Chancellor's secretary, though it is admitted to be owing, for his charges. The state of Castle Cornet at the end of this month is set out in a report of Sir Peter to the king's commissioners, in which, in spite of his cruel circumstances, aggravated by the meanness and trickery of others, he can still speak of his "confidence placed in God and the King, whom I have truly served, without consideration of the ruin of myself, my wife, my children and my home, of whose princely goodness I nothing doubt, nor he I hope of my integrity."

Sir Peter is indeed at bay with a terrible situation. Soldiers and mean persons have been found to back up the charges already made by Sir George Carteret. Mutiny in some sort is now added to his other troubles. Along with his dignified complaint to the royal commissioners at Jersey Sir Peter finds time to send a little personal note, accompanied by a draft, "this little enclosed," to the wife of his friend Amias Andros, who has evidently given him news of Lady Osborne and her daughter.

GOOD MRS. SAMARES, — Your welcome letter is come safely to my hands, whereby I understand your happy arrival in these parts, escaped from the ill usage of your enemies. The comfort you have given me by the short account of my Wife and poor family, I humbly thank you for, of whose state I remained long doubtful. That great God, who keepeth us both, is able with his blessing to make a little enough. Amongst your kindred in Jersey, I cannot doubt you

will find assistance and courtesy. Yet least your virtuous constancy and goodness for her & me (for which I hold myself much obliged) may do you prejudice, I beseech you favour me so much as to accept this little enclosed, which I present unto you with my best respects & thankfulness. But [if] you find my estimation there so little valued, that it proves to you of no use, complain of the change of my fortune and not my goodwill. Forbear I pray to look for an answer to the latter part of your letter, and have the patience not to expect your husband yet.

Your most humble servant

PETER OSBORNE.

CASTLE CORNET, Oct. 30th, 1645.

To my worthy friend,
MRS. ELIZABETH ANDREWES SAMARES,
at Jersey.

Once more, after long months of suffering, Sir Peter receives a letter from the Earl of Warwick, offering in language almost affectionate terms of peace which Sir Peter might well accept without dishonor to himself. But on the very same day that he has to write to Carteret of the petty details of his wants and necessities, Sir Peter also sits down to write another letter, refusing to stain his grand ideal of loyalty with even a word of disbelief in the king's cause. In spite of all the misery caused by his perilous situation and the faithlessness of friends, he can still write of the "clear cause," and pity Lord Warwick for numbering himself among the king's enemies. This is Sir Peter's reply to the courteous and honorable letter of the Earl of Warwick: —

MY LORD, — That your lordship is pleased to continue me in your honourable favour, notwithstanding these distractions lead us in several courses, I acknowledge with thankfulness your goodness in it, and give your lordship assurance you shall also find in me a

like constancy, full of love, respect and observance to yourself & yours. Whereof I could have small hopes to win you into the belief, and to keep you in it still, should I stain my truth with the infamy of such a falsehood to his Majesty, which might brand me for that dishonest man of whom you and all men else would then have just reason to beware. And the very expression your letter signifieth this castle by (naming it my charge) gives me a tacit warning of the faith and duty belonging to that trust, and that cannot but make my heart rise against the motion, much more abhor a deed so hardly even to be demanded but with words that imply my shame. I have with more search and consideration examined and weighed this unlucky business, than ever to have the confidence of excusing myself with having been all this while mistaken, wherein I must then with shame enough belie my confidence and this clear cause. Your great successes, my lord, are deceitful arguments not to be relied on, human beings being subject to change. Who can tell but that God may permit them (as in the case with Benjamin) to draw you at last within a severe revenge. Wherefore I most humbly beseech your lordship to employ rather your best endeavours in those good offices that may procure agreement and peace, seeking after that blessed reward and honour so transcendent beyond all this world can bestow. And be pleased not to despise this intimation from one that heartily desires your happiness, and is so far from affecting these unalterable quarrels, that I would yield myself willingly not only to be ruined (if that might do it) but to die for peace. Lastly, in a word, though most determinately resolved never to serve your lordship in this way you require me, I yet remain in your own particular, with all sincerity of affection and observant respect

Your lordship's most humble &c,

CASTLE CORNET, *January 15th, 1646.*

This answer to the Earl of Warwick, the purport of which became known to Carteret and the royalists in England, made Sir Peter an object of greater sympathy than heretofore. It was apparently clear to the Prince of Wales that nothing could be done to make Carteret and Sir Peter work together, and he and his council came to the not unusual decision of statesmen, that the honest man must be shelved, and the self-seeking politician retained. Carteret is said, during these wars, to have made £60,000 by privation, that is by robbing English (rebel) merchandise vessels, and the court could not disoblige so valuable an ally. A pleasant letter was therefore written to Sir Peter by the Prince of Wales, and carried to him by Sir Thomas Fanshawe, in February, 1646, "with such full instructions and with such present accommodation for that garrison in some reasonable measure as we hope shall produce a very good effect." About the same time Sir Edward Hyde writes a courteous and conciliatory letter from Pendennis Castle. But Sir Peter sees that it is intended he shall resign his command, and, after an interview with Sir Thomas Fanshawe, he "who looks for nothing in this business but merely your Highness' pleasure," he expresses to the prince his desire to hear and submit to his command. This note, written to Sir Thomas Fanshawe somewhere about May, 1646, shows how utterly unselfish are his endeavours to do the king service. He had gained what many another honest soldier gained in that service,—ruin. His wife and family are refugees somewhere in England; one of his sons has been killed fighting for the king; and he himself, after holding out against a terrible siege, but weakly supported from outside, is now forced to give up his command,—forced to do so, indeed, not by his own incapacity, but because he sees that Carteret is necessary to the royal cause, and that Carteret will never

assist Castle Cornet while he remains there. He writes to Sir Thomas Fanshawe, asking to be allowed to retire to St. Malo : —

SIR, — I write this to yourself, under the confidence you have given me, beseeching you to consider what I have put into your trust, much dearer than my life, whereof I cannot hope, with others for consideration, when I see none had of my son thus near His Highness' protection, I having lost his brother so lately in the King's service. I beseech you, therefore, not to transfer the care of me into other hands, that have committed myself into yours, & rely upon your assurance and integrity not used to fail your friend. I pray, make way rather for my direct going to St. Malo, where I may for awhile quietly recollect myself and recover some patience for what I suffer and foresee I am still like to do.

Thus, in May, 1646, he voluntarily resigned his command to Sir Baldwin Wake, whom he formally appointed his lieutenant-governor. Not until three years after the execution of Charles I., when the battle of Worcester had been fought and Jersey given up to the Parliamentarians, did Castle Cornet surrender. Then, on Friday, December 19, 1651, the royalists, under command of Colonel Roger Burgess, left the castle with full honors of war, "drums beating, ensigns displayed, bullet in mouth, and match lighted at both ends." Even when they laid down their arms, it was with the honorable exception of their swords, which they were permitted to wear.

It would have gladdened Sir Peter's heart if he could have been with his faithful garrison on that day, for they had at least been faithful above all others of the king's servants. But in 1651 Sir Peter was at his own home in Chick-sands, already an old man, worn out with

years and disappointment, lonely and forgotten, waiting somewhat hopelessly for the end to come. After leaving Castle Cornet, he appears to have stayed at St. Malo, spending his energies and substance in endeavoring to provision his beloved castle. The court party had, of course, been able to do little or nothing of what they promised when he left Castle Cornet at their request, and in 1649 he found himself poverty-stricken and abandoned in St. Malo, with his English home, as far as he could learn, sold and taken from him. It is under these circumstances that he announces to King Charles II. his intention of returning to England, in the following letter :

"May it please your most excellent Majesty, I have lately had notice from England that the small proportion that remains of my estate is to be sold, and no consideration out of it to be had, either for my wife or children if I come not to a composition for it. This and the extreme wants I suffer in this place, with the little consideration hath been had of them (having received nothing for my maintenance since my being here, nor any part of that was promised me at my retiring from Guernsey Castle) have at length driven me to the necessity of thinking upon that which of all things I was the least inclined to, and to look after that little that is left of my own. But this I can now resolve on with greater satisfaction by how much I may seem less useful to your Service : And as, by your Majesty's command, I suspended the exercise of my government, so do I still leave it in those hands where you were pleased I should commit it. Only I beseech your Majesty in equity to consider the right I have in it, and for it what I have left and that I may not suffer from both sides, only because I have been honest. For be pleased Sir, to give me leave to say, that certainly I have served your Majesty and your Royal father with a

sincere integrity, against which neither temptations nor discouragement have prevailed, and have submitted to your will with that quiet obedience; that I have not at all considered my interests, and hardly my honour, when that that was called your service, was but said to be concerned. And after all, the chiefest request I have to make is, that God, in his good time would restore your Majesty to your rights, and then I am certain your goodness will consider mine, and if in any thing I have deserved your gracious regard, be pleased then to look upon me and my children, and only so much as your Majesty's own justice and honour shall judge me worthy the esteem of

Yours &c."

Thus he bade farewell to the king he would still have served if it had been in his power to do so. Upon his return to England we find him living at Chicksands Priory, the influence of his wife's friends gaining him perhaps some consideration out of his sequestered estate. His wife died early in 1652, and he remained in retirement at Chicksands,

drifting rapidly into old age. On April 14, 1653, he was taken suddenly ill in the priory chapel. For a year he lay ill, tenderly nursed, we may be sure, by his daughter Dorothy, who writes one, at least, of her letters to Temple while sitting up at night watching by his bedside. Toward the spring of the next year he grew gradually worse, and at length died on Saturday, March 11th, at eleven o'clock of the night, being within two months of sixty-nine years old. He was buried at Campton, and a tablet to his memory may still be seen in the church there, with an inscription speaking his praise. For ourselves, we do not, I think, need monument or tablet. He has unconsciously drawn a clear outline of his character in these letters, which will remain his best epitaph. His defense of Castle Cornet, his single-minded love for his king, and the stern, uncompromising honesty of his life will be engraven on the memory of all who read his story in these his own words. Wiser men and greater men there were many in those stirring times, but none more valiant, honorable, and true-hearted than Sir Peter Osborne.

Edward Abbott Parry.

RUDOLPH.

"There was the Door to which I found no Key,
There was the Veil through which I could not
see."

OMAR KHAYYÁM.

WE are taught, I believe, by the best critical authority that the essence of tragedy lies in the conflict of Will and Fate, or rather in the victory of Fate over the more or less consciously struggling individual; and that the catastrophe, to be truly Greek, must in some way result from deeds morally significant. But is there not an appallingly tragic element in the action of Fate,

when, as we so often know it, the catastrophe has no relation to responsibilities anywhere; when it is but a blind bolt, falling blindly, stopping, crushing, annihilating, without more moral significance than is in the rain which falls alike on the just and on the unjust? Is it not because this is too appalling, because it frightens us as children are frightened in the dark, that we cling so closely to those instances of human history in which deed and doom are bound together by brief and simple sequences?

It is a very unimposing little figure that is most deeply associated in my mind with that other and more mysterious tragedy, in which the fine and sane and true is overpowered by that blank, meaningless, and terrible power we call Chance.

One spring day, years ago, it happened that for a few hours I, myself hardly more than a school-girl, was given charge of an unfamiliar village school. It was in a mongrel Southern mountain town, where some coal mines were lamely contributing to the foundations of that New South which as yet the Old South scarcely grudgingly admitted as a possibility. The school was made up of such a variety of elements as probably could not have been matched, at that time, in any school-room south of the Ohio River. There were "Yankee" children from the East and the West, mountain-born and Southern-born children (the mountaineer is Southern only in a shallow geographical sense), even children with a brogue and a touch of broad Lancashire dialect; but in this crowd, so heterogeneous for the South, so homogeneous compared to the mixtures the North is forced to venture, there was but one child who spoke the English language with a foreign accent.

To me, as I struggled with the opening class, they all seemed conspicuously united by a common dullness. This class was of the older scholars, and they were studying Peter Parley's Universal History, — that absurd yet admirable little book, superseded generations ago, everywhere but in forgotten and benighted Southern nooks, by works paralyzingly full and distressingly accurate. The lesson was about Prussia. That torpor which nature enables all but the liveliest children to take on, as a protection against the horrors of the school-room, pervaded the class; the big girls and boys sat about in attitudes of heavy woodenness, answering questions, when they could answer them at all, as if badly

constructed, insufficient machinery were for the moment put in motion. I was casting about in my mind as to what would bring them to life, when, as I quoted something from the lesson about the King of Prussia (the book dated much further back than the seventies), I heard the shyest, softest, eagerest young voice say, — as if the barriers of repression had perforce given way, — "He's Emperor now."

I turned to see to whom all these lesson-words meant facts, thoughts, something else than gibberish, with a sense of unreasonably grateful refreshment. There he was, a broad-shouldered, dark-eyed little boy, about twelve years old, who was seated, when school opened, half-way back in the long, grimy room, but who was now wriggling with vitality, suppressed interest, and an overpowered but abiding sense of misconduct, on a seat just behind the recitation benches, — drawn there, evidently, by a force similar in its imperiousness to gravitation itself.

"He's Dutch," remarked a boy in the class, in a tone explanatory, but not lowered.

"What's your name?" I asked.

"Rudolph, ma'am." (It seemed that, for purposes of convenience, the regular teacher had found "Rudolph" name enough, and had pointedly refused to struggle with further Teutonic syllables.)

"Well, Rudolph, come out here, and tell these big boys and girls about how the King came to be made Emperor. Come, sit there."

But Rudolph had found an opportunity for something more dear than humiliating others. His bright dark eyes were fastened upon me as he slipped from the one seat into the other, saying, "The war it was that made them do it, was not so? The Emperor is bigger than the King? They want the German — the German one to be big, my father say. Who — how it come done — what had Herr Bismarck do?"

The child sat on the edge of the bench, bending toward me as he poured forth his questions, as if the major part of his young life had hitherto been spent in a fruitless search for the facts of the German consolidation. I listened, divided betwixt admiration and terror. Needless to say, I did not find time to satisfy all his exhaustive questionings, but I told him to come and see me after school, and we would see what we could do. Before the class was dismissed I found that there was nothing very special in Rudolph's interest in the Emperor and Bismarck; that he brought this same insatiable curiosity, this same large, intelligent comprehension of the existence of uncomprehended causes, to other subjects.

Before noon I was enjoying quite a delightful small excitement about the child. What so thrilling as discovery, and what discovery so thrilling as to find a mind? Rudolph came into two more classes: one in spelling, where he was recklessly and hopelessly rational and consistent; and one struggling with the tedium of long division, where he was slow, patient, and sorely afflicted. At noon my little brief authority ended. I left Rudolph plunging about the playground in a game of "base,"—rather clumsy, something of a butt in the sport, and perfectly hearty and good-natured.

Before he came to me in the afternoon I had learned something about him. He was known among the men of our household, I found, through his habit of "hanging around" where any talk about the mines was going on, and, oddly enough, because of his notably courteous ways at the post office and the "store," places where the miners were given to tacitly asserting their superiority to all other classes. His father and mother were Germans, I was first told; but Jim, a small cousin, said the father was "half Eyetalian," and further informed me that Rudolph was "no good," that he could n't catch a ball.

"But he's very nice and good-natured, is n't he?" I inquired, weakly longing to hear only praises of my discovery.

My young man stared. "Yaw," he drawled, in uncomprehending derision, and disappeared around the corner of the porch on his hands.

I was sitting on the porch when Rudolph came,—a little awkward, but withal much more pleased than shy, stopping to wipe his bare feet on the grass, and before he was fairly under the roof taking off his shapeless rag of a hat, with a bright smile of greeting. I had gathered together some old illustrated papers of the time of the Franco-Prussian war; he fell upon them.

"I before one did see, a long time; it had a picture of another Emperor, Max—Maxmillan? he that was killed, is it not so? How—how could that come, when he was Emperor? Was he not the biggest?"

Rudolph soon recognized the necessity of limiting his field of research, and began to put me through a most exhaustive examination on Franco-German politics. He did not find me altogether satisfactory; my knowledge was too superficial and too qualified. He caught continually at main lines of causation, which could be followed only by going far afield.

"Why wished the French Emperor to fight?" he finally asked, with a touch of sternness, when I had tried to describe the diplomatic pretenses by which the war was precipitated.

"People thought that he was afraid the French nation were getting tired of him, that they might begin to ask again why he should be Emperor; and so he wanted to give them something else to think about, and to please them by making them victorious."

Rudolph pondered. "You know not surely?"

"No; of course he would not say things like that, nor would the men who

worked for him, even if they believed they knew his thoughts."

"It must been something that way, is it not? You think it would been better he not try and be smart so?" He sat with his grimy little forefinger on a portrait of Napoleon III., and looked at me as eagerly as if it were the end of a fairy-tale he was awaiting.

"Hullo, Dutchy!" called Jim from the doorway.

"Hullo!" answered Rudolph pleasantly, but with the same air of deeply unconscious patronage with which one would pat a dog while thinking of something else.

"Miss Mollycoddle, Miss Mollycoddle!" shouted the other, as he tore away and over the fence.

"He I goes fish with sometime," said Rudolph, as if in explanation and apology for the familiar rudeness of this address.

"He should not speak to you so," I said.

Rudolph grinned. The remarks of young animals like that did not seem to him in any way related to emotional experience.

After he had exhausted both me and himself in historical research, I began asking him about his home; and he brightened again, and told me that he had a little sister, who was "*schön*," — "You know *schön*, that is better than English word," — and that she was fair, with hair and eyes like a Christmas doll, and that she loved to ride upon his back. Three years old she was.

"I must go," he suddenly broke out, starting up; "she will want to go ride to our spring; I forget;" and he smiled confidentially at me, and then stood twisting his hat, with a sense of needed ceremonial of which he was ignorant. "I much thank you. Oh, yes, I come again. I like it much. *Guten Abend*," and he ducked his black head to me, and then to my mother, whom he saw standing, shining with benevolence, in an

inner doorway; then he scurried down the long porch, and I heard Jim challenge him for a race.

"Jim will beat him," said my mother indignantly, from the window to which she had hurried.

The radiant-faced little lad had won our hearts.

I was afraid of growing sentimental about him, and tried to view him coldly; but in truth it was impossible not to feel enthusiasm for such an example of humanity. He revived one's belief in the possibility of the race. I feel now that I might give my tale a greater *vraisemblance* by in some way belittling him, the expedient of inadequacy, but obligations stronger than artistic ones are upon me.

I soon made my way to the despoiled hillside, half poor village, half bare woods, where was Rudolph's home. It was a neat little cabin, and I was pleased to find the family all there, — the little Teutonic blonde sister, the work-worn, dust-colored, plain mother, and the big, dark father, with his touch of Latin vivacity appearing and disappearing beneath his gravity.

Rudolph gazed at me, pleased and proud and possessive, possessive of everybody, and silently brought the little passive sister to my elbow, that I might better note her charms.

I sent him off to fill my bottle with water from the sulphur spring, so that I could talk better about himself.

"I think Rudolph is a very remarkable boy," I began; "a very, very smart boy," I added, in my effort to make myself comprehended.

"Yas," said the father briefly, from the doorstep where he stood, "he iss great, — great here, great here." He touched first his forehead, then his breast.

The mother, who could speak no English, showed by her softening countenance, as she looked at us and then after the boy, that she understood.

"I come to America for he. I know not that he get much good, but I try."

"He'll be great in himself, anyhow."

"Yas, dat iss so," spoken with tranquil solemnity. "Not many is born dat way as he, *aber*—I wish he get ed-u-cation." The word had been well learned. "He not get much here?" turning a gaze of troubled inquiry upon me. He told me how he was afraid to go now to a place with better schools, for fear he could not find work. He could do no skilled labor. He longed to get Rudolph a place in the machine-shops, but the boy was not clever with his hands. Perhaps he could never rise much above his father unless he got "one ed-u-cation."

I said there was small fear; he'd find his way to a very practical education; he'd know many things before he was grown.

The man's face brightened, and he showed his white teeth as he nodded and said a few words to the mother, who nodded and smiled too.

"He ask, ask always," he said.

The small sister now started down the hill, making her legs fly until she met the returning brother, and was lifted on his back, where, when he arrived, she hung, dumb, solemn, and round-eyed as before.

I arranged that Rudolph should come and see me often, and laboriously suppressed my tendency to make vague promises and prophecies as to his future. Who knew what could or could not be counted upon in this disjointed world?

The captivating thing about Rudolph's mind was the curious absence of any touch of precocity; it was as normal as a blackbird's; all its peculiarity seemed to lie in its superior soundness, reasonableness, and activity; things were real to him; phenomena needed to be accounted for. He was always trying to accomplish the explanation, striking for the roots of things. He had a sleepless

desire to find out. His interest in history—it did not, by the way, reach the point of enabling him to derive pabulum from the usual historical classics—was as simple in its way as Jim's in the story of a 'possum hunt; the difference was that Rudolph had the qualities that enabled him to grasp the verity of the larger games, while poor Jim could only comprehend the existence of things akin to his experience.

I tried, of course, a hundred youthful experiments with this delightful mind, and came to the conclusion that it was not an artist's organ; that it was meant for the conduct of large affairs at first hand, not for any plastic or poetic after-interpretation of them. Not that he was without appreciation of such interpretations; on the contrary, he was appreciative of more things than any one I ever knew; he was alive to every form of mental activity presented to him. He was a choice companion for days in the woods, and would lie silent for hours on the high brinks of those far, fair blue gulfs with which the valleys encompassed the mountain.

But he was mastered by the thirst for large knowledge of human undertakings. He probably had more actual acquaintance with the mines than my cousin, the president of the company; and though arithmetic was a painful thing to him, he would enter into computations as to the operations, and by sheer force of reasoning would push his calculations beyond the point of his school-room acquirements.

The chestnuts were brown in their caskets when, one day, one memorable day, I went nutting with Rudolph and Jim. We had two or three hours of the simplest, purest delight, all turned into three harmless young animals, with but one idea in the world,—chestnuts.

There is nothing like some such primitive pursuit to bring the heart close to Nature, for getting past the rhapsodical

and wordy state, and becoming one with her; a hundred deep, starved, hereditary instincts are once more gratified. But Nature is an appalling mother.

The place we chiefly haunted was a chestnut grove near the edge of the cliffs; and just here the formation was unusual. The mountain sloped rapidly down toward the valley for a little distance, instead of descending from its full height by the usual perpendicular cliff; but this steep slope broke off abruptly above a straight wall of granite, far below which again waved the delicate crests of the great trees. The turf and small woodland growths extended down the slope nearly to the brink; but before it was reached the scanty soil failed, and at last was the living rock of the mountain side, dark, unworn by frost or time, now damp and smooth.

In that simplicity of absorption, the pleasure of which I have been vaunting, I followed a rolling nut (such a big one!) down close to the danger line, — too close. The slight hold of the mosses and grasses on which I stood gave way, my hand uprooted the bush I held, my feet slipped from under me, and I lay face down on that smooth sloping surface, without a thing within reach to support a child. I kept myself from slipping only by a certain strain of muscular pressure. Below was the gulf, whose far-off depths were filled with the beautiful, visible music of waving branches; above me, the late yellow sunlight shone brilliantly between the dark trunks of other trees, and beneath them stood two white-faced little boys. Rudolph was nearest me, — half-way down the slope. I saw a whole heartfelt of history take place within him, as I gazed. The first stroke of terror was followed by a heavier, for between the two, in a long second's time, the child found out he loved me. He had never thought of loving me before; rather, as love goes not by thinking, he had been deflected by no pulsation of conscious love toward

me. I was a pleasant factor in a diversified universe; I was not the father, nor the mother, nor the little sister. But suddenly, here and now, as I lay there beneath the fair sky, helpless and in mortal danger, Rudolph's heart went out to me; he loved me, and he loved me greatly, with a flashing, backward, heart-bursting realization that I had been good to him. These are many words, but three changing expressions, melting swiftly into each other on the child's ashen face, told it all.

Jim did the best he could; it was useless, but it was all his lights and his gifts were equal to. He could run, and he ran, far and fast, starting at once, with only a half-choked word and a nod to Rudolph, and taking himself off in good shape, though he was so white.

Rudolph and I were alone, and already my power to cling to the rock was weakening.

I tried to wriggle myself upward; I slipped a very little further down. Rudolph now nodded reassuringly at me, saying in a queer, low voice, "In one minute," as he ran a short distance to where a lot of poles lay cut for some purpose. He came back dragging one. The nearest point to me that offered firm anchorage was where, at one side and somewhat above me, stood a young hemlock in a cleft in the rock. Rudolph selected the spot in an instant, but the distance between me and it was greater than the length of the pole. He immediately stripped off his coarse cotton shirt. Splitting one sleeve in two, he knotted the parts firmly around the tree. He tore a strip off the garment; he tied that, with a loop hanging, just above the butt end of the pole. By holding to the shirt bound to the tree, he could extend his range perhaps a foot; the loop at the end of the pole gave him a few inches more. He clutched the shirt, put his other hand through the loop and twisted it about his wrist, slipped toward me as far as he could on his knees, and

pushed me the pole. Not a moment had been lost. I could reach it, if I caught quick and firm, before I had time to slip, after relaxing my pressure on the rock. There was nothing else to do.

A minute later I sat at the foot of the hemlock, and Death had once more fled into the far dim haze of the unrealized future, but I was cold with the feel of his breath upon me. It seemed hours before two haggard-faced men rode up on unsaddled, foaming horses.

That night, as the household sat around the fireplace, all having with me, I think, a little special realization of life's "human richness like the rose," in contrast to a "cold, abysmal, blank, alien eternity," I said to my cousin, the head of our family, that now he could hardly refuse to listen to my prayer that something be done for Rudolph, that he be given some opportunity.

"I certainly cannot, my child," he replied. "What do you want done?"

"We had better talk to him about it," I said; "he is the wisest person for that question, by all odds. I think if he chooses quite freely, it will be to go to some decent school for a year; then he will know better how to decide for the next year."

"Yes, yes," said my kinsman thoughtfully, looking at Jim, curled up asleep on the floor like a little dog, "I think you are right, that he will absorb knowledge through the pores of his skin. He is a remarkable boy, — undoubtedly a very remarkable boy. Make yourself easy, my little girl; we can't neglect him now," and he patted my head as he rose from his chair.

The next day came the end, — the

stupid, meaningless, miserable end. I cannot dwell upon it.

Rudolph was coming through one of the little peninsulas of woodland that here and there invaded the straggling village. He caught his foot in a vine, staggered against a tree, appeared to regain his foothold, and then sank down. Some boys at a distance saw this, but what was it to call for special attention? They went on.

It seems to have been more than half an hour later that a man, coming along the path, found the child, dead. He lay under the soft drifting bright leaves, in a pool of blood. He had cut his wrist with a big sharp knife, his pride, which he had open in his hand when he stumbled. An artery was severed; he had bled to death.

By such fantastic fooling did Chance take the life that the day before had been gallantly risked for mine, and so were stilled the heart and brain to whose power I owe all these happy years.

For a decade has passed since, alone in the sweet checkered autumn sunshine, the rarest child, the most hope-stirring human being, I ever knew lay dying. Would that these pages might give some shadowy glimpse of that noble and splendid little figure, and defy ever so faintly and ineffectually the hideous recklessness of the Fate that thus quenched such a life!

He was buried in the small unkempt graveyard on the hill. I have not seen the spot since that winter. Perhaps half a dozen people in the world, within as many years, have remembered that he once lived. Beyond these his memory is faded from the earth, as though he had never been.

Viola Roseboro'.

A PSALM OF THE WATERS.

Lo! this is a psalm of the waters, —
The wavering, wandering waters:
With languages learned in the forest,
With secrets of earth's lonely caverns,
The mystical waters go by me
On errands of love and of beauty,
On embassies friendly and gentle,
With shimmer of brown and of silver.
In pools of dark quiet they ponder,
Where the birch, and the elm, and the maple
Are dreams in the soul of their stillness.
In eddying spirals they loiter,
For touch of the fern-plumes they linger,
Caress the red mesh of the pine roots,
And quench the strong thirst of the leafage
That, high overhead, with its shadows
Requites the soft touch of their giving:
Like him whose supreme benediction
Made glad, for love's service instinctive,
The heart of the Syrian woman.
O company, stately and gracious,
That wait the sad axe on the hillside!
My kinsmen since far in the ages
We tossed, you and I, as dull atoms,
The sport of the wind and the water.
We are as a greater has made us,
You less and I more; yet forever
The less is the giver, and thankful,
The guest of your quivering shadows,
I welcome the counseling voices
That haunt the dim aisles of the forest.

Lo, this is a psalm of the waters,
That wake in us yearnings prophetic,
That cry in the wilderness lonely
With meanings for none but the tender.
I hear in the rapids below me
Gay voices of little ones playing,
And echoes of boisterous laughter
From grim walls of resonant granite.
'Tis gone — it is here — this wild music!
Untamed by the ages, as glad some
As when, from the hands of their Maker,
In wild unrestraint the swift waters
Leapt forth to the bountiful making
Of brook, and of river and ocean.

I linger, I wonder, I listen.
 Alas! is it I who interpret
 The cry of the masterful north wind,
 The hum of the rain in the hemlock,
 As chorals of joy or of sadness,
 To match the mere moods of my being?
 Alas for the doubt and the wonder!
 Alas for the strange incompleteness
 That limits with boundaries solemn
 The questioning soul! Yet forever
 I know that these choristers ancient
 Have touch of my heart; and alas, too,
 That never was love in its fullness
 Told all the great soul of its loving!
 I know, too, the years that, remorseless,
 Have hurt me with sorrow bring ever
 More near for my help the quick healing,
 The infinite comfort of nature;
 For surely the childhood that enters
 This heaven of wood and of water
 Is won with gray hairs, in the nearing
 That home ever open to childhood.

And you, you my brothers, who suffer
 In serfdom of labor and sorrow,
 What gain have your wounds, that forever
 Man bridges with semblance of knowledge
 The depths he can never illumine?
 Or binds for his service the lightning,
 Or prisons the steam of the waters?
 What help has it brought to the weeper?
 How lessened the toil of the weary?
 Alas! since at evening, deserted,
 Job sat in his desolate anguish,
 The world has grown wise; but the mourner
 Still weeps and will weep; and what helping
 He hath from his God or his fellow
 Eludes the grave sentinel reason,
 Steals in at the heart's lowly portal,
 And helps, but will never be questioned.
 Yea, then, let us take what they give us,
 And ask not to know why the murmur
 Of winds in the pine-tree has power
 To comfort the hurt of life's battle,
 To help when our dearest are helpless.
 Lo, here stands the mother. She speaketh
 As when at his tent door the Arab
 Calls, Welcome! in language we know not;
 Cries, Enter, and share with thy servant!

S. Weir Mitchell.

LITERARY SHIBBOLETHS.

THERE is a delightful little story, very well told by Mr. James Payn, the novelist, about an unfortunate young woman who for years concealed in her bosom the terrible fact that she did not think John Gilpin funny; and who at last, in an unguarded moment, confessed to him her guilty secret, and was promptly comforted by the assurance that, for his part, he had always found it dull. The weight that was lifted from that girl's mind made her feel for the first time that she was living in an age which tolerates freedom of conscience, and in a land where the Holy Office is unknown. It is only to be feared that her newly acquired liberty inclined her to be as much of a Philistine as Mr. Payn himself, and to believe with him that all orthodoxy is of necessity hypocritical, and that when a man says he admires the *Faerie Queene*, or *Paradise Lost*, or *Rabelais*, the chances are that he knows little or nothing about them. Now, as a matter of fact, it is seldom safe to judge others too rigidly by our own inadequate standards, or to assume that because we prefer *In Memoriam* to *Lycidas*, our friend is merely adopting a tone of grievous superiority when he modestly but firmly asserts his preference for the earlier dirge. It is even possible that although we may find *Don Quixote* dull and *The Excursion* vapid, another reader, no whit cleverer, we are sure, than ourselves, may enjoy them both, with honest laughter and with keen delight. There is doubtless as much affectation in the world of books as in the worlds of art and fashion; but there must always be a certain proportion of men and women who, whether by natural instinct or acquired grace, derive pleasure from the highest ranks of literature, and who should in common justice be permitted to say so, and to return thanks for the

blessings accorded them. "It is in our power to think as we will," says Marcus Aurelius, and it should be our further privilege to give unfettered expression to our thoughts.

Nevertheless, human nature is weak and erring, and the pitfalls dug for us by wily critics are baited with the most ensnaring devices. It is not the great writers of the world who have the largest following of sham admirers, but rather that handful of choice spirits who, we are given to understand, appeal only to a small and chosen band. Few of us find it worth our while to pretend a passionate devotion for Shakespeare, or Milton, or Dante. On the contrary, nothing is more common than to hear people complain that the *Inferno* is unpleasant and *Paradise Lost* dreadfully long, neither of which charges is easily refutable in terms. But when we read in a high-class review that "just as Spenser is the poet's poet, so Peacock is the delight of critics and of wits;" or that "George Meredith, writing as he does for an essentially cultivated and esoteric audience, has won but a limited recognition for his brilliant group of novels;" or that "the subtle and far-reaching excellence of Ibsen's dramatic work is a quality absolutely undecipherable to the groundlings," who can resist tendering his allegiance on the spot? It is not in the heart of man to harden itself against the allurements of that magic word "esoteric," nor to be indifferent to the distinction it conveys. Mr. Payn, indeed, in a robust spirit of contradiction, has left it on record that he found *Headlong Hall* and *Crotchet Castle* intolerably dull; but this I believe to have been an unblushing falsehood, in the case of the latter story, at least. It is hardly within the bounds of possibility that a man blessed with so keen

a sense of humor could have found the Rev. Dr. Folliott dull; but it is quite possible that the average reader, whose humorous perceptions are of a somewhat restricted nature, should find Mr. Peacock enigmatic, and the oppressive brilliancy of Mr. Meredith's novels a heavy load to bear. There is such a thing as being intolerably clever, and Evan Harrington and *The Egoist* are fruitful examples of the fact. The mind is kept on a perpetual strain, lest some fine play of words, some elusive witticism, should be disregarded; the sense of continued effort paralyzes enjoyment; fatigue provokes in us an ignoble spirit of contrariety, and we sigh perversely for that serene atmosphere of dullness which in happier moments we affected to despise.

"A man," says Dr. Johnson bluntly, "ought to read just as inclination leads him, for what he reads as a task will do him little good." In other words, if his taste is for Mr. Rider Haggard's ingenious tales, it is hardly worth his while to pretend that he prefers Tolstoi. His more enlightened brother will indeed pass him by with a shiver of pained surprise, but he has the solid evidence of the booksellers to prove that he is not sitting alone in his darkness. Yet nowadays the critic diverts his heaviest scorn from the guilty author, who does not mind it at all, to the sensitive reader, who minds it a great deal too much; and the result is that cowardice prompts a not unnatural deception. Few of us remember what Dr. Johnson chanced to say on the subject, and fewer still are prepared to solace ourselves with his advice; but when an unsparing disciplinarian like Mr. Frederic Harrison lays down the law with a chastening hand, we are all of us aroused to a speedy and bitter consciousness of our deficiencies. "The incorrigible habit of reading little books" — a habit, one might say, analogous to that of eating common food — meets with scant tolerance at the hands of this inexorable re-

former. Better, far better, never to read at all, and so keep the mind "open and healthy," than be betrayed into seeking "desultory information" from the rank and file of literature. To be simply entertained by a book is an unpardonable sin; to be gently instructed is very little better. In fact, Mr. Harrison carries his severity to such a pitch that, on reaching this humiliating but comforting sentence, "Systematic reading, in its true sense, is hardly possible for women," it was with a feeble gasp of relief that I realized our ignominious exclusion from the race. I do not see *why* systematic reading should be hardly possible for women, any more than I see what is to become of Mr. Harrison if we are to give up little books, but never before did the limitations of sex appear in so friendly a light. There is something frightful in being required to enjoy and appreciate all masterpieces; to read with equal relish Milton, and Dante, and Calderon, and Goethe, and Homer, and Scott, and Voltaire, and Wordsworth, and Cervantes, and Molière, and Swift. One is irresistibly reminded of Mrs. Blimber surveying the infant Paul Dombey. "Like a bee," she murmured, "about to plunge into a garden of the choicest flowers, and sip the sweets for the first time. Virgil, Horace, Ovid, Terence, Plautus, Cicero. What a world of honey have we here!" And what a limited appetite and digestion awaited them! After all, these great men did not invariably love one another, even when they had the chance. Goethe, for instance, hated Dante, and Scott very cordially disliked him; Voltaire had scant sympathy with *Paradise Lost*, and Wordsworth focused his true affection upon the children of his own pen.

It is very amusing to see the position now assigned by critics to that arch-offender, Charles Lamb, who, himself the idlest of readers, had no hesitation in commending the same unscrupulous methods to his friends. We are told in

one breath of his unerring literary judgment, and in the next are solemnly warned against accepting that judgment as our own. He is the most quoted because the most quotable of writers, yet every one who uses his name seems faintly displeased at hearing it upon another's lips. I have myself been reminded with some sharpness, by a reviewer, that illustrations drawn from Lamb counted for nothing in my argument, because his was "a unique personality," a "pure imagination, which even the drama of the Restoration could not pollute." But this seems to be assuming more than we have any right to assume. I cannot take it upon myself to say, for example, that Mr. Bagehot's mind was more susceptible to pollution than Charles Lamb's. I am not sufficiently in the secrets of Providence to decide upon so intimate and delicate a question. But, granted that others have a clearer light on these matters than I have, it would still appear as though the unpolluted source were the best from which to draw one's help and inspiration. What really makes Lamb a doubtful guide through the mazes of literature is the fact that there is not a single rule given us in these sober days for the proper administration of our faculties which he did not take a positive pleasure in transgressing. His often-quoted heresy in regard to those volumes which "no gentleman's library should be without" might perhaps be spared the serious handling it receives; but his letters abound in passages equally shameless and perverting. "I feel as if I had read all the books I want to read," he writes unconcernedly; and again, "I take less pleasure in reading than heretofore, but I like books about books." And so, alas! do we; though this is the most serious charge laid at our doors, and one which has subjected us to the most humiliating reproofs. It is very pleasant to have Mr. Ainger tell us what an admirable critic Lamb was, and with what unerring

certainly he pointed out the best lines of Wordsworth and Southey and Coleridge. The fact remains — though to this Mr. Ainger does not draw our attention — that he found nothing to praise in Byron, heartily disliked Shelley, never, so far as we can see, read Keats, condemned Faust unhesitatingly as "a disagreeable, canting tale of seduction," and discovered strong points of resemblance between Southey and Milton. Under these circumstances, it is hardly safe to elect him as a critical fetic, if we feel the need of such an article, merely because he admired the Ancient Mariner and Blake's Chimney Sweeper, and did not particularly admire *We are Seven*. Even his fine and subtle sympathy with Shakespeare is a thing to be revered and envied, rather than analyzed and drawn into service, where it will answer little purpose. But what is none the less sure is that Lamb recognized by a swift and delicate intuition the literary food that was best fitted to nourish his own intellectual growth. This was Sir Walter Scott's secret, and this was Lamb's. Both knew instinctively what was good for them, and a clear perception of our individual needs is something vastly different from idle preference based on an ignorant conceit. It is what we have each of us to learn if we would hope to thrive; and while we may be aided in the effort, yet a general command to read and enjoy all great authors seldom affords us the precise assistance we require.

Still less do we derive any real help from those more contentious critics, who, being wedded hard and fast to one particular author or to one particular school of thought, refuse, with ostentatious continency, to cast lingering looks upon any other type of loveliness. Literary monogamy, as practiced by some of our contemporaries, makes us sigh for the old genial days of Priest Martin, when the tyranny of opinions had not yet grown into a binding yoke, and

when it was still possible to follow the example of Montaigne's old woman, and light one candle to Saint Michael and another to the dragon. At present, the saint — or perhaps the dragon — stands in a blaze of glory, all the more lustrous for the dark shadow thrown on his antagonist. "Praise handed in by disparagement," the Greek drama whipped upon the back of Genesis, if I may venture to quote Charles Lamb again, this is the modern method of procedure, — a method successfully inaugurated by Macaulay, who could find no better way of eulogizing Addison than by heaping antithetical reproaches upon Steele. In a little volume of lectures upon Russian literature, lectures which were sufficiently popular to bear both printing and delivery, I find the art of persuasiveness illustrated by this firebrand of a sentence, hurled like an anathema at the heads of a peaceful and unoffending community: "Read Tolstoi! Read humbly, read admiringly! Reading him in this spirit shall in itself be unto you an education of your highest artistic nature. And when your souls have become able to be thrilled to their very depths by the unspeakable beauty of Tolstoi's art, you will then learn to be ashamed of the thought that for years you sensible folk of Boston have been capable of allowing the Stevensons with their Hydes, and the Haggards with their Shes, and even the clumsy Wards with their ponderous Elsmeres, to steal away, under the flag of literature, your thoughtful moments."

Now, apart from the delightful vagueness of perspective, — for Robert Elsmere and She grouping themselves amicably together is a spectacle too pleasant to be lost, — I cannot but think that there is something oppressive about the form in which Mr. Panin offers his comments to the world. It reminds one of that highly dramatic scene in Bulwer's *Richelieu*, where the aged cardinal hurls "the curse of Rome" at a whole stageful of people,

who shrink and cower without knowing very distinctly at what. Why should critics, I wonder, always adopt this stringent and defiant tone when they would beguile us to the enjoyment of Russian fiction? Why should the reading of Tolstoi necessarily imply a contempt for Robert Louis Stevenson? Why, when we have been "thrilled to our very depths" by *Peace and War* or *Anna Karenina*, should we not devote a few spare moments to the consideration of *Markheim*, a story whose solemn intensity of purpose in no way mars its absolute and artistic beauty? And why, above all, should we be petulantly reprimanded, like so many stupid and obstinate children? I cannot even think that Mr. Howells is justified in calling the English nation "those poor islanders," as if they were dancing naked somewhere in the South Seas, merely because they love George Eliot and Thackeray as well as Jane Austen. They love Jane Austen too. We all love her right heartily, but we have no need to emulate good Queen Anne, who, as Swift observed, had not a sufficient stock of amity for more than one person at a time. We may not, indeed, be prepared to say with Mr. Howells that Miss Austen is "the first and the last of the English novelists to treat material with entire truthfulness," having some reasonable doubts as to the precise definition of truth. We may not care to emphasize our affection for her by repudiating with one breath all her great successors. We may not even consider *The Newcomes* and *Henry Esmond* as illustrating the degeneracy of modern fiction; yet nevertheless we may enjoy some fair half-hours in the company of *Emma Woodhouse* and Mr. Elton, of *Catherine Morland* and *Elizabeth Bennet*. Only, when we are searching for a shibboleth by which to test our neighbor's intellectual worth, let not Jane Austen's be the name, lest we be rewarded for our trouble by hearing the

faint, clear ripple of her amused laughter — that gentle, feminine, merciless laughter — echoing softly from the dwelling-place of the immortals.

It is inevitable, moreover, that too much rigidity on the part of teachers should be followed by a brisk spirit of insubordination on the part of the taught. Accordingly, now and then, some belligerent freeman rushes into print, and shakes our souls by declaring breathlessly that he hates “Wagner, and Mr. Irving, and the Elgin Marbles, and Goethe, and Leonardo da Vinci;” and this rank socialism in literature and art receives a very solid and shameless support from the more light-minded writers of the day. Mr. Birrell, for instance, fails to see why the man who liked Montgomery’s poetry should have been driven away from it by Macaulay’s stormy rhetoric; and why Macaulay himself could not have let poor Montgomery alone; and why “some cowardly fellow” should join in the common laugh at Tupper, when he knows very well that in his secret soul he much prefers the Proverbial Philosophy to Atalanta in Calydon or Empedocles on Etna. A recent contributor to Macmillan assures us, with discouraging candor, that it is all vanity to educate ourselves into admiring Turner, and that it is not worth while to try and like the Mahabharata or the Origin of Species if we really enjoy King Solomon’s Mines or the Licensed Victualler’s Gazette. On the other hand, we have Ruskin’s word for it that unless we love Turner with our whole hearts we shall not be — artistically speaking — saved; and hosts of strenuous critics in the field of letters are each and every one assuring us that there is no intellectual future for the world unless we speedily tender our allegiance wherever he says it is due. Poet-censors, like Mr. Swinburne, whose words are bitterness and whose charity is small, lay crooked yokes upon our galled necks.

Even the story-tellers have now turned reviewers on their own account, and gravely tell us how many novels, besides their own, we should feel ourselves at liberty to read.

Under these circumstances, it is hardly a matter of surprise that people whose minds are, as Mr. Bagehot termed it, “to let” stand hesitating between license and servitude. On the one side, we hear men — intelligent men, too — boasting that they never read anything but the newspapers, and seeming to take a perverted pride in their own melancholy deprivation. On the other, we see both men and women, and sometimes even children, practicing a curious sort of literary asceticism, and devoting themselves conscientiously and very conspicuously to the authors they least enjoy. These martyrs to an advanced cultivation find their self-imposed tasks, I am happy to think, grow harder year by year. Helen Pendennis, occasionally reading Shakespeare, “whom she pretended to like, but did n’t,” had comparatively an easy time of it; but her successor to-day, who goes to a Browning Society when she would prefer cards and conversation; who sits, perplexed and doubtful, through a performance of A Doll’s House when Little Lord Fauntleroy represents her dramatic preference; who reads Matthew Arnold and Tourguéneff, and now and then Mr. Pater, when she really enjoys Owen Meredith, and Bootles’ Baby, and the Duchess, pays a heavy price for her enviable reputation. “The true value of souls is in proportion to what they can admire,” says Marius the Epicurean; but the true value of our friends’ distinction is in proportion to the books we behold in their hands. We have hardly yet outgrown the critical methods of the little heroine of Mademoiselle Panache, who knows that Lady Augusta is accomplished because she has seen her music and heard of her drawings; and, as few of us resemble the late Mr.

Mark Pattison in his unwillingness to create a good impression, we naturally make an effort to be taken at our best. Mr. Payn once said that Macaulay had frightened thousands into pretending they knew authors with whom they had not even a bowing acquaintance; and though the days of his autocracy are over, it has been succeeded by a more fastidious and stringent legislation. We no longer feel it incumbent upon us to profess an intimacy with Thucydides nor to revere the Pilgrim's Progress. Indeed, a recent critic has been found brave enough to speak harsh words concerning the Delectable Mountains and the Valley of Humiliation, — words that would have frozen the current of Macaulay's blood, and startled even the tolerant Sainte-Beuve, weary as he confessed himself of the Pilgrim's vaunted perfections. But there is always a little assortment of literary shibboleths, whose names we con over with careful glibness, that we may assert our intimacy in hours of peril; nor should we, in justice, be censured very severely for doing what is too often with us, as with the Ephraimites, a deed of simple self-defense.

These passwords of culture, although their functions remain always the same, vary greatly with each succeeding generation; and, as they make room in turn for one another, they give to the true and modest lovers of an author a chance to enjoy him in peace. Wordsworth is now, for example, the cherished friend of a tranquil and happy band, who read him placidly in green meadows or by their own firesides, and forbear to trouble themselves about the obstinate blindness of the disaffected. But there was a time when battles royal were fought over his fame, owing principally, if not altogether, to the insulting pretensions of his followers. It was then considered a correct and seemly thing to vaunt his peculiar merits, as if they reflected a shadowy grandeur upon all who praised

them, very much in the spirit of the little Australian boy who said to Mr. Froude, "Don't you think the harbor of Sydney does us great credit?" To which the historian's characteristic reply was, "It does, my dear, if you made it." Apart from the prolonged and pointless discussion of Wordsworth's admirable moral qualities, "as though he had been the candidate for a bishopric," there was always a delicately implied claim on the part of his worshipers that they possessed finer perceptions than their neighbors, that they were in some incomprehensible way open to influences which revealed nothing to less subtle and discriminating souls. The same tone of heartfelt superiority is noticeable among the very ardent admirers of Robert Browning, who seem to be perpetually offering thanks to Heaven that they are not as other men, and who evince a gentle but humiliating contempt for their uninitiated fellow-creatures; while Ibsen's fervent devotees dwell on the mountain-tops apart. How many people, I wonder, who believe that they have loved Shelley all their lives, find themselves exceedingly dazed and harassed by what Mr. Freeman calls "the snares of Shelleyana," a mist of confusing chatter and distorted praise! How many unambitious readers, who would fain enjoy their Shakespeare quietly, are pursued even to their peaceful chimney-corners by the perfidious devices of commentators and of cranks! In the mean while, an experienced few ally themselves, with supreme but transient enthusiasm, to Frédéric Mistral or to Pushkin, to Omar Khayyám or to Amiel; and an inexperienced many strive falteringly to believe that they were acquainted with the Rubáiyát before the date of Mr. Veder's illustrations, and that the diary of a half-Germanized Frenchman, submerged in a speculative and singularly cheerless philosophy, represents the intellectual food for which their souls are craving.

The object of criticism, it has been said, is to supply the world with a basis, a definition which cannot be accused of lacking sufficient liberality and breadth. Yet, after applying the principle for a good many years, it is discouraging to note that what has really been afforded us is less a basis than a battlefield, the din and tumult from which strike a discordant note in our lives. That somewhat contemptuous severity with which critics address the general public, and which the general public very stoutly resents, is urbanity itself when compared with the language which they feel themselves privileged to use to one another. Señor Armando Palacio Valdés, for example, who has been recently presented to us as a clear beacon-light to guide our wandering steps, has no hesitation in saying that "among the vulgar, *of course*," he includes "the greater part of those who write literary criticism, and who constitute the worst vulgar, since they teach what they do not know." But this is the kind of thing that is very easy to say, and carries no especial weight when said. The "*of course*" adds, indeed, a faint flavor of unconscious humor to the enviable complacency of the whole, and there is always a certain satisfaction to a generous soul in the sight of a fellow-mortal so thoroughly enjoying the altitude to which he believes he has risen.

"Let us sit on the thrones
In a purple sublimity,
And grind down men's bones
To a pale unanimity,"

sings Mrs. Browning in one of her less luminous moments; and Señor Valdés and his friends respond with alacrity, "We will!" Unhappily, however, "the greater part of those who write literary criticism," while perhaps no more vulgar than their neighbors, are not generous enough nor humorous enough to appreciate the delicate irony of the situation. They rush forward to protest with energetic ill temper, and the air is

dark with warfare. Alas for those who succeed, as Montaigne observed, in giving to their harmless opinions a fatal air of importance! Alas for those who tilt with irrational chivalry at all that man holds dear! How many years have passed since Saint-Evremond uttered his cynical protest against the unprofitable wisdom of reformers; and to-day, when one half the world devotes itself strenuously to the correction and improvement of the other half, what is the result, save pretense, and contention, and a dismal consciousness of insecurity! More and more do we sigh for greater harmony and repose in the intellectual life; more and more do we respect the tranquil sobriety of that wise old worldling, Lord Chesterfield, who counsels every man to think as he pleases, or rather as he can, but to forbear to disclose his valuable ideas when they are of a kind to disturb the peace of society.

In reading the recently published letters of Edward Fitzgerald, we cannot fail to be struck with the amount of unmixed pleasure he derived from his books, merely because he approached them with such instinctive honesty and singleness of purpose. He was perfectly frank in his satisfaction, and he was wholly innocent of any didactic tendency. Those subjects which he confessed he enjoyed because he only partly understood them, "just as the old women love sermons," he refrained from interpreting to his friends; those "large, still books," like Clarissa Harlowe, for which he shared all Tennyson's enthusiasm, he forbore to urge upon less leisurely readers. And what a world of meaning in that single line, "For human delight, Shakespeare, Cervantes, and Scott"! For human delight! The words sound like a caress; a whole sunny vista opens before us; idleness and pleasure lure us gently on; a warm and mellow atmosphere surrounds us; we are invited, not driven, to be happy. I cannot but compare Fitzgerald reading Scott, "for

human delight," in the quiet winter evenings, with a very charming old gentleman whom I recently saw working conscientiously — so I thought — through Tolstoi's *Peace and War*. He sighed a little when he spoke to me, and held up the book for inspection. "My daughter-in-law sent it to me," he explained resignedly, "and said I must be sure and read it. But," — this with a sudden sense of gratitude and deliverance, — "thank Heaven! one volume was lost on the way." Now we have Mr. Andrew Lang's word for it that the Englishmen of to-day, "those poor islanders," indeed, are better acquainted with Anna Karenina than with *The Fortunes of Nigel*, and we cannot well doubt the assertion in view of the too manifest regret with which it is uttered. But then nobody reads *The Fortunes of Nigel* because he has been told to read it, nor because his neighbors are reading it, nor because he wants to say that he has read it. The hundred and one excellent reasons for becoming acquainted with Tolstoi or Ibsen resolve themselves into a single motive when we turn to Scott. It is "for human delight" or nothing. And if, even to children, this joy has grown somewhat tasteless of late years, I fear the reason lies in their lack of healthy unconsciousness. They are taught so much they did not use to know about the correct standing of authors, they are so elaborately directed in their recreations as well as in their studies, that the old simple charm of self-forgotten absorption in a book seems well-nigh lost to them. It is not very encouraging to see a bright little girl of ten making believe she enjoys Miss Austen's novels, and to hear her mother's complacent comments thereon, when we realize how exclusively the fine, thin perfection of

Miss Austen's work appeals to the mature observation of men and women, and how utterly out of harmony it must be with the crude judgment and expansive ideality of a child. I am willing to believe that these abnormally clever little people, who read grown-up books so conspicuously in public, love their Shakespeares, and their Grecian histories, and their *Idylls of the King*. I have seen literature of the delicately elusive order, like *The Marble Faun*, and *Elsie Venner*, and *Lamia*, devoured with a wistful eagerness that plainly revealed the awakened imagination responding with quick delight to the sweet and subtle charm of mystery. But I am impelled to doubt the attractiveness of Thackeray to the youthful mind, even when I have just been assured that Henry Esmond is "a lovely story;" and I am still more skeptical as to Miss Austen's marvelous hair-strokes conveying any meaning at all to the untrained faculties of a child. Can it be that our boys and girls have learned from Emerson and Carlyle not to wish to be amused? Or is genuine amusement so rare that, like Mr. Payn's young friend, they have grown reconciled to a pretended sensation, and strive dutifully to make the most of it? Alas! such pretenses are not always the facile things they seem, and if a book is ever to become a friend to either young or old, it must be treated with that simple integrity on which all lasting amity is built. "Read, not to contradict and confute," says Lord Bacon, "nor to believe and take for granted, nor to find talk and discourse;" and, in the delicate irony of this advice, we discern the satisfaction of the philosopher in having deprived the mass of mankind of the only motives which prompt them to read at all.

Agnes Repplier.

THE FUNERAL OF MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS.

NOTE. — All that is of interest or value in the following pages has been selected from a large number of manuscripts, collected with infinite labor and care by the late Doyne C. Bell from every available source, as the groundwork of an exhaustive history of Royal Interments, the completion of which his regretted death unfortunately prevented. That this article is far beneath, and perhaps altogether aside from, the form it would have taken under his own hand is a fact, I fear, painfully conspicuous. He had not himself made any attempt to arrange this portion of the materials, and in endeavoring to establish some record of his painstaking research I have been guided alone by the desire to put forward what might appeal to the general reader rather than to the archæologist or the historian, for whom his work was designed.

It is but fair to his memory to state that only the facts were obtained from his papers, and that he is in no way responsible for the opinions expressed; from some or all of which he may have radically differed.

"PAST one o'clock, and a fine, warm night."

Thus, according to his wonted custom, the old watchman cried along the quaint, gabled streets of the little city of Peterborough, in Northamptonshire, on the night of Sunday, the 30th of July, — or, reckoning by the reformed calendar, the 8th of August, — in the year 1587.

If, however, he was but fulfilling his ordinary duties, he was doing so under altogether exceptional and unprecedented circumstances. The place which is described by a contemporary French writer, a member of the household of Queen Mary of Scotland, as "a small town, not walled any more than the other towns of England," was, as a rule, at that hour silent and deserted; the houses close shut and darkling; the watchman's step the sole one on the street; his voice and the clanging bells of the cathedral the only disturbers of the calm. But now every house was illuminated, all doors were open, and each honest citizen, who should have been wrapped in well-earned slumber, was watching on the outskirts of the town, or making his way through the hurrying throng, with his wife and children, across the populous market-place and under the old stone gateway into the open space before the lofty arches and battlemented towers of the cathedral church of St. Peter.

Presently, those who were looking out

through the darkness beheld, far away across the rich, flat land, a cluster of distant lights advancing from the direction of Fotheringhay, Fotheringay, or Fotheringham Castle, as it is variously called.

"They are coming! They are coming!" The murmur ran and spread until it was whispered in the bishop's palace and cried in the close. Nearer and nearer, slowly they drew on. The rumble of wheels, the clatter of hoofs, and lastly the softer fall of footsteps and the low hum of voices broke upon the listening ear.

The town was reached; the glare of flickering torches threw leaping lights and shadows upon the walls and crowded casements on either hand, and the silent procession swept on between the ranks of citizens, who reverently unbowed as the strange vehicle which the new arrivals were escorting creaked heavily past, and then, with the gravity of respect, not of grief, fell into the train and followed on behind.

A strange array, truly, well befitting time and place; one which mothers held their children high to see, that they might tell of it to their successors, by the fireside, in years to come, when their own heads were gray.

At the head rode Sir William Dethick, Garter King at Arms, attired in deep mourning, accompanied by five heralds in their embroidered coats; next, a body

of horsemen, "gentlemen and others, and some servitors and lacqueys, all dressed in mourning;" and then, surrounded by footmen carrying the flaring torches that had lighted the way, and followed by six servants of the illustrious dead (some French, some Scotch, but all Gallicized by the recorder of these events as Melvin, Master of the Household, Burgoin, Pierre Corion, Annibal Steuard, Jean Lauder, and Nicholas de la Mare), came on the central object of interest to the hushed and gaping towns-folk, — a royal carriage, drawn by four horses in long funereal trappings emblazoned with the arms of Scotland. The coach, itself overlaid also with black velvet, and "covered all round with small bannerolls, exhibiting partly the arms of Scotland, partly those of the house of Anjou," at a cost of eighteen pounds, six shillings, and eightpence, contained, "enclosed in lead and the same coffined in wood," the body of her to whose honor all this gloomy display was addressed.

At the great door of the cathedral, as soon as the arrival of the *cortège* was made known, all was ready for its reception.

Three or four days previously, the heralds had ridden down from London in order to fix upon a place for the interment, which, with the assistance of the bishop and dean, had been done; the spot chosen being in the south aisle of the cathedral, on the right side within the choir, immediately opposite the canopied monument erected over the tomb of "that good Queen Catherine, wife of the late King Henry VIII." Here "was made a grave, bricked all round and of sufficient depth;" ten pounds having been paid for breaking the earth and constructing the vault.

As the equipage halted before the entrance to the cathedral, the bishop, Dr. Howland, "in his episcopal habit, but without mitre, crosier, or cope;" the dean and chapter "in their canonicals;" Mr. Fortescue, the Master of the Wardrobe;

Robert Cooke, Esquire, Clarencieux King at Arms, and various other officials came out to receive it; and with such speed as was consistent with due reverence, the ponderous coffin, weighing in all nine hundredweight, was lifted from the chariot, and carried in procession to the grave. One pound sterling was deemed sufficient reward for the sturdy bearers.

The interior of the cathedral, under the directions of the Master of the Wardrobe, had been duly draped in mourning. Each second pillar in the nave was hung with two breadths of black baize, "six or seven yards from the floor," embroidered with the arms of the dead queen surmounted by an imperial crown. The choir and the semicircular space to the east of the bishop's throne were similarly adorned, the baize alone costing twenty pounds. "In the midst of this part," says one writer, "near the steps ascending from the choir, a stately and beautiful hearse was erected;" but according to other accounts, it would seem to have been placed in the middle of the choir itself. As, however, the first statement occurs in a manuscript belonging to the dean and chapter of the cathedral, it is probably correct.

That this unqualified encomium of an eye-witness was not altogether undeserved may be gathered from the description he proceeds to give, though the French attendant, who, with his fellow-servants, seems to have been determined to approve of nothing, dismisses it with a very brief mention, stating that it resembled somewhat the *chapelles ardentes* of his native land, and giving a few general details.

"The top," says the fuller account, "was octagonal, raised like a tent, covered with black baize, and ornamented with escutcheons of metal, and pinnacles at the corners. On some of these was depicted the shield of Scotland alone, on others France and Darnley impaling Scotland; a saltire argent in a field or; and a unicorn argent collared,

crowned, and chained or, on a field azure. On the top of the hearse were three escutcheons of Scotland gilded, and an imperial crown. The valence was of black velvet a yard and a half deep, fringed with gold three inches deep, adorned with four compartments of silver, two on each side. In these were small shields of arms in metal, with buckram between; and beneath the shield of Scotland this motto, 'In my defence God me defend.' At every corner over the valence was an escutcheon surmounted by an imperial crown, and fastened to black staves projecting a foot from the hearse; and round this part of the hearse were pencils of silk in form of streamers. The six principal posts were covered with black velvet, and over each a compartment, with a motto and a small escutcheon of metal."

To this minute word-picture may be added the following facts, gathered from the Camden Society's *Mary, Queen of Scots*. The timber frame of the hearse was twenty feet square, twenty-seven feet in height, and cost sixteen pounds; the hearse was surrounded by double rails covered with black cloth, the inner rails being lined with black baize; and the total expense of furnishing and preparing the erection was upwards of one hundred and fifty pounds.

Beneath the shadow of this imposing structure, lighted only by the candles of the church and the torches of the escort, in deathly silence, "without chanting, or tolling, or saying a word," the coffin was lowered into the vault. The bishop was prepared to continue at once with the funeral service, but after some eager whispered consultation among the principal assistants it was decided to defer all other rites until the following Tuesday, the day appointed for the ceremony; and in accordance with this resolution the cathedral was forthwith deserted, save by the few idlers who still lingered to watch the workmen who were engaged in arching over the grave

with brick level with the floor, "leaving only an aperture of about a foot and a half, through which might be seen what was within, and also for admitting the broken staves of the officers, and the flags which it is customary to put down at the funerals of sovereigns."

There are two reasons given for this precipitate inclosure. The first is that the coffin "was so extreme heavy by reason of the lead that the gentlemen could not have endured to have carried it with leisure in the solemn proceeding." The second "occasion" is more naive than pleasant to a modern mind, but some light may be thrown upon it by the fact that in the bishop's accounts we find the item of two shillings and sixpence for "Perfumes."

The death of Mary, Queen of Scots, whose body was thus unceremoniously hurried into the earth, has been too often and too fully recounted to need recapitulation here. It is, however, necessary to note that, six months before, the head of the fascinating, scheming, and ambitious woman, whose existence within or without its borders had been a standing threat and constant peril to the state of England and the Protestant religion, had fallen beneath the headsman's axe; and while Henry Talbot, son of the Earl of Shrewsbury, was spurring along the country roads to carry to London the news that the long-brooding incubus was lifted from the national breast, the body of the unfortunate queen was lying in an apartment adjoining the hall in which she perished, still clad in the strange crimson garments she had herself chosen to wear that fatal day, and covered with a piece of old green baize stripped from a billiard-table, — strange contrast to that "rich pall of velvet embroidered with the Armes of the mightie Princesses," which was laid over her tomb, sixteen years afterwards, by the same Sir William Dethick who conducted her obsequies.

A pathetic account is given, in Blackwood's History of Mary, of the behavior of her maids, who, being harshly excluded from the chamber where she lay, gazed upon her from afar with streaming eyes, "thorowe a little hole of the chamber wall," of which melancholy satisfaction they were also rigorously deprived by the suspension before the aperture of a "cloath."

The bitter grief of her attendants was not shared by the bulk of the English people. As the tidings spread, bonfires and joy-bells greeted its arrival; to quote Charles Kingsley's words in *Westward Ho!* "All England, like a dreamer who shakes off some hideous nightmare, has leaped up in one tremendous shout of jubilation, as the terror and the danger of seventeen anxious years is lifted from its heart forever."

Elizabeth, it is true, burst into a spasm of real or affected anger, and for a time visited her displeasure upon all who had taken any part in the execution of her warrant, — a proceeding that the wily Walsingham had foreseen, and guarded against on his own account by a timely sickness, from which, after the event, he speedily and miraculously recovered.

It may be permissible to doubt how far these expressions of wrath were the product of actual passion. The late Professor Green accepted them as perfectly genuine. At any rate, it is certain that the politic queen would have preferred that her rival should have been removed by the secret assassination to which she endeavored to prompt Sir Amias Paulet and Sir Drew Drury, — a proposal to which, to their credit be it said, they returned a firm and positive refusal, at the risk of offending mortally a by no means amiable ruler.

This excited thrill of popular delight was probably the main reason why Mary's body lay for six months, embalmed, salted, and wrapped in lead, before orders were given for its sepulture. During that period, the servants of her

household had been detained practically as prisoners in Fotheringay Castle; and as no intimation of the intended removal had reached them, great indeed was their consternation and dismay when, at eight o'clock on that Sunday night, the coach and trappings, together with the officers and gentlemen already mentioned, arrived before the gateway of the castle.

In frightened groups they clustered together, discussing in doubt and terror what these things might mean. When they saw the strange men, all dressed in black, go into that woful chamber which they were never permitted to enter, and prepare to carry down all that remained of their beloved queen, they debated fearfully among themselves what course they should pursue. The women wept and trembled, but the men, with firmer purpose, whispered to one another that it was meet that some of them should follow the body, to see what was about to become of it; "deeming that it was not their duty to let it be carried away without being accompanied by some of them."

Seeing the perturbation that he and his assistants had created in these faithful breasts, Sir William Dethick, displaying a consideration for their feelings to which, it is to be feared, they were little used, went to them and explained fully his commission and the reasons for his departure that night, namely, the distance to be traversed, the weight of the coffin, the readiness of the vault, and, what was doubtless the true one, that the ceremony "could not take place on the first of August appointed without collecting a great concourse of people, and producing confusion or default of some kind." He further invited some of them to accompany the corpse for the satisfaction of their fears, while the rest could follow the next day, in order to be present at the funeral. This arrangement was finally agreed to; but the negotiations had taken time, and it was

not until ten o'clock that the body was "brought down, and reverently put into the coach, at which time the heralds put on their coats of arms, and, bareheaded, with torches light, brought the same forth of the castle."

The next morning being Monday, the bishop's household were early astir, preparing for the banquet, or "supper," to be held that day. The Master of the Wardrobe saw that the great chamber was properly hung with black, and a canopy of state, constructed of purple velvet, on the right side of it; while Mr. Dorrel and Mr. Cox, who had been especially sent down from the royal household for that purpose, superintended "the preparation for the diet." Still constant in his thoughtfulness for the late queen's servants, Sir William Dethick instructed a herald to invite them most courteously "to look at and consider the whole, explaining how he intended to proceed, that if they saw anything that needed amending or correcting, whatever it might be that they thought not proper, it should be made to their satisfaction; that such was the pleasure of his mistress, that nothing was to be spared; and that if he had failed to obey these directions it would be his fault, wishing the whole to be done in the most honorable manner possible." But not even this kindly and humble submission to their wishes could soften the proud hearts of the Scotch and French, still smarting under the loss of their adored mistress and their own unwarranted confinement, and to these overtures of peace "answer was very coldly made that it was not for them to find fault; that his mistress and he were discreet enough to do what was right, as they had agreed, and that the whole was dependent on their pleasure." With which chill rebuff, though scarcely deserved, Sir William presumably had to be content.

It is to be inferred that after this the implacable attendants were not present

at the banquet, but nevertheless the same afternoon "the nobility and a large company assembled at the bishop's palace, and were entertained at supper." As this supper and the dinner next day cost altogether two hundred and ninety-nine pounds, nine shillings, and fourpence, Mr. Dorrel and Mr. Cox must have carried out their part of the proceedings in a generous and unstinting spirit.

By daybreak next morning, Tuesday, the 1st of August, old style, the country-folk far and near were up and at work, finishing such daily toil as must be done in order to be present in time to witness the stately ceremony appointed for that day; and the looker-out from the cathedral tower might have beheld in the flush of dawn the roads thronged with people pressing into the town from all the country-side, so that by eight o'clock "the concourse of people was so great as to amount to several thousands."

Within the bishop's palace, in the mean time, all was ready, and "about eight of the clock, the chief mourner, being the Countess of Bedford, was attended upon by all the Lords and Ladies, and brought into the presence chamber." This also was hung with black cloth, and a cloth of estate of purple velvet provided, "somewhat under" which the great dame was placed by the gentlemen ushers of the queen, whose duty it was to see that all was done in order.

"Having given to the great officers their staves of office, namely, to the Lord Steward" (Lord St. John of Basing), "Lord Chamberlayne" (Lord Dudley), "the treasurer" (Sir Edward Montague), "and comptroller" (Mr. Melvin, the last two having been officers to Queen Mary), "she took her way into the great hall where the corps stood."

This "corps," to which frequent reference is made in the descriptions of the subsequent ceremonial, was merely a symbol of that which lay in the vault, and consisted of "a representation in the form of a bier," covered over with

a pall of black velvet: from which circumstance it may be concluded that there was no actual waxen effigy of the deceased, such as it was customary to display at royal interments.

Upon the pall "lay a purple velvet cushion, fringed and tasseled with gold, and upon the same a close crown of gold set with stones;" and to this emblem of departed power all the fitting respect was paid until the conclusion of the service.

For a time the heralds were fully occupied in marshaling the great procession, but at length they set out solemnly to pace the distance from the palace to the cathedral. The silence of the previous Sunday night was no longer maintained, and the great bell boomed out its mournful note above the city roofs; for we find in the bishop's "duties" three pounds, six shillings, and eightpence for "ringing bells."

First in the slow advance came the Sheriff Bailiff and the Bailiff of Peterborough, followed by one hundred poor men, arrayed in mourning at the queen's expense, as we learn from the irreconcilable Frenchman, who says, "So anxious was the sweet Elizabeth to have it believed that she was sorry for the death of her Majesty that she furnished all the mourning dresses worn by those who walked in the procession, more than three hundred and fifty in number, paying the whole expense." This piece of unappreciated generosity must have formed a considerable item in the three hundred and twenty pounds, fourteen shillings, and sixpence certified by the Lord Treasurer as the cost of the queen's funeral, but which must refer to Elizabeth's expenditure alone, as the total outlay was upwards of two thousand pounds.

Next came John Hamshire and John Keyer, "two yeomen hamengers," preceding Sir George Savill, Knight (subsequently raised to a baronetcy by James I.), who bore the standard of

Scotland, and was followed by "gentlemen in clokes to the number of fifty, being attendants on the Lords and Ladies." Mr. Eaton, Mr. Bykye, Mr. Flint, Mr. Charlton, Mr. Ceacavall, and Mr. Lyle, six grooms of the chamber to Queen Elizabeth, intervened between these and a further gathering of "men," "the Dean of Peterborough's man" leading, the number of twenty-eight being concluded by "the old Countess of Bedford's three men."

Nine "gentlemen sewers to the Queen's Majesty," namely, Mr. Fynes, Mr. Horseman, Mr. Martin, Mr. Holland, Mr. Crewster, Mr. Watson, Mr. Allington, Mr. Marmaduke Darrel, and Mr. Thomas Fescue, "in gowns," passed in advance of "Scots in clokes, seventeen in number," and "a Scottish priest," who wore a large cross pendent on his breast, and who, it was popularly whispered, was in reality a French Jesuit, which is far from improbable.

After these the greater dignitaries appeared: the chaplains to the Bishops of Peterborough and Lincoln; Mr. Fortescue, Master of the Wardrobe to the Queen's Majesty; Dr. Richard Fletcher, the Dean of Peterborough; Dr. Howland, Bishop of Peterborough; and Dr. William Wickham, Bishop of Lincoln. Behind them waved the great banner borne by Sir Andrew Knowell, Knight, beneath the folds of which marched the four officers with their staves of office, while two ushers in cloaks, with black staves, escorted the "Atchievements of Honour borne by Heralds" as follows: "the Healme and Crest by Porteuillis, the Target by York, the Sword by Rouge Dragon, and the Coat by Somersett."

Immediately following "Clarencieux King of Armes with a gentleman usher with him" (Mr. Conyngsbye), Mr. Francis Fortescue, Mr. William Fortescue, Mr. Thomas Stafford, Mr. Nicholas Smith, Mr. Nicholas Hyde, and a sixth, who was either Mr. Howland, the bish-

op's brother, or Mr. Fortescue, Senior, of Aywood, all "esquires in clokes," "bore the corps" with the proper "leisure in the solemn proceeding" which had been so carefully provided for. The canopy of black velvet fringed with gold was borne above it by four knights, — Sir Thomas Manners (fourth son of the Earl of Rutland), Sir George Hastings (son of Earl Huntingdon), Sir James Harrington (of Exton, Rutland, where he lies buried), and Sir Richard Knightly (of Fawsley, Northamptonshire); while the "assistants to the body, four barons which bore up the corners of the pall of velvett," were the Lord Mordaunt, the Lord Willoughby of Parham, the Lord Compton, and Sir Robert Cecil (eldest son of Lord Burleigh). The first and third of these, strangely enough, took part in the condemnation of her to whom they were now paying honor. "Eight bannerolles borne by esquires," namely, William Fitzwilliams, Mr. Griffin of Dingley, Mr. Robert Wingfield, Mr. Bevill, Mr. Lynne, Mr. John Wingfield, Mr. Spencer, and Mr. John Fortescue of Aywood, succeeded; of which "bannerolles" in their due order, together with the standard and "atchievements," engravings will be found in the Camden Society's *Mary, Queen of Scots*, copied from a drawing, with Dethick's account of the funeral.

Behind this hollow show, conducted by Sir William Dethick "with the gentleman usher," Mr. Brackenburye, "supported by the Earls of Rutland and Lincoln," and "her train borne up by the Lady St. John of Basing, and assisted by Mr. John Manners, Vice Chamberlain," came the chief mourner.

This lady, who was Bridget, second wife of Francis, Earl of Bedford, and herself the widow of two husbands, Sir Richard Morrison and Henry, Earl of Rutland, was attended by two countesses,

those of Rutland and Lincoln, eight ladies, and two commoners, with one of whom, Mrs. Curle, described as a "Scots gentlewoman," a curious and incredible legend is connected.

There is a monument in the church of St. Andrew, at Antwerp, of which it is asserted that "Barbara Mowbray and Elizabeth Curle, both ladies of the bed-chamber to Mary, Queen of Scots, and faithful companions of her various fortunes, after her execution were permitted to retire hither, and to take the *head* of their mistress with them, which they interred near a pillar opposite to the chapel of the Holy Sacrament."¹

In the train came two yeomen of the guard, and "eight Scottish gentlewomen, two and two." It was these, presumably, who distinguished themselves by an exhibition of rancor against Queen Elizabeth, thus set down: "The Queen of England had some days before sent cloth to make mourning for the servants of her Majesty as much as was necessary for the men to make a cloak apiece for Monsr. Melvin and Monsr. Burgoin, and a gown for each of the women, but some of them declined it, making shift with their own dresses which they had got made for mourning, immediately after the death of the deceased; and as the head-dresses of the ladies and women were not according to the fashion of the country for mourning, a woman was sent on purpose to make others in their fashion, to be worn by them on the day of the funeral, and to be theirs afterwards."

The long procession was concluded by: "The gentlewomen of Countesses and Baronesses, according to their degree, all in black, with Paris heads," thirty in number. "Servants in black coates. The Countess of Bedford. Ten. The Countess of Rutland. Eight. The Countess of Lincoln. Eight. The Lady St. John of Basing. Five. All lords and ladies.

¹ Mackie's Castles, etc. This legend may have taken its rise from the probable circumstance of the two ladies bearing with them in

their exile a portrait of their late mistress, which might well have been hung upon the pillar, though not "interred" near it.

Five. All knights and their wives. Five. All esquires. One." And lastly, five hundred poor women.

While the end of this train was still on its way, its head had been already received at the door of the cathedral by the prebendaries and choir; and an anthem having been sung, the "corps" was carried into the choir and laid in the hearse before referred to. Some period of confusion ensued while the heralds arranged "the mourners according to their degree," during which "the Scots, except Mr. Melvin, quitted the Cathedral," which they regarded as "prophaned like all the churches of England," "and would not be present at the service or sermon."

When all were placed, the Bishop of Lincoln preached a sermon upon Psalm xxxix. 5, 6, and 7, in which "he only dwelt on the general doctrine of the vanity of all flesh," concluding with a prayer. It was no easy task to steer a steady course between the danger of pricking Elizabeth's jealous conscience and that of failing in respect to the dead, but he acquitted himself of the task like a veteran courtier. "Let us give thanks," he said, "for the happy dissolution of the high and mighty Princess, Mary, late Queen of Scotland, and Dowager of France, of whose life and death, at this time, I have not much to say, because I was not acquainted with the one, neither was I present at the other."

Other anthems were then sung while a long piece of velvet and a cushion were laid at the bishop's feet, after which the four chief officers were placed, "two at the top of the stairs under the Bishop's throne, and two beneath them," and then "the offering began very solemnly."

First, the chief mourner, preceded by the two principal heralds, and supported by the Earls of Rutland and Lincoln, Lady St. John of Basing bearing her train, attended by all the ladies, advanced to the cushion, and, kneeling, offered for the queen, all returning afterwards to

their place. "The two Earls being stationed without the pale, before the Countess, one of the Kings at Arms brought from the hearse the coat-armour, gave it to the other King at Arms, and he delivered it to the two Earls; they carried it (obeisance being done to the Countess) to the Bishop, and kissed it on delivering it; a third herald took it of the Bishop and laid it down on the altar." The sword, target, helm, and crown were each in turn treated with the same elaborate courtesy. The two banners were next placed by their bearers upright upon the altar, "leaning to the wall," and "the other eight bannerets were put into the hearse, as they stood."

"Then the Countess of Bedford went a second time, Sir John Manners bearing her train, and offered alone to the Bishop. After, the Ladies and Gentlemen, two and two, went up and offered."

Another account gives a slightly different order: "The Trayne bearer alone. The two Earles together. The Lord Steward, the Lord Chamberlaine, together. The Bishop of Lincoln alone. The four lords assistants to the body. The Treasurer, Comptroller, and Vice Chamberlaine. The four Knights that bore the canopy. On which offering every course was led up by a herald for the more order."

The Bishop of Lincoln was last of all conducted from the pulpit by a herald, and, the obsequies being finished, "the greater part of the mourners left the church in the same order in which they came."

The solemnity of this outgoing was relieved by a pretty and touching proceeding. "Towards the door of the choir the Scottish women stood, parted on either side, and as the English ladies passed they kissed them all;" assuaging, let us hope, by this display of fellow-womanhood, some of the bitter resentment that burned in those wounded hearts.

Those who remained drew together round the vault, where the Dean of

Peterborough read the funeral service. As the last words of this died away under the vaulted roof, each of the officers raised his staff above his head, and breaking it in two threw the ends into the vault, upon the coffin, and all was done.

While a dole was being given to the poor, and the guests were partaking of "a handsome banquet" at the bishop's palace, previous to leaving Peterborough to settle down once more into its wonted quiet dullness, an epitaph, written "by Mr. Blackwood" in Latin on parchment, was hung up near the grave, but was very shortly afterwards removed; by order, it was rumored, of Queen Elizabeth. Certainly, its contents, as may be seen in the following translation, were not of a kind to be gratifying to her:—

"Mary, Queen of Scots, a King's daughter, widow of the King of the French, cousin and next heir to the Queen of England, adorned with royal virtue and a royal mind (the royal authority being often implored in vain), by the barbarous cruelty and tyrannical sentence of the English, the ornament of our age, and the true royal light is extinguished. And by the same nefarious judgment, both Mary, Queen of Scots, and all other Princes (made plebeian) suffer a civil death. A new and unheard-of kind of tomb is this in which the living are included with the dead. Know, with the sacred ashes of the divine Mary, here lies prostrate and violate the majesty of all Kings and Princes. And because this silent royal monument abun-

dantly admonishes Kings of their duty, traveler, I say no more."

Five and twenty years afterwards, and not until the tenth of his reign, James I., having constructed the monument still to be seen in Westminster Abbey, decided upon the removal thither of the body of his mother, against whose execution he had protested only in a feeble and half-hearted fashion. Even in the letter he sent to Peterborough to arrange the matter, he calls the woman whom all Mary's followers regarded as her murderess, his "late dear sister;" nor is this the only curious trait of his character which peeps out in the document. In 1603, the year he ascended the throne, he had sent down a pall of velvet to grace his mother's tomb; and now he prefers rather to regain that from the cathedral authorities, who might regard it as a fee, at "a reasonable redemption," than to go to the expense of a new one.

Of the removal and reinterment no more need be said. The helmet and escutcheons were seen by Dugdale, in 1641, suspended high upon a pillar above the place where Mary had lain; but even their height did not preserve them in the popular outbreak of fury during the revolution, and they were destroyed.

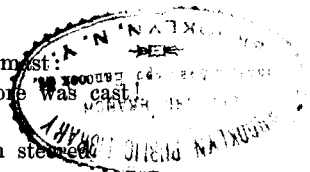
Now "a plain black marble slab, close without the south door of the choir," alone indicates the spot round which, that August day, so much mournful pomp and funeral splendor centred.

Malcolm Bell.

AUGURY.

I.

A HORSESHOE nailed, for luck, upon a mast;
That mast, wave-bleached, upon the shore was cast;
I saw, and thence no fetich I revered,
Yet safe, through tempest, to my haven steered.



II.

The place with rose and myrtle was o'ergrown,
 Yet Feud and Sorrow held it for their own.
 My garden then I sowed without one tear —
 Sowed fennel, yet lived griefless of the ve

III.

Brave lines, long life, did my friend's hand display.
 Not so mine own; yet mine is good to-day.
 Once more in his I read Fate's rule and jest,
 Then fold it down forever on his breast.

Edith M. Thomas.

SIDNEY.

XIV.

BEFORE Robert was really well, and could go back to the pleasant evenings with Miss Sally in the yellow parlor, April had come, with swallow flights, and sweeping rains, and a hint of greenness on the south slope of the pasture beyond Major Lee's. Miss Sally had missed her lover very much, and welcomed him with timid warmth. She was the more affectionate, perhaps, because his fortnight's absence, apart from her anxiety about him, had been — she was ashamed to acknowledge it to her own heart — a strange relief (it is not always easy to live in the exciting air of happiness; commonplace unimportance is really restful); and so she was very remorseful and very kind to her lover. She even told him, with a blush, that she had thought of what he had said about being married in June, but if — if he did n't mind — if he had just as lief, could n't it be in August? The question of living at the major's afterwards had never been settled, because Robert had never thought of it seriously; but Miss Sally made haste to drop the subject of marriage, lest it might have to be discussed. She knew quite well what she wanted, but she knew also, by experience, that it was

extremely unlikely that her wishes would govern her circumstances. She began to chatter her small news: Alan had scarcely been to see them since Robert's illness, and she was puzzled to know why; Mrs. Paul had taken Scarlett and gone away for a fortnight's visit (Miss Sally, anxious to be agreeable, did not add that Mrs. Paul had declared that she should die if she had to live among idiots any longer); John Paul had told the major that he was going to leave Mercer by the middle of May, to enter a newspaper office in the city; she had seen Miss Katherine Townsend quite often. "How pleasant she is!" she said, her face beaming. "Once she met John Paul here, and it seems they know each other." It would interest Robert, Miss Sally thought, to talk about his cousin. Katherine had been so cordial and so sweet, and her manner betrayed such pretty deference, that Miss Sally's easily affectionate heart had been quickly won. Of course she could not see what a pathetic little creature she seemed in Miss Townsend's eyes, or know that during the pleasant walk home with John Paul, after that meeting at the major's, pity that was almost pain kept the girl in unexplained silence, which caused Mr. Paul much anxiety. Indeed, as he went

back to town alone, he became very gloomy, and did not even notice Eliza at the window of the toll-house, so her heart ached also. It is easy to circumscribe a cause, but who can tell how far the effect will travel?

Robert Steele had made the gravest mistake a man can make, and here, in the parlor of the old toll-house, Eliza Jennings cried until she could scarcely see. Her growing pain of unrequited love—it was thus Eliza expressed it, un comforted by hot muffins and cups of strong tea—had made her pine more than ever to confide in some one. That impulse to confide generally strikes outside the family circle; perhaps one's family sees too clearly the extenuating circumstances, and offers comfort too readily. The easy consolation of those who know us is dishonor to our grief, and it is natural to appeal to a stranger for sympathy.

In this connection, Eliza thought, as she had thought many times before, of Miss Katherine Townsend. Mrs. Jennings might share her joys, but Eliza could not bear to display her sorrows to the maternal eye. It was very well to tell her mother that she had had a talk with Mr. Paul at the toll-house window; or that he had asked her for some crocuses from her garden border (which he had made haste to give to Miss Townsend); or, most beautiful of all, that he had overtaken her at the other end of the bridge, and walked across with her, lifting his hat when he left her. "Oh, ma, if you could 'a' seen the way he lifted his hat!" Upon that occasion, Eliza had been so dazed with happiness that, as she came into the house, she almost tumbled over her mother, who had been peering out of the window at this unusual scene, and she had had the moment of sharp anger with which one is shaken out of paradise by a blunder of one's own. But Eliza's paradise was speedily regained; she seated herself by the stove, carefully

turning her skirt back over her knees that it might not be scorched, and told her mother every word of Mr. Paul's conversation. She ended the recital with a sigh, as though aware that one kind of happiness consists in understanding just when to be miserable. She knew exactly what Mrs. Jennings' comment would be, and she knew also, in her heart of hearts, how groundless were her mother's assertions that it "would all come out right;" but such knowledge did not interfere with her happy imaginings.

It needed something real and tangible to do that, and the reality came when Mr. Paul passed the toll-house without giving her a pleasant nod and smile. Eliza treasured this grief for many days. It put a certain life into her sentimentality, and gave her some genuine pain. The entries in violet ink in the diary became shorter as this small reality crept into them. It is not impossible that under such unnatural and artificial conditions a sickly sort of love could actually be created; or rather, as love has no varieties, but many resemblances, a very good imitation could spring from such circumstances. Eliza's round face was really a little pale under her freckles, in those first soft spring days; as the daffydownhillies and hyacinths pushed their green tips through the cold, wet ground in the toll-house borders, her eyes seemed to grow large and her lips took a pitiful droop. She began to spend much time in looking at the river, now very high with the spring rains, or in walking about the winding paths of the garden, stopping to lean her elbows on the white gate and stare down the road or along the bridge; in fact, she was thoroughly enjoying the misery of sentiment.

It is not only the young man's fancy which is affected by the spring; the sunshine and the softly blowing winds, the scudding ripple on the river's breast, the nod of the daffodils and the brimming gold of a crocus cup, touch the young

woman's heart, too, and then a confidante becomes absolutely necessary. So it happened, when, on one of these wonderful spring days, Miss Townsend came to give Eliza her music lesson, and noticed with a kindly word the paleness of her pupil's face, that Eliza's misery sprang to her lips.

"Oh, I'm that unhappy!" She swung round on her music-stool, and put her hands up to her eyes. Mrs. Jennings chanced to be out, so there was nothing to check the stream of confidences, long restrained and swelling for expression.

"Why, you poor little Eliza!" said Miss Townsend. "Something troubles you very much?"

"Oh, my goodness," sobbed the pupil, "I guess it does!"

"Can't I help you?" Katherine asked. She was distressed to see the little milliner so unhappy, but, as she spoke, she thought, vaguely, how impossible it was to judge by the outside of things. She would never have connected anything so great as grief with the life in the toll-house; it had seemed to her too full of drowsy satisfaction to feel the spur of sorrow. Geraniums were always glowing on the white window-sills of the little sitting-room, and the rippling light, striking up from the river, played in a sleepy rhythm back and forth across the low ceiling; the cheerful warmth which danced out from the isinglass windows of the stove, and shone on the keys of the family organ and on the lithographs upon the walls, told of nothing but content; everything, Katherine had thought, was as comfortable as the big feather cushion in Mrs. Jennings' rocking-chair. Heartache was incongruous in such a room. "Tell me about it," she said, with good-natured amusement, for the sense of incongruity is hostile to reverence.

"I'm — I'm so unhappy!" Eliza answered, with a gasp. "I'd — like to ask your advice, Miss Townsend."

"Have you asked your mother's advice?" ("Can it be that Mrs. Jennings

does not approve of Job Todd?" Katherine wondered.)

As for Eliza, she was trembling with joyous excitement; the moment had actually come, — she was going to tell Miss Townsend! She rose from the revolving stool, and motioned her teacher to take Mrs. Jennings' big chair, — which, however, Miss Townsend declined, — and then she flung herself down on a hassock, and once more buried her face in her hands. "Ma don't know anything about it," she declared, with filial indifference. "I could n't tell any one but just you, and I want you to advise me."

"Your mother ought to know whatever troubles you," Katherine said, with kindly sternness, "but tell me, and let me see if I can help you."

"Miss Townsend, I don't know what you'll think of me," Eliza answered, from between her fingers, "but I — I'm in love, Miss Townsend!"

Katherine's smile was like sudden sunshine. "That ought to make you happy, if he is a good man and your mother approves of him."

"Yes," Eliza quavered, "only he — he don't care anything about me!"

"Oh!" said Katherine blankly. So this was how unhappiness might come to the toll-house? Job was unfaithful! "If he does not love you any longer, you must try not to think of him, my dear." She was really very sorry for her pupil.

"Yes, but," explained Eliza, wiping her eyes and looking up in her earnestness, "he never did, you see."

"Never did?"

"Care, I mean, and I don't know *what* to do. I thought you would advise me."

"But I don't see what advice there can be."

"Oh," the girl cried, wringing her hands, "don't you see? I don't know what to do!"

"I should n't think there was any-

thing to do," Katherine answered, really puzzled. "But if it is Job Todd, I am sure you are mistaken, and it will all come out right; I know that he" —

"T is n't him," interposed Eliza briefly.

"Then," Katherine said, after a moment's pause, "the only thing for you to do, whoever it is, is to put him right out of your mind."

"Do you think it's wrong to love him, if he don't love me?" Eliza persisted, in a broken voice.

Katherine hesitated. It was not wrong; it might even be very great, but not in Eliza. How could she explain it?

"Not wrong, but — I don't think I would."

The poor little creature on the hassock was really so miserable that Katherine felt like putting her arms around her and bidding her dry her eyes; had she done so, the frightened pleasure of it would probably have banished her romance from Eliza's mind, at least for the moment. "If he cared for Another," she protested, "it would be different. I would — I would tear him from my heart."

"Certainly," Katherine agreed; "but, anyhow, you must try to put it all aside, and" —

"I thought," interrupted the other, — she was so impressed with the importance of the occasion that she actually dared to interrupt Miss Townsend, — "that may be you'd know if — if there was any other young lady. You know him."

"I have no idea whom you mean; but don't you see? — that is his affair, not yours nor mine. All you have to do is just, cheerfully, to make your life richer and better by giving, or else to put the whole matter out of your mind, which is far the wiser way."

"But how?" And after all, the question was very pertinent.

"Be a sensible girl, and do your duty, and" —

"It's Mr. John Paul," observed Eliza, in a sort of parenthesis.

Katherine Townsend had risen, meaning, with one or two cheerful, friendly words, to bring this conversation to an end; but she was so absolutely dumfounded that she stood with parted lips for an instant, staring, without speaking, at the figure on the hassock.

"I thought," proceeded Eliza, "you'd know if he was waitin' on anybody; for, of course, if he is, I must — tear him from my heart!"

Katherine's impulse to laugh made her face scarlet, but she was conscious of a perfectly unreasonable anger. She sat down again. "I am ashamed of you, Eliza," she said sharply. "Mr. Paul is — you know very well, Mr. Paul is not in your station, and it is absurd and immodest for you to think about him in this way."

At the change in her voice, Eliza looked up, half frightened. "Is — he waitin' on somebody — is he engaged?"

"Not that I know of," Katherine answered, after an instant's pause, "but that has nothing to do with it. Mr. Paul is a gentleman, and you will probably never know him; he would certainly never think of you in any such way. Now, don't be a silly girl. Just put this whole matter out of your mind. I shall not respect you if you give it any more thought."

"I do know him! He's been in an' taken a cup of tea. I know him real well, Miss Townsend. He's walked over the bridge with me, an' he's just as kind" —

"Of course he is kind; but don't you understand? Mr. Paul is kind to every one, and you have no right to think of him — in that way. Try to be sensible, Eliza."

Katherine was aware that she was unjust, and that her lofty thoughts of the greatness of giving were somehow blotted out; so, as she opened the door to go, she tried to throw some sympathy into

her voice. "Now, don't cry; just see how foolish you have been. It isn't worthy of you. There! Promise me you'll not think of it again." She went back, and rested her hand on the girl's shoulder with a kindly touch.

This moved Eliza so much that she gasped out, "I'll try — but it isn't any use — but I'll try" — and she even nodded, with a watery sort of smile, when Miss Townsend looked back at her from the road.

In spite of a curious indignation, the absurdity of which she could not help recognizing, Katherine was so alive to the drollery of the situation that she laughed under her breath; and when she met Mrs. Jennings, a little later, she said "Good-evening" with such smothered gayety that Eliza's mother was stirred to curiosity.

"I'd like to know," Mrs. Jennings reflected, waddling breathlessly towards the toll-house, "what *she's* got to laugh at, poor soul!" But she was to discover the cause of Miss Townsend's mirth. "Law!" she said, standing still in the doorway, as she caught sight of her daughter rocking and sobbing in the big chair, "what is it, 'Liza? You give me such a turn!"

It was some time before Eliza could tell her, and all the while Mrs. Jennings sat in her big fur-trimmed jacket, only loosening her bonnet-strings and taking off her gloves. She was far too excited to think of her own comfort. To see her Eliza crying, and swaying back and forth, and declaring that she wished she were dead, and refusing to say what was the matter, was anguish to Mrs. Jennings.

"Was it your music lesson?" she cried, in despair. "Didn't you know it? Did she scold you, 'Liza?"

That opened the flood-gates; with tears and sobs Eliza confessed that she had told Miss Townsend about Mr. Paul. "An' she said that he'd never look at me — 'cause he was rich an' I was poor,

an' there was n't no use to think of him — an' so — an' so" —

She was really incoherent by this time, but Mrs. Jennings could not discriminate between grief and hysterics. She was beside herself with anger.

"So that was what she was laughin' at, the hussy! Not another lesson do you take from her, do you hear that?" In her excitement, she flung her bonnet down upon the floor, and tore her jacket open at the throat for breath; her face was purple. "The like of her to say he would n't look at you! She wants him herself, so she does. I'll tell her so to her face, — a miserable music teacher!"

"Ma!" expostulated Eliza. "She was just as kind" —

"The idea of telling her, any way!" burst out Mrs. Jennings. "You ain't got a proper pride, 'Liza, — you don't know your place. Telling such a person as her — I'm — I'm ashamed of you! But I'll see to her, just trust me, — trust your mother, lovey, poor lamb, poor dear!"

She lifted her baby in her big trembling arms, to soothe her upon a bosom which held a flame of maternal love as true and tender as though she had been as slight and subtle as any wiser mother. But though she comforted Eliza, and, a little later, still in the heavy jacket, brought her a steaming cup of tea and a wedge of cake, she was raging and doubting at once in her own heart; even while she was assuring her daughter, now able to sit up, and eat and drink, that she "knowed the ways of men — and if she was n't very much mistaken — well!" she had a vague and awful fear that her first absurd charge was true, and the "hussy" wanted him for herself. Yes, and might get him, too! "Ain't he always a-walkin' over the bridge with her?" she groaned, when she went out to the pantry for another piece of cake for her darling; "though he ain't gentleman 'nough to pay the toll for her! Well, she's welcome to

such meanness. 'Liza would n't have him. But I'll see to her; she sha'n't get him, — so there!' And then aloud, "Here, lovey, now eat a bit of cake, darlin'; there, my heart, it'll be all right, lovey!"

XV.

As Miss Sally had said, Alan had not come to the major's very often during Robert's illness. The doctor's care for the sick man explained this perfectly to Miss Sally, but there had been another reason. Alan, for the first time in his life, was finding decision so difficult that he was deterred from action. He had been uncertain many a time before, and had found it very hard to make up his mind; but when this had been the case, he had always said gayly, "I'll drift. Fate must decide for me;" and generally he was well content with Fate. But he had come to a point now when this could not be; he must keep his life in his own hands, he must decide for himself. And those hours with Robert Steele were his opportunity.

"What is the right thing to do?" he asked himself again and again. He knew now, with all his happy heart, that he loved Sidney Lee. The knowledge had come to him in that midnight when he had thought that he might die from the strain and shock of his plunge into the river. Before that, he had been alternately charmed and antagonized by Sidney's attitude towards life. Her father's view he had regarded merely as a most interesting expression of the abnormal; it never occurred to him to consider it seriously. An *idée fixe* he had called the major's belief, and had had the usual patient, or impatient, amusement with which a doctor regards such a mental condition. But, although the unnaturalness of Sidney's ignorance of life had in it something almost repulsive, her charm had become greater every day, even while he realized more and more

the distance which she placed between herself and the natural human instincts.

The thought of death, the realization of the poverty of an eternal lull, sometimes opens the eyes to the treasures of life; and when Alan thought that he might be dying, he knew once for all that he loved her. With that knowledge the subtle antagonism departed, and with antagonism his dismay at her tranquil selfishness, and his approbation of that beautiful aloofness which had charmed him. All which had repulsed now attracted him. Even her selfishness seemed natural, for was it not herself that she loved? Perhaps love of the same object often blinds the lover to selfishness. But Alan's anxiety at present had nothing to do with character or with love itself. He was only concerned to know what course of action was demanded of him in view of Mortimer Lee's wishes for his daughter's future, and his own position as the major's friend, or at least as his trusted acquaintance. Over and over the doctor argued with himself that the major's theories were monstrous and unnatural. Sidney had a right to life, — which meant love, — and he, Alan, had a right to offer it to her. Yet to betray her father's trust!

He frowned and whistled in his perplexity. The young man was as confused in his honest desire to see clearly as Robert Steele himself might have been.

"If I tell the major I love her, and ask his permission to tell her so," he said to himself, "it will only give him a chance to stuff a lot more pessimistic nonsense into her mind, and warn her against me; besides, he would probably show me the door. Now, it is n't fair to Sidney to treat her in that way. I think I ought to speak to her first, and then tell the major."

Alan was perfectly aware that this was not his honest opinion, though he continued to assert that it was. As a result, he stayed away from the major's,

assuring himself each day that he would go on the next and warn his old friend.

He knew very well — for Alan felt the moods of his friends as truly as a sunny pool reflects cloud shadows, and perhaps no more deeply — that Sidney's father was less cordial to him. The major himself did not recognize any change; he only knew that those words of Mrs. Paul's were a continual but vague discomfort. He watched Alan now very closely, and with a perplexed and anxious look that sometimes turned upon Sidney, but never found any words of question to the one or of warning to the other. Indeed, he did not put what he feared into words even to himself; to combat it in his thoughts would have been to dishonor his convictions by a doubt of the power of truth. But he was depressed, and grew more silent than ever. He fell into a habit of returning from the Bank by way of the great iron-yards of the rolling-mills beside the river, which were deserted after six. Here he walked, his hands clasped behind him, and his worn old face sunk upon his breast, scarcely ever looking up. It pleased him sometimes to stop and glance into the smelting-furnaces, and see the glow of molten metal as it was run into bars of pig-iron in the sand, and note the black figures of the puddlers standing against the fierce glare of red light, or coming out into the gray evening like shapes from the mouth of hell. No one noticed the old man in the blue cloak, and he could brood and dream in his slow walk without fear of interruption. But once, in the keen, sweet dusk of an April evening, Alan Crossan chanced to see him turn from the crowded street towards the river-bank and the mill-yards, and with a sudden impulse followed him.

It had been in the doctor's mind, as a part of this troublesome question as to whether it was honorable to seek Sidney Lee's love without her father's knowledge, that he would some day discuss

these absurd theories of love and life with the major himself. It would probably lead up to a fuller confidence; but merely to plan such a conversation seemed in some intangible way to satisfy his conscience for not having boldly told her father that he meant to win Sidney's love — if he could. A discussion would at least hint the direction of his hopes, he thought; and it was something to let the major know how foolish, nay, how wicked, to his mind, was such a blighting of her life as her father proposed. He had, that very day, concluded to say something like this to Major Lee; and with a decision all his gladness had come back again, and he felt the exhilaration of a man who has done his duty; for the opportunity is a small thing, when the will is ready. But here was the opportunity, and so he made haste to follow the major, his face full of anxious gravity. Mortimer Lee's mind had been of late so occupied with that miserable suggestion of Mrs. Paul's that when he looked up, in answer to Alan's greeting, and saw the earnest expression, he felt a pang of apprehension. A forlorn dismay looked out of his mild eyes. But Alan, as they began to talk, — or rather, as he began to talk, — grew more cheerful. The thought of combat always brought a fresh gayety and boyish confidence to his face, which added to its charm of indolent and sweet good-nature. He scarcely waited for the major's "Good-evening."

"Major Lee," he said, rushing into his subject with all the enthusiasm of a young knight who has never tried his armor, "I have thought so often of that talk we had in your library, one Sunday afternoon in the winter; do you remember? You spoke of the worth of life and the folly of love, and, do you know, I think you were all wrong?"

If Alan had been any less direct, his companion would have quietly turned the subject. The misery of life, as he saw it, was not a thing the major talked

about. He had no desire to prove a point; he had felt it. When the grave had closed over his wife, all was said, and life needed no comment. Talk for the sake of talk was impossible, and the fashion of the day to protest that life was not worth living was not honored even by his contempt. The young man's frank declaration that he was wrong would have pleased him, even had there not been something in the young courage of a fool which touched him. Of course he did not mean to enter into a discussion, but he put on his glasses and looked at Alan kindly; he even smiled a little. He had never been so near liking the doctor.

"So?" he said. "You think I am wrong, do you?"

"Yes," Alan answered; "and I've been meaning to ask you how you account for the desire to be alive, even in the greatest pain or misery, — we doctors see that all the time, — if, as you seem to think, life is not worth living; and, also, how it is that those whose love cannot be questioned are yet capable of happiness even after death has robbed them?"

Perhaps because Alan had for a moment drawn his thoughts away from that hint of Mrs. Paul's, and he had the kindly feeling which is a part of relief; perhaps, too, because it was not easy to avoid a direct question, the major found himself saying something about the blind will to live, in the first place, and the belief in immortality, in the second place.

While he was speaking they reached the street, which was parallel to the river, and were about to cross it and enter the mill-yard, when Alan felt a detaining hand upon his arm. Drearily along the muddy street came a little funeral procession. Major Lee stood silently, with uncovered head, until it had passed, and then went on with the sentence which it had interrupted.

"How genuine he is!" Alan thought, with sudden compunction. For a mo-

ment the young man almost forgot the absurdity of remembering death in one's plans for life.

They walked on, down between the great piles of pig-iron, and reached the high bank of the river, but there the major seemed to hesitate. "Am I not taking you out of your way, sir?" he said. In his own mind he was wondering why in the world the young man should choose this path; it did not occur to Mortimer Lee that it might be for the pleasure of his society. The major would not have walked with any one, save Sidney, for the pleasure of society. Nor did it at that moment strike him that to walk with Sidney's father might be agreeable to a young man.

"Not if you will allow me to accompany you," Alan answered, with that fine deference in his voice which is instinct and training rather than reason, for he was tingling with impatience.

The river, between banks of cinders which had been thrown out of the mills and furnaces, lay black under the falling dusk, but was touched by the wind here and there into a metallic sheen and lustre. On its further side, beyond Little Mercer and the distant hills, the sky was a pale, clear yellow, that melted up into the violet of early night; bars of filmy gray were gathering in the west, but in the upper heavens they rippled into fading fire; a puff of brown smoke from a great chimney drifted like a stain upon the tranquil night. Now and then, from the rolling-mill through the yard of which they had come, a flare of light lifted and quivered and blotted out the tender sky colors, leaving only the gray dusk and the gray river. The very air was a caress, and all the sounds of day came softened into a tired murmur.

The major felt the peace of it, and could have wished that Alan had chosen some other time to convert him; but doubtless the young man's intentions were good. So, in answer to the request to walk with him, he said patiently,

"Surely, surely," and began to calculate how soon the doctor would have to turn into the street again to seek his own home.

"But this blind will to live, of which you speak," Alan began, "has, it seems to me, a certain reasonableness on the face of it, and that is what concerns us. As you talked of life, that night, you apparently did not consider any of the pleasures of living, with which the will certainly justifies itself. You did not admit any happiness. Now, Major Lee, there is happiness!"

"You are fortunate in thinking so," said Mortimer Lee absently. He had no desire to convert the doctor; he was even glad, in a pathetic way, that any one could be so foolish.

"Surely," Alan persisted, his eager young face aflame with the sunset light, "surely it is not fair, in making one's estimate of life, to leave out the joy of success, and of hope, and of love, the gladness of the senses. Why, this very sky and soft wind, the ripple of the river over that sunken slag, are so beautiful that it is almost pain."

"It is pain," returned the major. He was glad that Alan had not stopped at love, in summing up the happiness of life; he could not have put the reason into words, but he did not care to talk of love to Alan Crossan; and for fear that the doctor might return to it, he began to repeat, with quaint impressiveness:—

"I know not what they mean:
Tears from the depths of some divine despair
Rise in the heart and gather to the eyes,
In looking on the happy autumn fields."

"Oh, no, no, it is not that!" said the other, "for the 'days that are no more' are not nearly so beautiful as the days which are to come,"—his face was radiant at the thought of those coming days. "I think that that pang with which we see beauty or power is only the assertion that we belong to it all, but are not in it; it is the protest of the

molecule," he ended, laughing; "the instinct to melt into the current of life, from which we have been for a moment separated. But, Major Lee, I can't be abstract. I think my mind is inquisitive rather than speculative. The concrete attracts me, the real tangible reasons for thinking as you do, or as I do."

The major made no reply.

"You say life is miserable because there is death in it, but it seems to me you don't take belief into consideration. You forget the consolations of religion. Of course I am not stopping to argue for the truth of the belief in immortality, the belief in God; but its comfort cannot be denied. Well, granting that, never mind what is the fact, life is good, and love is wise."

"True," the major agreed mildly, "you would not be apt to consider the fact."

"I consider the peace and happiness," Alan answered; "I do not care to search too deeply. If I am happy, I am satisfied. It is better to have a false belief than none, and with belief loss can be borne."

"Just so," returned his companion, "the truth which makes us free by no means necessitates happiness."

"Whereas," Alan insisted, "your position necessitates unhappiness!"

"I cannot see," observed the major, "that happiness or unhappiness can affect belief; because I should suppose a man must endeavor to believe, not what makes him happy, but what he thinks is true."

"I wonder," Alan said, "whether happiness is not the deepest truth, and so we believe in God, and immortality, and love?"

"Because you prefer to?"

"Because I am a man, because I cannot help it! Yes, and I suppose because I prefer to; at least, I refuse to disbelieve, and I make myself as happy as I can."

Major Lee looked about for escape;

this foolish talk was as annoying as a cloud of gnats. But suddenly a thought struck him: he might show the young man, he might prove to him, the folly of it all? The boy was a sensible boy in the main, and perhaps he could be taught? The major began to feel a little glow of friendliness.

"If you are in no especial haste, I should be glad to hear your views. May we not stop here and talk for a little time? We shall suffer no interruption if we go down to the river-side."

"I shall be delighted to!" cried Alan, really astounded at what he naturally felt to be the result of his logic.

They left the mill-yard and the smelting-furnace behind them; the river was banked by slag which had been run into great conical moulds, and then flung out to cool and crumble down by the water. Upon one of these moulds the old man seated himself, drawing his blue cloak around him, and resting his hands upon his stick. He waited a moment, thinking how he might best begin, and looking up at the young man standing against the sunset. Alan had taken off his hat, and threw back his head with a certain beautiful joyousness which made it good to look at him. His voice held the sound of pleasant thoughts. The major's patience exhilarated him. He did not wait for the older man to begin, but hurried on with his arguments.

"Yes; it seems to me you quite leave out this ability of the soul to be satisfied, — this power of belief which makes it possible to bear grief; and there's another thing, which I think prevents a really fair judgment upon the worth of life, — you dwell constantly upon death. Now — I beg your pardon, but the normal and healthy soul does not consider death; it lives in the present, as it was meant to do."

The major did not stop to be amused at one who declared that he understood what the soul was "meant" to do. "Does it really seem to you abnormal

to take a certainty into consideration in making your plans for living?" he asked.

"Absolutely so!" Alan answered, and then hesitated. "Perhaps because, while the consideration of such a certainty may be reasonable enough, it simply is not human. And humanity sets the limits of the normal."

"Then you would have a man a fool, just because there are, it must be admitted, more fools than wise men in the world?"

"Hold on! I don't admit that to forget death is folly, — it is merely sane; and I think that the joy of life — I — I mean love, you know, while it lasts, is worth the pain of loss. Beside, I do believe in the goodness of God, — immortality declares that; and if God is good, the purpose of life must be."

"Yet even you go through a process of reasoning, no doubt?" the major queried thoughtfully; "and when you say that the grief of death can be borne because death does not end all, you prove the reunion in which you say you believe?"

"Yes," Alan answered, "I prove it, at least to my own satisfaction, by saying that God is good."

"Ah, I see," commented the other. "Life, which is one long endurance of sin and misery and exquisite suffering, must be compensated for by an eternity of joy, or else the Creator would be a conception so blastically cruel that men would die at the very sight of the Frankenstein they had called into their minds; men must be immortal to prove the goodness of God?"

"Yes," Alan said again.

"But observe," continued the major, "your belief in the goodness of God rests upon your belief in immortality, and your belief in immortality rests upon your belief in the goodness of God. Admirable logic."

"But" — Alan began to protest, in a confused way.

The major stopped him with a gesture. "Now, if you were not so fortunate as to be able to retain your belief in God and immortality in the face of reason and as dependent upon each other (and there are some persons who are unable to do so), may I inquire whether you would still feel that life is good?"

"I never maintained that it was entirely good," Alan answered; "only that" —

"Goodness is not comparative, I think," interrupted the other.

"Only that it is worth having. It is beautiful and precious because — oh, because, Major Lee, of this very love which you think is an invitation to sorrow!"

The old man had risen, and put one lean white hand on Alan's arm; he was so earnest that his voice shook. "Yes, love," he said, — "love is the greatest curse of all! That is what I wanted to say to you. To the man who cannot go through life with his eyes shut, who cannot summon the dream of immortality to comfort him with the thought of reunion, — and there are few who can do that genuinely, — love is only terror and misery beyond words. Love returns fourfold despair, whatever absence of pain there may be in success, or hope, or the beauty of conduct. Love is hell."

Alan was shocked into silence; the misery in this old face swept the light assertions from his lips. The yellow sunset had faded, and the fog was beginning to steal up the river. Alan shivered.

"This love, in marriage, what is it? Friendliness, perhaps, which commonplace daily living turns almost into indifference; when it is that, it is the profanation of an ideal. Passionate joy, which is the ideal, and with it the blackening, blasting fear of grief, or — grief itself. Then, in either case, the responsibility of bringing new souls into the world, to suffer; such a responsibility is like your God's! But what man shrinks

from it? I know what you would say, — that I am declaring existence to be a curse. I do so declare it. The only escape from the tragedy of consciousness which the caprice of the motiveless will fastens upon us is resignation — is the giving up of desire — is the giving up of living. Resignation! even your religion teaches that, disguising it beneath promises of recompense and some future of happiness. Sir, I have studied life as other men study art or nature, and I know — listen to me, young man, I beseech you — I know that the nearest approach to what we call happiness is in negation. Believe me, Alan."

The two men stood motionless in the shadows, but Alan could see the older man's face, and there was a look in it which made him turn away his eyes. There is a brutal indecency in watching a naked soul struggle in an agonized human countenance.

"But to seek only freedom from pain is moral suicide," he stammered, scarcely knowing what he said, "and a woman who is cheated of her right to suffer, of the beauty that there is in pain, has a life deformed and" —

"Ah!" cried the other. "Young man, you talk of the beauty of suffering? Because you know nothing about suffering!"

Mortimer Lee turned away; it was time to go home. Why had he wasted his words? Who can convince a youth? Yet he would have saved him; there had been a point when he had been really disinterested in what he said. He was so absorbed in his own disappointment that for a few moments he was unaware that Alan was still walking at his side. The young man's heart was hot within him, the physician was lost in the lover; he forgot that Major Lee was morbid. The human horror of death and the human instinct of love each entreated him, and he looked at both with that strange simplicity which comes when a man forgets himself in the presence

of primal things. For once he could find no words.

It was not until they reached the major's gate and were within the little courtyard that he burst out, "No! no! no! you are wrong! Love is worth while. A man can blind himself, he can cast out fear, he can be divinely happy, with belief or without it. Love is enough; we can shut our eyes to everything else."

"Until the end, — until one is taken, and the other left," the major answered.

As he spoke, the hall door opened, and Sidney stood upon the threshold, looking out into the night. As she saw the two dark figures beneath the aiantus-trees, she said under her breath, with that wonderful intonation which was the promise of untouched depths of tenderness in her nature, "Father?"

She came down the steps, and took her father's arm. "You are coming in, Alan?" she said. The major stood as erect and silent as though upon the parade ground, but he glanced at Alan. The young man only shook his head silently, and turned away into the dark.

XVI.

That glimpse of a living grief sobered Alan into patience, almost into reverence, for Mortimer Lee; indeed, he felt a pitying tenderness towards the old man's theories which the major would have resented with a pity of his own. But after a while Alan's own hopes claimed him, and he declared that the way was clear. The major knew now, he insisted to himself, that he loved Sidney. "I did n't say it in so many words, but he must now it, and so I need not feel like a weak," and his courage and his hope increased together. There was nothing now to distract his attention, or to prevent him from going to the major's on every possible excuse. He was well aware that Sidney's father did not wel-

come him, and he guessed, with the compassionate amusement of youth, that the major did not forbid his coming only because that would have seemed to doubt Sidney's convictions. Sidney's convictions! What were they? Thistledown, if the breath of love should touch her lips. It was inconceivable to Alan that there should be any reality in an attitude of mind attained by precept and not experience (he admitted the major's reality since that talk by the river), and he set himself with all his heart to win a conscious look from Sidney's tranquil eyes, a deeper flush on her smooth cheek, or one word that was not as impersonally kind as the April sunshine itself.

Alan's absorption and happiness, but perhaps still more the absence, for the first time in many months, of any anxiety about Robert Steele, shut his friend outside the doctor's life. "Bob is all right," he reflected carelessly, and then had no more thought for him.

Robert was well. There had been a physical rebound after that sore throat which had made Miss Sally so anxious, and he was better than he had been for years; which was of course a great happiness to Miss Sally. But that very health was a humiliation to him. There are times when the body seems to flaunt itself before the sick and cringing soul. Robert was walking in spiritual darkness; he was searching for his duty with blind gropings into his fears. But the blood leaped in his veins, this spring weather; his hand was steady, his eye clear; he was a well man. It is curious how sometimes the soul is outraged by the body. Grief resents hunger as an insult to its dead; anxiety flies from sleep which pursues it with unwelcome comfort; remorse turns its eyes away from the soft impulses which invite it; but how often the body triumphs! Robert Steele felt a deeper shame for his health's sake. And all the while Miss Sally rejoiced.

After that revelation of himself in

the woods, there had come to Robert that dogged acceptance of despair which is a sort of peace. His duty to Miss Sally was all he had to live for, and that meant the fulfillment of his engagement. Yet, in his eyes, marriage without love was a profanation, and there had been a terrible moment when it had seemed that he must tell her of his baseness; but he had flung the thought away from him. It was profanation, but why should he not profane himself if it saved her pain?—Robert honored Miss Sally too truly ever to suspect the quality of her love for him. To blacken his own soul was a small thing, if she could be spared the grief and humiliation of the truth. Yet he cringed at the thought, and, without being aware of it, beneath his resolution a continual argument had been carried on.

There were days when this strange secondary consciousness brought nearly to the surface of his determination the belief that truth to Miss Sally was his first and only duty. Truth to his ideal walked unrecognized beside that duty. But of late this hidden thought came boldly into his most sacred moments,—came, saying, “Truth is God manifested in the soul. To let silence lie to the woman who thinks you love her is the cruelest wrong you can do her.” And Robert, with anguish, admitted to himself that this was so, and the peace of despair was lost in the possibility of greater pain.

But he was, during all this time, as even Mrs. Paul admitted, a most devoted lover; it was she, however, who detected a confession in his devotion. To be sure, she did not witness it, and only knew of it by questioning Sally Lee, and sometimes Sidney, for she had scarcely seen Mr. Steele. He had made the proper call after the tea-party; then he had been ill; after that, he had always been ready with an excuse when Miss Sally suggested that they should go to call upon dear Mrs. Paul. She never did

more than hint that they should go, not having courage enough to reproach her lover for ill manners, but she did hint quite constantly; not because she attached so much importance to the conventionalities of life, but because she was daily reminded of Mr. Steele’s shortcomings in this respect by Mrs. Paul.

Indeed, Mrs. Paul’s desire to see him was known to everybody except Mr. Steele himself; for the longer he neglected her, the more generally was her annoyance felt; what was really anger at him vented itself in sharp words upon any subject to any person. Unfortunately, it does not follow that the object of one’s anger receives its expression; expression is all that is necessary to most people. There was a collateral justice, perhaps, in abusing Miss Sally; but it was hard that Sidney should be scolded, and the girl protested to Mr. Steele, during one of their rare moments of conversation,—for Robert was quite right in feeling that she avoided talking to him. “You must go to see Mrs. Paul, Mr. Steele,” she said, with a directness which took away Miss Sally’s breath. “She really holds this entire family responsible for your absence.” And the next afternoon Robert went.

He had gone to the major’s first, and finding Miss Sally out thought that she might be at Mrs. Paul’s, and to go to fetch her home would be an excuse for a very short call. But Davids, as he announced him, said that Mrs. Paul was alone, and it was too late then for retreat. It came into his mind, as he saw her alert, keen face, that he had “gone up the winding stair,” and here was the spider awaiting him. Her eyes lighted as he entered.

She had long ago decided what she should say to him when he came; yet she approached her subject so delicately, and by that most subtle flattery of friendly silences, that Robert began to be remorseful for having judged her too harshly. It must have been as Miss

Sally said, that Mrs. Paul had not been well that dreadful night, and that she was kinder than she seemed. She was entertaining now; she said clever things, but forgot to be bitter. Robert almost enjoyed the twenty minutes before she touched on Miss Sally.

"Oh, you expected to find her here? But you will never be so ill-mannered as to say you did not come to see me?"

"Yes," Robert answered, with instant constraint in his voice, "I came to call upon you, but I hoped to find her here, so that I might walk home with her."

This evident desire to protest his devotion delighted Mrs. Paul; she was almost fond of him, because of what such a desire betrayed, and because of the chance it gave her to wound him. "To be sure, and how sorry she will be not to have waited! She is really, you know, the most lovesick person; and it is n't becoming to a middle-aged woman to be in love! Oh, come, now; if you take offense so quickly, how will you stand the jars of domestic life? And why should you take offense? I merely said that Sally was very much in love."

"Because you do not speak as Miss Lee's friend."

She made a gesture, which meant apologetic amusement. "No, no, you misunderstand me," she said, watching, as though to see how far it was safe to go, the frowning antagonism gather in his face. "I am Sally's friend, her best friend, when I say" — she hesitated, with a look of interest and concern — "that I am sorry with all my heart that she has become engaged to you."

Robert caught his breath. Was she in earnest? Did she really see how despicable he was?

"I am not worthy of her," he began to say, "but" —

"Of course not," she answered, the restraint of temper beginning to show in her voice; "no one is, you know. But what I meant was, — I've known Sally so long, you must let me say just this, —

it has been a mistake; of hers, we'll say, not yours. She will not be happy, — I speak for her sake, — she can't be happy. Lord! an old maid can't change her nature." Mrs. Paul lost her patience and her policy together. The young man rose, with compressed lips. "And would n't it be better to release her?" she ended.

Robert was shaken by that tumult of dismay which comes when a man sees what he has thought good looking at him with a devil's leer, or hears a solemn truth upon lips which turn it into a lie. He does not stop to say that the medium distorts it, and that truth is still true.

"That is for her to say. Whatever she wishes of me, even my happiness, is hers. But I dare to believe that you are mistaken. I bid you good-afternoon, Mrs. Paul."

He hurried out of the house, tingling with rage and resolution. He would never see that woman again, he would never cross her threshold! And as for her vile suggestion, — a thousand times no! He would be true to Miss Sally, he would make himself love her. He thanked God that that wicked old woman had put his thought into words, the purpose which he had said to himself was honor. He thanked God that she had shown him his own heart, had torn the mask of duty from the face of the hideous selfishness which had insisted that he must tell Miss Sally that he did not love her. Yet how, as that conviction of duty had grown, silently, in his mind, he had weighed his motives to see whether he was honest, — how he had scanned each one in an agony of fear lest he might find a taint of self in it! Over and over again, since he had recognized those unseen processes which revealed to him his duty, had he retraced the mental steps which had led him to a terrible conclusion, looking for a way of escape, and finding none, — believing all the while that he was honest. He knew

better now, he said. Mrs. Paul had confessed him to himself. He had been trying to find his own freedom, he had been hiding behind fine words, he had taken the holy name of honor upon his profane lips. "I have lied unto God!" he groaned.

He was almost blind with terror and pain. He did not know that people looked after him in the street, with a shrug or a half-laugh, and a light word that he was drunk. Mrs. Jennings, toiling across the bridge, shrank away from him as he passed her, and for a moment forgot her own troubles. His loathing of himself was so overpowering that he became indifferent to Mrs. Paul; he had not rage to spare for her. But could he have thought of her, he would have been incapable of imagining that the pleasure of having implanted in his mind the seed of what she must have felt was dishonor had left her delightfully amiable, — so amiable that when Davids told her there was a person in the hall who wished to see her, she nodded to him in a gracious way, and said, —

"Very well, Davids."

"It is," Davids observed, his eyebrows well lifted and his voice full of condescension, "the bridge person, I believe."

"Very well," Mrs. Paul said again, pleasantly. "She wants some help, no doubt." She smiled archly as the man left her. "Lord! what fools, what fools they are! They can be led about like animals. Of course he was angry, but he'll do it!"

She looked up, still smiling, to see Mrs. Jennings entering with heavy awkwardness. Davids, standing flat against the baize door to keep it open, regarded the woman with an intolerable indifference, which so confused her that she forgot to make the decent bow she had planned, and was filled with the wordless fury of a vulgar woman. "As though I did n't know him 'fore he was in breeches!" she thought. But by the

time she had seated herself and said "Good-evening," and made a remark about the weather, she was more composed. She panted a little and swallowed hard before she began to speak, — perhaps because, although she had thought of this scene for days, she really did not know what to say. She hardly knew why she had come. A blind impulse to do something for her little 'Liza had made her resolve that she would "see his mother and stop him breakin' of her girl's heart." Her daughter did not know of her intention. Eliza was too interested in her own grievances to take much thought of the pain her mother suffered for her sake. Mrs. Jennings' rage at Miss Townsend had found an echo in Eliza's soul; she was full of that stinging anger which really shame, and which follows but of unnecessary confidence.

"Oh, *why* did I tell Miss Townsend?" she asked herself a dozen times a day, with a pang of humiliation which sent the tears into her eyes. As is the rule in such cases, the revenge Eliza took caused her as much suffering as she had hoped it might cause her victim. She decided to give up her music lessons.

"MISS TOWNSEND," — she wrote, — "I ain't going to take any more lessons. You can send your bill."

MISS JENNINGS."

Mrs. Jennings approved of this note, though she would have been glad if Eliza had said right out that she considered her music teacher a meddling hussy. The only relief the poor mother had was to abuse Miss Townsend, which abuse blew up a great flame of wrath out of her almost imperceptible material, — so imperceptible, in fact, there was danger that it would burn out before she could put it into words, here in Mrs. Paul's presence. So Davids' supercilious looks were really most helpful, although they had made her forget for the moment how she had intended to

tell her story. 'There was a blown and breathless appearance about her, as she sat upon the edge of her chair, looking at Mrs. Paul. Her small crêpe bonnet was very far back upon her head, and her large and anxious face was mottled with rising color. Her hands, covered with those unpleasant gloves the fingers of which are gathered into a little bag, tied and untied the cord about the waist of an umbrella, which she held between her black bombazine knees.

"Well, my good woman?" Mrs. Paul interrogated, adjusting her glasses and crossing her feet with lazy comfort; her gown rustled, and then fell into soft gleaming folds.

"Ma'am," replied her visitor, swallowing once, "my name is Jennings, — Mrs. Asa H. Jennings."

"Yes?" said Mrs. Paul.

"An' I've come to see you," proceeded the other, her voice growing louder. "I've been meanin' to come this long time" —

"Yes?" This enormously stout woman, whose face was quivering with emotion, and who had a chin like the folds of an accordion, was really very droll. Nor, for once, was Mrs. Paul more cruel than the rest of the world. Emotion which tries to express itself through a weight of flesh does not often reach the sympathies of the beholder.

"Yes, I've been meanin' to come, for I've somethin' to say. I'm sorry to be the bearer of bad news. I ain't one that likes to tell unpleasant things; no, nor gossip; no, nor make trouble in families."

"Of course; I think I know exactly how much you would dislike to gossip, Mrs. — What did you say you were called?"

Mrs. Jennings supplied her name, and then, carefully unwinding the cord from around her umbrella, so that its generous folds flapped loosely about the wooden handle, she said, "So it ain't to make mischief I come, only to tell the

truth. I'm a mother myself, an' I know how you'll feel havin' some one comin' an' findin' fault. But it's truth, gospel truth, an' my 'Liza, she's suffered enough, so she has! 'Tain't only right but what he'd ought to be made to be different. 'Stead of that, he's goin' to see another young lady; nothin' but a music teacher, too! An' I made out it was my duty to come an' tell his mother."

The lazy amusement had faded out of Mrs. Paul's face.

"You are referring, I suppose, to Mr. John Paul?" she said.

"Yes, ma'am, I am," answered Mrs. Jennings, her eyes roving about the room. "I'm not one to deny it. I am. That's the truth, an' I'm not ashamed to tell it. He's been — he's been — my 'Liza's heart's just broken. An' now he ain't satisfied with sendin' her to her grave, but he's makin' up to some one else. I'd just as lief tell her name, if you want me to?"

"I will not trouble you."

"A poor, miserable music teacher!" burst out Mrs. Jennings, "with two sisters and a brother dependent on her. She thinks he'll marry her; I believe in my soul she thinks he'll marry her. But I told my 'Liza I guessed not, — not if what everybody says about you was true, — I guessed not."

"Well," said Mrs. Paul, tapping her glasses lightly upon the arm of her chair, "and what is your object in coming here?"

Mrs. Jennings stared at her; there was a sudden collapse of all her windy anger. What had been her object? What good would it do, after all? There had been the moment's relief of talking out the pain of her poor old heart, but what now? She opened her lips, but she had nothing to say. There is something pathetic in the struggle of a small soul to grow great with passion. Mrs. Jennings burst into tears, and fumbled in her pocket for her handkerchief; not

finding it, she wiped her eyes upon a fold of her umbrella. "My 'Liza" — she sobbed.

"Oh," Mrs. Paul said; "yes, I see." She leaned back in her chair, with delicately knitted brows. "Well?"

"Well?" Mrs. Jennings repeated blankly.

"I suppose you have threatened my son with this visit to me?"

"Ma'am?" said Mrs. Jennings.

"But you have made a mistake. I do not interfere with Mr. Paul. You must go to him for money. I shall not give you any, you may depend upon that."

Mrs. Jennings stared at her. "Why, I ain't a poor person; I ain't in any need," she said. "I don't know what" —

Then it burst upon her. She rose, her lips parted, her broad bosom laboring for breath.

"Shame on you!" she stammered, — "shame, you bad woman! What are you thinking of? Money for my 'Liza that's had her innocent heart broke? An' what kind of a heart have you that you can think such thoughts of your own son?" In her honest and womanly anger her foolish jealousy of Miss Townsend was forgotten. "You think bad thoughts easier than good ones," she cried shrilly, running her hand down the staff of her umbrella, so that it opened and closed with her quickened breathing. "I come here 'cause I was most wild 'bout my 'Liza, an' to warn you 'bout Miss Townsend. Thank the Lord, my 'Liza ain't in any danger of comin' into such a family! An' if it was n't that I'm a Christian, an' always do as I'd be done by, I'd say I wish't Miss Townsend would marry Mr. Paul, just to bring your dirty, wicked pride down; but she's too good for a son of yours, if she is poor. Shame on you!" She struck the floor with her mildewed old umbrella as sharply as Mrs. Paul could have done with her gold-headed stick.

"She is poor, is she?" Mrs. Paul in-

quired, watching the tears course down Mrs. Jennings' quivering cheeks.

"I haven't anything more to say," Mrs. Jennings responded, with a gasp, trying to tie her bonnet-strings into a tighter knot beneath her shaking chin.

"But I have," returned Mrs. Paul. "Of course I know very well why you came here, and if you had conducted yourself properly no doubt something could have been arranged. But you have chosen to gossip about Mr. Paul. If you had given your attention to your daughter a little sooner, it would have been wiser. This Miss Townsend, whoever she is, Mr. Paul has no idea of marrying, and you will never allude to such a thing again; do you hear me?"

"I will do just exactly what I please!" cried the other, thrusting out her lower lip and flinging her head back. When Mrs. Jennings chose, with her hands upon her broad hips, to make this unpleasant gesture, she was the embodiment of insolence.

Mrs. Paul was furious. She rang her bell wildly, and the savage jangle, echoing through the silent house, brought Davids running to the parlor door.

"Show her out!" said Mrs. Paul. "Show this person out, Davids!"

"Don't trouble yourself, Billy, don't trouble yourself, my dear!" screamed Mrs. Jennings, purple and panting. "I would n't stay, I would n't stay, — no, not for all her money; no, nor I would n't let my 'Liza cross his threshold. An' I'll warn Miss 'Townsend against him, but I hope he'll get her, poor as she is!"

Mrs. Paul made a motion of her hand which was unmistakable. Davids took Mrs. Jennings' wrist, and before she knew it, still railing and sobbing, she found herself running with the terrifying speed of a large person down the steep steps of the terrace and out through the iron gate. She was hardly able to check her pace by the time she came to the bridge, and her knees were

still shaking, from such unusual exercise, when she reached the toll-house.

Eliza had been watching for her mother, holding back the dimity curtain, so that a wavering line of cheerful light fell across the road; when she saw the familiar figure she hastened to open the door. "The tea-table's set, and the toast is ready, ma," she said, and then broke into a cry of amazement at her mother's face.

"I've been — I've been" — Mrs. Jennings panted, falling into the big rocking-chair, trembling very much, and pressing her hand upon her side — "I've been to his mother's — and that woman, that bad, wicked woman" —

"Whose mother's?" said Eliza faintly. "*His*?" She had run and fetched the toast from the kitchen, but in her agitation she put the plate down among the geraniums on the window-sill.

Mrs. Jennings nodded. She tried, with clumsy gloved fingers, to unfasten her bonnet-strings, and looked appealingly at Eliza for help, but her daughter was too excited to be dutiful.

"Tell me about it, ma, every word, quick!"

Mrs. Jennings, her voice still unsteady, told her story; at least part of it. She could tell Eliza that her mother had been insulted, but she could not soil her daughter's mind with Mrs. Paul's suspicion. When she stopped for breath Eliza burst into tears. In vain Mrs. Jennings tried to soothe her; she had nothing but sobbing reproaches for her mother.

"I don't know what in the world you went for, anyhow," she wailed, "an' I don't see that you said anything, either. Don't seem, somehow, as if there was any point in it, an' I'll never hold up my head again. Oh, mother, how could you do it, — how *could* you?"

"But, 'Liza," quavered Mrs. Jennings, "I did n't mean no harm; I only meant — I only meant" —

"You've disgraced me. She'll tell him, and what'll he think?"

Even as she spoke a vision of Job Todd came into little Eliza's mind: partly because, in this sudden light of common sense, her sentimental fancies showed their real value, and were almost blotted out; and partly because she reflected that if she "took Job, why, then *he*'d never know anything, even if his mother did tell him!"

Of course this was all too confused for words, but Mrs. Jennings was profoundly thankful that Eliza's sobs did not continue very long; and, indeed, she so far recovered that she was soon able to sit up and eat a piece of toast, while shedding a few excited tears into her tea-cup. Mrs. Jennings, all the while, hovered about her like a ponderous butterfly. She was full of small caresses, and tender words, and little clucking sounds of maternal love, but there was a mist of tears in her fierce little eyes. "I was never spoke to so in my life," she was thinking. "I would n't 'a' minded for myself, but to think bad of my 'Liza!"

Margaret Deland.

THE EASTER HARE.

FOR more seasons than one cares to count, the Easter egg has been the familiar symbol of the great spring festival; but of late years, owing probably to the immense increase of our foreign

population, another emblem has begun to dispute its supremacy in the confectioners' shops, and for some time the hares at Easter have been almost as numerous as the eggs. The hares are

quite as often rabbits, delicate distinctions in zoölogy not being the province of confectioners; but in this case they cannot go far out of the way in confounding the two, because in symbology the animals are identical, and, moreover, to the American eye the rabbit is the more familiar form.

But why either? What has the "innocent rodent," as George Eliot would say, "with its small nibbling pleasures," to do with the great festival of the Resurrection?

To solve this enigma and trace out the meaning of the symbol, we must go like a crab backwards, through the history of Easter itself, even at the risk of repeating by the way many things that everybody knows already.

The egg-symbol, which naturally suggests the bursting into life of a buried germ, is easily understood, though it is a question whether many of the boys who amuse themselves by breaking each other's Easter eggs know that they do so to celebrate the opening of the year. The giving of eggs at the Easter season can be traced back to the remotest antiquity, and belongs to all the Eastern nations, who used the symbol both to signify the universe and to represent the revival of life at the vernal equinox.

Easter, though apparently a solar festival in its connection with the equinox, in reality, and even as ordered by the Christian Church, belongs of right to the moon. As early as the second century the Western churches began to object to the contemporaneous celebration of Easter with the Jewish Passover, and in 325 A. D. the Council of Nice decided that it should be held in future upon the first Sunday after the first full moon upon or after the vernal equinox; and if said full moon fell upon Sunday, then Easter should be the Sunday after. (This full moon, by the way, is the imaginary moon of the calendar, and neither the real moon nor the mean

moon of astronomers.) In spite of the precautions of the Council of Nice, however, from the fact that the Jewish Passover depends upon the first full moon of spring, Easter and the Passover have occurred together twice in this century, and will do so three times in the next.

Easter is derived from the name of the Saxon goddess Eostre, whose festival was held in April, and who was undoubtedly identical with Astarte, the Phœnician goddess of the moon. Now the moon was the earliest measurer of time, and we are told by Max Müller (in his first Lecture on the Science of Language) that her Sanskrit name, *mās*, is clearly derived from the root *mā*, to measure. The moon was masculine in Sanskrit, as she was in Anglo-Saxon, and indeed in all the Teutonic languages, and as she is in German still. This confusion of sex, as it seems to us who are accustomed to think of her as a "goddess excellently bright," probably arose from the fact that the deities of the earliest mythologies were androgynous, and that sex was a question of relation, and depended upon their personification in an active or a passive form. Even in the Greek mythology we find frequent instances of this double aspect; Dionysus, or Bacchus, for instance, being worshiped both as male and as female. The moon, as the measurer or lord of time, was considered as an active element, and personified as masculine.

Why the moon should have been chosen as the measurer of our days rather than the sun is very clearly explained in *The Secret Doctrine*, vol. i. p. 389. In outline this explanation is as follows: When the earliest races of mankind wished to mark off periods of time, some cycle that belonged equally to the starry spheres and to humanity would naturally be that upon which their choice would fall. Such a cycle was found in the physiological phenomena

connected with the life of the mother and her child. The lunar month of twenty-eight days (or four weeks of seven days each) gave thirteen periods in three hundred and sixty-four days; equivalent to the solar-week year of fifty-two weeks. The old Egyptians and Hebrews both calculated the calendar by the three hundred and sixty-four or three hundred and sixty-five days of the lunar year. Thus came the method of measures by lunar time, and through lunar, of solar time.

The moon, as we have already seen, varied in sex according to circumstances. As the new moon, with her brilliant horns and her increasing strength, or as the full moon, in the plenitude of her power, she represented the active element, and was personified as masculine; she was the Lord of Light, the sign of new life, the messenger of immortality. But the waning moon was passive, or feminine, and typified darkness, death, and, in the Egyptian mythology, Typhon, or the Evil Principle, who had the supremacy during his fourteen days' rule, when he tore Osiris (the sun) into fourteen pieces. But with the new moon Osiris came back to life, and at its full the Egyptians sacrificed a black pig (representing the now conquered Typhon) to Osiris. In the planisphere of Denderah, the god Khunsee is seen offering the pig by the leg in the disc of the full moon, and in some parts of England a leg of pig is still eaten on Easter Monday, — a curious survival of this sacrifice.

In ancient symbolism, again, the light half of the moon was masculine; the dark, feminine. There was also another dualism connected with the moon, as the prototype of the Virgin Mother, which may explain a very singular old English Easter custom which has always been a mystery to antiquarians. The Virgin Mother was represented by the British Druids as *two*: the sisters Kreirwy and Llywy (the British Proserpine and Ceres), the Virgin and the Mother.

Proclus speaks of "the vivific goddesses" as the elder and the younger. The same idea runs through Polynesian mythology, and corresponds with Isis and Nephthys in Egyptian, and "the two wives of Jacob that builded the house of Israel" in Biblical lore. Pausanias describes a temple of two stories (the only one he knew) dedicated to Aphrodite; the lower story consecrated to the armed goddess, the upper to Aphrodite Morpho, veiled and with bound feet, — the fetters signifying gestation. One of the legends of the Mahabharata describes the two wives of Kaçyapas, Kaden and Vinatâ, the mother of breath, who bears the egg whence issues the serpent.

Now there is an endowment in the parish of Biddenden, Kent, of old but unknown date, which provides for the distribution of six hundred cakes among the poor upon the afternoon of Easter Sunday. These cakes bear a very curious "three-quarters" representation of two female figures joined at the shoulders and hips. The style is decidedly what in art parlance would be called "archaic," and the origin of the design has never been satisfactorily explained. Max Müller long since wrote of that interesting process of human thought by which elaborate myths grow from the seed-germ of a wish to account for some accepted fact, as in the case of the famous barnacle geese, who were described and painted as issuing from the barnacles of ships, through a popular misunderstanding of the name, which really came from the markings like spectacles (or *barnacles*) round the eyes of the geese. So, in the case of the Biddenden cakes, a legend was invented that the endowment was made by two unfortunate women who lived joined together in this impossible fashion, *à la* Siamese twins. The hot cross-buns of Good Friday are readily traced back to the pagan worship of the sun; and I am inclined to believe that these two

conjoined female figures represent the Virgin and Mother of the British Druids, the double Aphrodite of Pausanias, or the dual aspect of the moon. For in the oldest myths the goddesses, like the gods, are but one; and Artemis and Aphrodite, Here and Pallas, but representations of the varying phases of the *ewige Weiblichkeit*.

Having thus traced some of the connections of the moon with Easter, we have still to run down the mythical hare; and him we find directly as a type of the moon itself, across whose disc endless numbers of Hindu and Japanese artists have painted him, while their Chinese brethren represent the moon as a rabbit pounding rice in a mortar. The hare was identical with the moon in symbolism, for reasons that shall presently be explained; but having been drawn "in the moon," two different versions of one story arose to explain his presence there, as in the case of the barnacle geese.

One was that Buddha once took the shape of a hare that he might feed a hungry fellow-creature, and was translated in that form to the moon, where he evermore abides. But this is a very inferior version of the beautiful story of the starving tigress and her cubs, whom Buddha fed with his mortal body; and the second myth, as told by De Gubernatis in his *Zoölogical Mythology*, seems more likely to be the genuine one. This legend says that when Indra, disguised as a famishing pilgrim, was praying for food, the hare, having nothing else to give him, threw itself into the fire, that it might be roasted for his benefit, and the grateful Indra translated the animal to the moon.

In Sanskrit, the *çakas*, literally *the leaping one*, means not only the hare and the rabbit, but the spots on the moon supposed to depict the hare of the above myth. There are several other Hindu myths connecting the hare and the moon, notably one in the first story

of the *Pañcatantram*, where the hares dwell upon the shores of the lake of the moon, and their king, Vigayadattas (the funereal god), has for his palace the lunar disc. The hare is often represented in popular sayings as the enemy of the lion (or the sun), as in the Latin proverb, *Mortuo leoni lepores insultant* (or *saltant*), the equivalent of another saying, "The moon leaps up when the sun dies." Mary Stuart, in the days of her captivity, adopted for her device a netted lion with hares leaping over him, with the motto, *Et lepores devicto insultant leone*. (See also King John, Act II. Sc. 1.)

There were several reasons why the hare was chosen to symbolize the moon. One was that it is a nocturnal animal, and comes out at night to feed; another, that the female carries her young for a month, thus representing the lunar cycle; another, that the hare was thought by the ancients to be able to change its sex, like the moon. Sir Thomas Browne says that this was affirmed by Archelaus, Plutarch, Philostratus, and many others. Pliny, who is not mentioned by Sir Thomas, gives it the weight of his authority in his *Natural History*. The historian of *Vulgar Errors* devotes a chapter to the subject, but is extremely cautious in his dealing with it, considering it quite possible that such a change might take place, but in exceptional instances only, and certainly not annually, as the ancients asserted.

Beaumont and Fletcher allude to the notion several times, especially in the *Faithful Shepherdess*, Act III. Sc. 1, in the incantation of the Sullen Shepherd: —

"Hares that yearly sexes change,
Proteus altering oft and strange,
Hecate with shapés three,
Let this maiden changéd be."

Here we have the hare in close connection with Hecate, or the moon. And the same idea may be found in *Hudibras*, II. 2, v. 705.

But a more important reason for the identification of the hare with the moon lay in the fact that its young are born with their eyes open, unlike rabbits, which are born blind. The name of the hare in Egyptian was *un*, which means *open*, *to open*, *the opener*. Now the moon was the open-eyed watcher of the skies at night, and the hare, born with open eyes, was fabled never to close them: hence the old Latin expression, *somnus leporinus*, and the identification of the open-eyed hare with the full moon. The old principle of cure by "sympathies" led to the prescription, in the early English folk-lore, of the brain and eyes of the hare as a cure for somnolency.

The Egyptian word *un* not only meant *hare* and *open*, but also *period*, and for this reason (as well as for the one already given as to its time of gestation) the hare became the type of periodicity, both human and lunar, and in its character of "opener" was associated with the opening of the new year at Easter, as well as with the beginning of a new life in the youth and maiden. Hence the hare became connected in the popular mind with the paschal eggs, broken to signify the opening of the year. So close has this association become with some peoples, that in Swabia for instance, the little children are sent out to look for *hares' eggs* at Easter. In Saxony, they say that the Easter hare brings the Easter egg, and even in America we may see in the confectioners' windows the hare wheeling his barrowful of eggs, or drawing one large one as a sort of triumphal chariot. In some parts of Europe, the Easter eggs are made up into cakes in the shape of hares, and the little children are told that babies are found in the hare's "form." The moon, in her character of the goddess Lucina, presided over childbirth, and the hare is constantly identified with her in this connection in the folk-lore of many peoples, both ancient and modern. Pausanias describes the

moon-goddess as instructing the exiles who would found a new nation to build their city in that myrtle-grove wherein they should see a hare take refuge. In Russia, if a hare meet the bridal car (as an omen thus *opposing* it), it bodes evil to the wedding, and to the bride and groom. If the hare be run over by the car, it is a bad presage, not only for the bridal couple, but for all mankind; being held as equivalent to an eclipse, always a sinister omen in popular superstition. In Swabia, the children are forbidden to indulge in the favorite childish amusement of making shadow-pictures of rabbits on the wall, because it is considered *a sin against the moon*.

Among English popular customs celebrating Easter, the only trace of the hare seems to be found in Warwickshire, where at Coleshill, if the young men of the parish can catch a hare and bring it to the parson before ten o'clock in the morning of Easter Monday (the *moon-day*), he is bound to give them a calf's head, one hundred eggs, and a groat; the calf's head being probably a survival of the worship of Baal, or the sun, as the golden calf.

The hare-myth has come over to America not only in the shape of the confectioners' Easter hares, but also in the very curious superstition among the negroes as to the efficacy as a talisman of *the left hind-foot of a graveyard rabbit killed in the dark of the moon*. In an article by Mr. Gerald Massey¹ (to whom I gratefully acknowledge my obligations) on the subject of such a talisman, said to have been presented by an old negro to President Cleveland during his electioneering tour of 1888, Mr. Massey very plainly shows that the two myths have the same origin. The rabbit, identical with the hare in symbolism, is here equivalent to the Lord of Light and Conqueror of Darkness, in, or as, the new moon. In the hieroglyphics,

¹ Lucifer, vol. i. p. 6. London. See also his Natural Genesis.

the *khepsh*, leg or hind-quarter, is the ideographic also of Typhon, or personified evil; the *left* side intensifying the idea. Therefore the left hind-foot of the graveyard rabbit stood for the last quarter or end of the moon, a symbol of the conquered Typhon, or Principle of Evil, to be worn in triumph, like a fox's brush, as a token of resurrection, or renewal, or general good fortune. The killing in the dark of the moon is simply a duplication of the victory over evil and death, a sort of symbological tautology, as it were. As a type of renewal, it was especially suitable as a gift to a President seeking reelection, but in this case, as in the proverbial "dry time," all signs appeared to fail. It is a singular coincidence, and shows the universality of ancient symbols, that in England the luckiest of all lucky horseshoes, says Mr. Massey, is the shoe from the *left hind-foot of a mare*.

So we have hunted our Easter hare (or rabbit, as you choose) through America and England and Germany, all the way back through ancient Egypt and India, till we have run him into his original "form," the moon. That silent, silver-shining planet is the fountain-head of many a myth and the origin of many a mystery, and not half of "the fairytales of science" of which she is the heroine have yet been told.

Whether the proverbially "mad" March hare has anything to do with the moon and Easter I do not know. It has been suggested that this "madness" in March is probably only the access of liveliness that pervades the animal crea-

tion in the spring; but the fact that the hare was a proverbially melancholy beast indicates a different kind of madness, perhaps dependent on the "lunacy" of the moon. Prince Henry suggests the hare to Falstaff as a type of melancholy rather superior to the "gibcat" or the "lugged bear." The eating of its flesh was said by Galen to produce melancholy (perhaps as a sequence of indigestion!), and Nares thinks the long sitting of the hare in its form may have caused it to be considered a melancholy animal. If this condition be equivalent to madness, as the gentle optimist would have it, then we have the madness of the March hare sufficiently accounted for; otherwise we may hunt him through whole libraries of proverbs and popular sayings, and Archaic Dictionaries, and Glossaries, etc., only to find him mentioned as "well known" as far back as 1542. Only this and nothing more. Indeed, he is said to have made his first appearance in the pages of Skelton's Replycation to the Scoler, in 1520. A hare crossing a person's path was supposed to disorder his wits, as the moon's beams falling upon the face were supposed to do; and, upon the whole, the weight of evidence is in favor of the hare's madness being a species of "lunacy" rather than the jollity of spring.

Perhaps the reader, weary of the subject, may feel inclined to agree with the profound genius who dismissed the question of the similarly proverbial madness of hatters in these simple words:—

"Why hatters as a race are mad
I do not know, nor does it matter!"

Katharine Hillard.

SOME POPULAR OBJECTIONS TO CIVIL SERVICE REFORM.

IN TWO PARTS. PART TWO.

VII.

"THIS is the civil service that he [Jefferson] taught us, sir,—‘Is the man honest? Is he capable?’ These were the only requirements. If then he is a man who is deserving, his employer should be the sole judge of it. When I make application for admission as an employee in one of the departments here, the head of the department is the man to inquire into my qualifications and honesty.”¹

That a representative of Tammany Hall should arise in the national Congress and gravely inveigh against the merit system on the ground that it does not embody the Jeffersonian requirements of honesty and capacity, is a spectacle calculated to excite pensive reflections upon the decadence of American humor.

That “ancient and powerful organization” might have informed itself that the Pendleton Act does not prevent the “head of a department” from looking into “the qualifications and honesty” of an applicant. The appointive power is not transferred by that measure. No one pretends that the secretary of a great department has the time personally to test the fitness, by examination or otherwise, of those applying for the numerous clerkships under his control. Under any system this duty must be delegated. The Civil Service Commission is a convenience, simply, and is created as a guarantee of fair play. It does not appoint; it merely certifies to the result of the public competitive examinations held under its auspices. Its functions are ministerial, and its inquiries may

be treated as preliminary. It is true that the head of the department cannot go outside of the list of eligibles in making appointments; but it is true also that the whole public is invited to the competition, and thus has the opportunity to range itself within those lists.

If heads of departments, or rather chiefs of bureaus, ought to choose their own subordinates, then the objector quoted above has furnished an excellent reason why the spoils system, which he advocates, should be abolished. An unwritten law governing that system robs the chief of bureau of all discretion in the matter of appointments. Congressmen dictate to him whom he shall employ.

The questions, Is the applicant honest? Is he capable? are not controlling. Practically, the chief is precluded from discriminating inquiry; he must take what the Congressman sets before him. Nor is this all. He cannot discharge an unruly or inefficient employee without endangering his own head. Numerous instances might be quoted to show that clerks who have been dismissed by the chief for the good of the service have been restored by him under the pains and penalties of congressional insistence.

A system which permits outsiders thus to interfere in the conduct of the departments, and which transforms the civil service into a bankrupt court for the liquidation of political debt, can hardly be extolled as promotive of good administration. Much less are its defenders in a position to assail the merit system, which would appoint a chief of bureau by promotion, and which would secure to him such independence and discretion as are necessary to the proper performance of his duties.

¹ General Spinola, Proceedings of the House of Representatives, December 19, 1888.

VIII.

"The duties of all public officers are, or at least admit of being made, so plain and simple that men of intelligence may readily qualify themselves for their performance; and I cannot but believe that more is lost by the long continuance of men in office than is generally to be gained by their experience. I submit, therefore, to your consideration whether the efficiency of the government would not be promoted, and official industry and integrity better secured, by a general extension of the law which limits appointments to four years."¹

President Jackson himself furnishes the best commentary upon his own text. Without waiting for Congress to act upon his recommendation to extend the four-year law, he proceeded immediately to put his theory into practice by making removals wholesale, thus inaugurating the spoils system as we now know it. The effect was not at all what the public had been led to expect by the words of the annual message. Webster said, in a speech,² that during the first three years of the new administration (1829-32) more nominations had been "rejected [by the Senate] on the ground of unfitness than in all the preceding years of the government; and those nominations, you know, sir, could not have been rejected but by votes of the President's own friends." Nor did those persons who succeeded in passing the ordeal of senatorial confirmation give character to the service. The good name of the country was scandalized by great frauds. The loss which occurred in the handling of government funds during the eight years of Jackson's rule averaged \$7.52 per thousand, an increase of \$3.13 over that of his predecessor, John Quincy Adams. During the administration of Van

Buren,—that perfect exponent of the spoils system and *protégé* of Jackson,—the deficits reached the great sum of \$11.72 per thousand, the high-water mark of inefficiency and corruption in the official history of the United States. This marked deterioration of the public service may be easily explained. Incumbents had been removed for political reasons, and not for purposes of administrative reform. Little wonder, then, that President Jackson should advocate the vacation of office by law, and thus save himself and his successors the odium of those evils which follow in the train of an arbitrary and indiscriminate proscription of place-holders.

IX.

"Rotation in office, change, is an absolute necessity. Our whole system abhors perpetuity. Rotation and change, the frequent examination of the servant's accounts, and the frequent removal of the servant himself, is an essential element to secure the perpetuity of free institutions."³

An examination of the servant's accounts should not wait upon removal, and the servant himself should not be removed unless there is cause for it. "Change for the sake of change" is not only unsound as a political principle, but it is impracticable as a business method. It would wreck any railroad that adopted it. In essence it is a pseudo-socialism. The theory that the citizen owes a duty to the state is supplanted by the doctrine that the state owes a place to the citizen; that government is a device for the support of its subjects; and that every man should be maintained in some mysterious and circuitous manner by every other man. This opens an alluring vista of possibil-

¹ Andrew Jackson's first annual message to Congress, December 8, 1829.

² Worcester, Mass., October 12, 1832.

³ Senator Williams, Cong. Rec., vol. xiv. Part I. p. 505.

ities. If every man "has a right to an office;" if incumbents should be removed simply because they have been in "long enough;" if official life is a "merry-go-round," it follows duly that rotation must successively induct into place every adult in the United States, for a period of time to be ascertained only by a nice calculation in the rule of three. Should it be objected that rotation is not rotatory, — that is, that it does not include all, — then the doctrine lacks even the apology of a common benefit, and becomes merely an alimentary provision for a few hungry office-seekers. As such it will not commend itself to the popular judgment. The people are not interested in the fortunes of itinerant place-hunters. They are interested, however, in having the business of the government — that is, the business of themselves — well done. But to refuse to recognize merit by promotion; to remove all officers, the faithful and the unfaithful, the efficient and the inefficient, the honest and the dishonest, indifferently, is to put a premium upon sloth, bungling, and speculation. In these days of sharp competition, commercial houses do not conduct their business so, and would not if they could. To employ a man with scant regard to his fitness, and to discharge him despite his skill, trustworthiness, and experience, would be to court ruin and to build up rival concerns. But it may be urged that the government is a monopoly, and can afford to ignore the economies; that the American people are rich, dislike cheese-paring, and are fond of "munificent public expenditure." Is the art of administration beneath the dignity of an intelligent people? It should be their pride. The United States is the most extravagant of civilized governments. What it wastes would enrich any third-class power. States and municipalities are groaning under debts recklessly incurred. In some cases, where the burdens have been too heavy to be borne, or where the pub-

lic conscience has been weak, repudiation has left its indelible stain. Princely domains have been voted to railroads by federal and state legislatures. Tens of millions of dollars have been sunk in the improvement of unused water-ways, in half-finished canals, and in badly made roads. The enormous fees and salaries paid in many States to county officers have been a prolific source of office jobbery and of corrupt elections, and, it may be remarked in passing, afford a field for civil service reform which as yet is scarcely explored. As to municipal government, its name is a byword and a hissing. Valuable franchises, which ought to yield a permanent public revenue, have been, and are being, constantly given away to corporations. Insecure public buildings, defective sewage systems, illy paved and illy lighted streets, leaky aqueducts, and impure water supplies commemorate in almost every city the carelessness of a free people and the unfitness of their servants. A computation of the cost of government in this country, made by some careful statistician, would be an interesting object-lesson to the taxpayer. That much-exploited individual is awakening at last to the fact that something is wrong. He is beginning to doubt whether the "hustler" or the "worker" is the ideal administrative officer. To choose a city civil engineer because he is a "good fellow," and to appoint an architect of federal buildings because he is a cousin of the President's step-aunt, no longer seems to him to be a wholly rational proceeding. The idea that every American is qualified, without previous training or experience, to fill any office has proved to be an expensive delusion. The most incompetent men in the civil service of the United States are those who are appointed for short terms. About 3500 of the higher-grade officers are so selected by the President and the Senate, but the business of the places themselves is in the hands of subordi-

nates, upon whom the superior is helplessly dependent. As a rule, the presidential Postmaster knows nothing of the workings of his office. Although he is the highest in rank, he becomes, by force of circumstances, the pupil of the lowest. He learns his duties at the expense of the government, and, as often as not, is removed at the very time he begins to be serviceable. The same is also true of other officers, including the members of the cabinet. The case of the last named, however, is exceptional. These officials are quasi-legislative, as well as administrative. As the political advisers of the President, and indirectly of Congress, and as the exponents of a party or national policy, they should be removable at pleasure. If the effect of this commingling of duties is not always salutary, it furnishes sometimes an agreeable diversion to the disinterested spectator. The facility with which members of the cabinet are shifted from one department to another, during the same administration, indicates either great versatility in the American administrative officer, or (more probably) a profound and impartial ignorance that is not less impressive. At the best, the technical knowledge possessed by the heads of departments is superficial, and the rapidity of cabinet changes merely emphasizes the need for experienced subordinates. Indeed, experience, of which duration in office is generally the measure, is absolutely indispensable.

But the advocates of rotation may cite the many excellences of the civil administration of the United States as a proof of their theory. It disproves it. Parties have not alternated in the control of the government every four years, as the Constitution permits. They have had extended leases of power, and, while many changes have been made in the *personnel* of the service, the body of the employees have been retained long enough to enable them to become familiar with their duties, and to administer

their offices with economy and dispatch. Mr. Eaton, the American encyclopædist of civil service reform, writing in 1884, said that "the average periods of service in the lower offices, of late, at least, have been two or three times four years, and have been the longest where administration has been best and politics least partisan and corrupt. The average time of service of the more than 42,000 postmasters, whose terms are not fixed by law, has probably been about ten years, at least, if we exclude post offices established within that period."¹

Here, then, we are face to face with the difficulty (before stated) which confronted England, namely, to obtain good government, either the spoils system must be abolished, or some one party must be continued in power indefinitely.

The history of the last administration is illustrative, although it is too fresh in memory to need specific and detailed criticism. Suffice it to say that, in the change of parties, the efficiency of the civil service was greatly impaired by sweeping and causeless removals. The people were justly indignant at this needless disordering of public business, and the press was a chorus of complaint from the beginning of the presidential term to the end. It is the well-considered opinion of many that if President Cleveland had redeemed the promises he had so copiously made, he could not have failed of reelection in 1888. But it should not be forgotten that, in the event of his so doing, he might have failed of renomination. Under the spoils system politicians make presidential candidates, and they will not be balked twice in the same man. As it was, Mr. Cleveland crossed the creek, but could not ferry the river. Fearing that his record as an administrative officer would challenge defeat, he dexterously introduced a new issue into the canvass; but without avail. He was abandoned by enough advocates of the merit system in one State alone to

¹ Lalor's Cyclopædia, vol. iii. p. 904.

elect his opponent. The people demanded reform, and it is the onerous duty of the present administration to meet this demand. If it succeed in fulfilling public expectation, it must make capacity, integrity, fidelity, and experience the test of appointment; the lack of these qualities, the test of removal. "Rotation" is already discredited in business communities. It exists in theory only because it is infrequent in practice. A few successive trials of it will be a liberal education to all persons concerned.

But it is urged, with some patriotic fervor, that "our system abhors perpetuity;" that rotation is a fundamental principle of democracy; and that it is essential to the permanence of our institutions.

Whether a government, established for the common benefit of the whole people, "abhors" the "perpetuity" of anything that helps to secure that end is a question which perhaps even the way-faring man might answer, without invoking the aid of the casuist. But it is not relevant to the issue.

The government of the United States was formed as a protest against tyranny; that is, against the rule of unfit and irresponsible men. The fitness and responsibility of rulers were among the germinal ideas of the Constitution. Hereditary kingships and hereditary houses of legislation were abolished by that instrument. Merit, and not accident of birth, was to be the test of official preferment. Civil service reform embodies this ideal. It says that those officers of the executive department whose duties, being purely administrative and not legislative, are the same, whatever party is in power, shall be appointed from the whole people, solely on account of fitness; that they shall not be secured in place for any fixed term, be it short or long; and that their tenure shall depend upon their good behavior and efficiency. Obviously, this tenure, which means the instant decapitation of the unfit servant,

is a very different thing from life tenure, which means a vested interest in office.

Several facts prove conclusively that the founders of the republic took this view of the matter. In the first place, they fixed the term of no officer in the executive department except that of the President and the Vice-President. Secondly, they provided by express words in the Constitution that the judges of the Supreme Court and the inferior courts should hold their offices during good behavior. Thirdly, they applied this system to the civil administration at the very beginning of the government. The allegation, then, that a tenure of this character, which was an established usage for forty years, is radical, revolutionary, and subversive of "our system" may be leniently ascribed to the inaccurate tendencies of the florid and rhetorical mind.

Strange as it may appear to earnest but misguided vociferants, there has been no statutory change in the tenure of the great majority of inferior officers in the civil branch of the executive department. Custom, it is true, has wrought a decided change in that it has substituted a tenure of favoritism and partisanship; but no legal barrier to continuous service has been erected. An appointee under the spoils system may grow gray in the government service, provided always he can gain and retain the influence of some potent politician. Probably the advocates of rotation will not greatly object to this, if the incumbent belongs to "their side." Indeed, it is painful, as a commentary upon the perishable nature of political convictions, to observe how speedily the party in power becomes reconciled to that perpetuity in office which erstwhile was so abhorrent. It leaves it to the party which is out of power — those who are unbidden to the feast — to become "aghast" at the enormity of the thing. Did not the dominant party thus acquiesce periodically in a stable holding, the

doctrine of rotation would have vanished in disgrace long since.

As far back as 1835, Mr. Calhoun pointed out the distinction which is vital to a proper understanding of the rotation theory. In advocating the repeal of the four-year law, with the ablest men of the Senate, including Webster, Clay, Benton, and others, he said:—

“I will not undertake to inquire now whether the principle of rotation, as applied to the ordinary ministerial officers of a government, may not be favorable to popular and free institutions, when such officers are chosen by the people themselves. It certainly would have a tendency to cause those who desire office, when the choice is in the people, to seek their favor; but certain it is, that in a Government where the Chief Magistrate has the filling of vacancies, instead of the people, there will be an opposite tendency—to court the favor of him who has the disposal of offices—and this for the very reason that when the choice is in the people their favor is courted. If the latter has a popular tendency, it is no less certain that the former must a contrary one.”¹

If this reasoning suggests to zealous advocates of rotation the propriety of making the ministerial offices of the executive department elective, and thereby amenable to the people, another quotation—one from the great publicist, John Stuart Mill—may be permitted:—

“A most important principle of good government in a popular constitution is that no executive functionaries should be appointed by popular election, neither by the votes of the people themselves nor by those of their representatives. The entire business of government is skilled employment; the qualifications for the discharge of it are of that special and professional kind which cannot be properly judged of except by persons who have themselves some share of those qualifications, or some practical

experience of them. The business of finding the fittest persons to fill public employment—not merely selecting the best who offer, but looking out for the absolutely best, and taking note of all fit persons who are met with, that they may be found when wanted—is very laborious, and requires a delicate as well as highly conscientious discernment; and as there is no public duty which is in general so badly performed, so there is none for which it is of greater importance to enforce the utmost practicable amount of personal responsibility, by imposing it as a special obligation on high functionaries in the several departments. All subordinate public officers who are not appointed by some mode of public competition should be selected on the direct responsibility of the minister under whom they serve.”²

If, to suppose a case, the 57,000 postmasters in the United States were elected by the people, where would be the efficiency of the Post-Office Department? Instead of a coördinated whole, regulated by and responsible to a single head, there would be a multitude of independent units—a debating society. The Postmaster-General, denuded of all authority, would be a figure-head, an adviser, not a commander. Even if the power of removal were secured to him, he could not exercise it without affronting the judgment of the particular constituency that elected the displaced officer. Appeals from his decisions to the electoral bodies would be frequent, and would result in endless confusion. Under such circumstances an administrative system would be impossible. Blame for maladministration could not be fixed, and responsibility is vital to good government. “As a general rule, every executive function, whether superior or subordinate, should be the appointed duty of some given individual. It should be apparent to all the world who did everything, and through whose default

¹ Works, vol. ii. pp. 445-6.

² Rep. Gov., pp. 268-9.

anything was left undone. Responsibility is null when nobody knows who is responsible; nor, even when real, can it be divided without being weakened.”¹

Municipalities are beginning to lay this lesson to heart. Government by boards of aldermen and by councils, whose members are answerable, not to the whole city, but to separate districts, is a famous contrivance for ill doing and not doing. For these joint feasons there is no common court. But if authority were fused, it would be easier to mete out punishment. A mayor elected by the whole community, and endowed with the power of appointing boards of public works, would receive the full meed of praise or blame. Charged with malfeasance, he could not, Adam-like, lay it on the woman. Solely responsible, he would present a conspicuous figure for public sacrifice. Complexity is the weakness of popular government; simplicity is its genius. The mass move slowly, and it is the height of unwisdom to distract their attention from one to many by diffusing responsibility. This reasoning applies to all administrative government, whether local or national. It tells strongly against the four-year law, which divides between the President and the Senate the responsibility of appointing the higher administrative officers of the United States. This law, which is the exemplar of rotation, increases the power of the President by compelling a new appointment every four years. It also decreases his responsibility. To use the words of Webster, “the law itself vacates the office, and gives the means of rewarding a friend without the exercise of the power of removal at all.”² If the friend thus appointed is incompetent, unfaithful, or dishonest, the President can plead, in extenuation, that the Senate coöperated with him in the selection of the officer.

But the Senators themselves escape individual censure, because all confirmations occur in secret session. It was said in defense of this cumbrous method of choice that the Senate, in acting upon a nomination by the President, would look solely to the fitness of the candidate, and that “its advice and consent” would be disinterested. Experience refutes this. In many instances, nominations are ratified, not because the nominees are fit, but because their names have been suggested by the very Senators who pass upon them. In other instances, the power of “senatorial courtesy” is invoked, and nominations are rejected because the nominees are personally objectionable to the Senators of some particular State. Division of responsibility here means division of spoil.

The first four-year law (passed in 1820) was the herald of the patronage system. “The bill was retroactive, and it made official terms expire upon the eve of the presidential election.” It was drawn by Mr. Crawford, who expected to be, and was, a candidate for the presidency in 1824.

“The avowed reason, or rather the apology, for the new policy was that it would remove unworthy officers; the speciousness of which appears in the facts that the tenures of all in office, worthy and unworthy alike, were, without inquiry, severed absolutely; and nothing but official pleasure was to protect the most meritorious in the future. There was no showing of delinquencies; no charge that the President could not or would not remove unworthy officials; not a word of discussion, not a record of votes, on this revolutionary bill!”³

In the lapse of time the provisions of the bill were extended. With the downfall of the congressional caucus the initiative in the nomination of Presidents passed to the country at large. Thus it

¹ Rep. Gov., p. 262.

² The Appointing and Removing Power, U. S. Senate, February 16, 1835.

³ D. B. Eaton, Lalor's Cyclopædia, vol. iii. p. 900.

happened that "workers" were needed in every quarter to advance the interests of candidates, and these men must be paid. But how? To abolish tenure on good behavior and to legislate incumbents out of office every four years was an easy and admirable expedient. This was done in the case of postmasters drawing a salary of a thousand dollars per annum, or more, and of some others, and the law now covers nearly all the high-salaried officials on the civil list. The Pendleton Act affects only their subordinates; and our administrative system to-day presents the anomaly of filling certain inferior offices by the test of merit, and of jobbing out the superior offices as political rewards. If the civil service act is to be honestly enforced, the four-year law must be repealed. Postmasters, collectors, heads of divisions and bureaus, who are themselves the creatures of favoritism, and who are daily beset by "workers" clamoring for office, cannot be expected to look kindly upon a law which is a reproach to their own existence, and which denies them the power to pay the men who have made them what they are. Another consideration is, the highest positions demand the largest capacity and the longest experience. But the four-year law makes the supply smallest where the demand is greatest. Again, to subject subordinates to ignorant and incapable superiors is to demoralize the service. The lower should look upward, not the higher downward.

It may be admitted that there is a deep-rooted popular objection to the repeal of the four-year law, and the reason is plain. Federal offices have been used so long as party spoils, and have been so much the subject of contention, that the people have come to regard them as not less important than legislative offices, and to look with as grave distrust upon permanent tenure in the one as in the other. This mistake is not unnatural. These offices are filled

by prominent politicians, who, by reason of their election work, have become obnoxious to many of the community. To keep such factious persons in place permanently seems to the public the greatest kind of an evil. But the repeal of the four-year law will not perpetuate this evil; it will abolish it. It will bring into office a different class of men, who will be little in the public eye, and whose energies will be devoted to the public, and not to party interests.

So much for the doctrine of rotation, seriously and tenderly considered. Stripped of its pretensions and misleading verbiage, it means, not the purification of the civil service, but the displacement of one horde of office-seekers by another. It is the cry of foray, not the watchword of reform. It is an excuse, not a reason. It is the sign and symbol of a predatory raid, the rallying banner of landless resolute enlisted to an enterprise that hath a stomach in it. Looked at in any way, rotation is a perpetual recurring menace to the stability of our government. It is the prop of a falling party and the instrument of fraud. It is a constant temptation to politicians to use public salaries as a fund with which to pay private debts, thus compelling the people to furnish the means for their own corruption and to defeat their own will. It wrecks the lives of tens of thousands of young men by offering, as a bait to cupidity, high wages which outbid the market. It makes idle expectants of the industrious, starves the few it feeds, and lures the mass to vagrancy. It subverts the true ideal of office, transforming public servants into private henchmen, and partisans into camp followers. It degrades skilled labor, and makes the government an almshouse. It breeds parasites, markets citizenship, and suborns public opinion. To sum up, it makes of administration a chaos, of politics a trade, and of principle an interest. Rotation is not an "essential element to secure the perpetuity of free institutions."

Oliver T. Morton.

ROD'S SALVATION.

IN TWO PARTS. PART ONE.

I.

"WELL, she ain't shipped for it yet, I reckon," said Captain Case, with a touch of irony, as he removed the pipe from his mouth and leaned back in his stiff chair.

The tobacco smoke was thick in the low room, and unpracticed eyes might not readily have discerned the owner of a voice which came in response from the further corner; but there was no such doubt in the minds of the few silent listeners who sat gravely about, one tipped back against the window-casing, two others leaning on the deal table. They recognized Captain Small.

"Well, no," said the voice, "I don't know as she's shipped for it, and I don't say as she's goin' to; but I do say that she may sign the papers pretty blame quick some mornin', and then before she knows it she's out o' sight o' land. That's the way with women, — all of 'em."

No one contradicted this statement, and there was a moment's pause in the conversation. The two men by the table shifted the position of their arms, and glanced at each other and at the man in the tipped-back chair, not restlessly, but signifying a readiness to hear further testimony. The pause was due merely to the necessity on Captain Case's part for expectation.

"Well," he said again, "you can take my affydativ for it, she stays alongshore as long as that cranky brother of hers does, — that's all."

The listeners had no idea of its being all; they knew Captain Small was not a man easy to worst in an argument, and there was plenty of time before them; it was yet early in the autumn evening.

But as Captain Small prepared to give the expected reply, there was a heavy step just outside, a rattling at the latch, and as the door swung open, admitting a breath of the salt, fresh breeze from without, there stepped into the room the sort of man with whom a whiff of salt air seems the natural accompaniment. He was a tall, fine-looking, gray-haired old sailor, with regular features and an expression of sturdy good-nature very pleasant to see.

"Good-evenin'," he said, as he pushed the door behind him, which closed with something of a bang.

"Good-evenin', Cap'n Wheelock." "How are you, cap'n?" "Good-evenin'," came the various greetings, in genuine welcome.

"It's getting thick outside," remarked Captain Wheelock, moving a chair forward, and sitting down in it.

"Draw up to the stove," urged Captain Case hospitably.

"No stove for me at my age," replied the old man. "It's all well enough for you boys to get in out of the weather."

"Glad to see you at the Club, cap'n," said one of the men at the table, with a smile and a nod. "You don't get down as often as you used to."

"That's a fact, — that's a fact," answered Captain Wheelock genially. "I don't cruise round evenings as much as I did."

"There ain't as much to talk about nowadays," suggested Captain Case, with an elaborate wink addressed to the company in general. "Whalin' ain't what it was."

Captain Wheelock joined in the good-humored laugh at his expense.

"Well, no, it ain't," he affirmed regretfully; "really it ain't."

Then there fell a silence upon the company. The old whaling captain's entrance had been an interruption, albeit no unwelcome one, and there was felt a certain delicacy about taking up the thread of conversation just where it had been broken off. The pause, however, was by no means one of embarrassment or awkwardness. It was very seldom that either of these annoyed society in Seacove. The most polished of social ornaments might well envy the charm found here, in a genuineness and simplicity which was never disturbed because it never dreamed of inequality, and withal an absence of provincial narrowness which comes from the necessarily wide experience of those who go down to the sea in ships.

The men smoked; the dim kerosene lamp flickered and grew dimmer in the clouded room. It was a lamp plucky as most, but it had a good deal against its success in life this evening. The windows rattled now and then, and from outside came the intermittent soft rush of the surf on the sandy beach. Captain Small, with a grave deliberateness which intimated to the room generally that he saw no reason for not going on with the discussion, broke the silence.

"We were talking, Cap'n Wheelock," he said, "as you came in, about your granddaughter there."

"Were you, now?" said the old man, with friendly interest. It was no unusual thing to discuss here the personal affairs of the Club members. It was rather flattering than otherwise, within certain bounds, which were never transgressed by the courtesy of Seacove. "Fayal's a good girl," he added, with the certainty of a friendly response.

"There's nobody here said anything against that, cap'n," and a man who had not spoken before shook the ashes out of his pipe, and looked about with a little air of defiance, as though he had added, "And I'd like to see the land lubber who'd dare say it, too." No one felt

himself aggrieved by this attitude of Captain Sash. In the first place, their consciences were clear; and, in the next, Captain Sash's defiances were well understood. He was a small, sandy-haired man, with the proverbial anchor tattooed on his left forearm, a deficiency of reliable teeth, and the best heart in the world. His was not the mould to inspire uneasiness, and so much the better for it, but he looked upon himself as a figure of systematic aggression.

"And not so much about her, either," went on Captain Small, after various nods expressive of entire assent on the part of the company to the previous statements, "as about that young Farnor that's anchored here for the last two months, and that's always round after Fayal."

"I don't know as he's after her," said Captain Wheelock slowly, while an anxious expression crossed his rugged face.

"Well, we don't think he'll make much headway," struck in Captain Case, "as long as she keeps so close alongside of Rod."

"That's a fact," and Captain Wheelock's face brightened again. "I guess you're right, cap'n. There ain't room for any other vessel in *that* port."

"It's a queer thing," said Captain Small meditatively, "the kind of thing women tie up to."

Captain Small was credited with even more than the sailor's usual devotion to the fair sex,—a circumstance which imparted a shade of melancholy to his general observations thereupon, and caused them to be listened to with great respect. "So it is, cap'n, so it is," assented Captain Sash.

"No, I don't know as Rod is worth it," asserted Captain Wheelock, shaking his head. "Fayal's a good girl, and I don't say Rod's worth it."

It was not the first time that Rod's misdemeanors had brought his name into this intimate and sympathetic circle.

"What's he doing now, Cap'n Whee-

lock?" asked one of the more silent men, with respectful interest.

"Nothing," answered Captain Wheelock gloomily, "nothing, — or else mischief."

The darkness in the room threatened to become impenetrable. The stove door was bright enough, to be sure, but the lamp let its discouragement be seen and began to smoke. Captain Trent set his chair noisily on four legs, and turned up the wick. The increased illumination suggested a change in the tone of conversation, which was growing depressed.

"That Farnor, — where does he come from?" asked Captain Small.

"He's of Seacove extract," answered Captain Case. "His grandmother was a Wheelock, kind of third or fourth cousin of the cap'n's, and she married a nothing that came down here from the inland, and went away with him. This is the first one of the tribe that's come back. Ain't that so, cap'n?"

"That's so."

"And he might as well have stayed away, according to my reckoning," went on Captain Case.

"That's a fact," assented Captain Wheelock for the second time. Then he roused himself from what threatened to be a fit of abstraction. "What that boy needs," he went on with decision, and a glance around him whose little touch of self-consciousness showed that he anticipated the verdict of his audience, "is a whalin' voyage." He paused, as one who could bring forward corroborative evidence if demanded by the situation, but who forbore to force an opening for it. This opening was instantly afforded by the good breeding of the company.

"Guess you're about right, cap'n," said Captain Trent. "That'll take the stiffenin' out of 'most anybody."

"Well, I guess it will," said the captain, while his eyes sparkled, and he leaned forward and knocked his pipe on the table edge. But he waited still for the stimulus of further interest.

"The kind of weather you have up there don't suit land lubbers," remarked Captain Small.

"Weather!" Captain Wheelock exclaimed. "A man that's been round Cape Horn three times don't have much to say about the weather. When I" — The auditors settled back in their chairs; the lamp flickered, the atmosphere grew more stifling, the sound of the waves on the beach deeper, but the little circle within were in the northern seas with harpoon and grappling-iron.

It was an hour later that Captain Trent, carelessly glancing out of the window at his right, saw approaching swiftly a bright spot on the thick darkness. He said nothing, however, but watched it as he listened, and in a few moments the light of the lantern flashed through the low window, a light step sounded on the doorstep, then a subdued swish of a skirt against the door itself, and a sharp, quick knock on the panels. There was a scraping of chairs. Captain Wheelock suspended his narration, and Captain Case called out, "Come in!"

The door swung back, and in the dark opening, illuminated only by the upward flash of the lantern in her hand, stood a young girl. Even the feeble light of the lamp blinded her, after the cool, soft darkness without, and she paused a moment, a smile on her lips, peering uncertainly into the smoky room. Her short, plain skirt was dull blue, and her blouse waist was like it, with a deep white sailor collar, out of which her graceful throat and head rose like a flower. Her dark hair was twisted into a thick, close knot behind, and she wore a small red cap pulled down almost to her ears. A few dark locks fell over her forehead, under which her starlike eyes looked out brilliantly and fearlessly. Her small nose and charming, smiling mouth made up a singularly beautiful face.

"Good-evenin', Miss Fayal. Come

in! Come in!" rose the chorus, with a hospitable waving of pipes.

"Well, Fay, I guess you've come after me," supplemented Captain Wheelock, with a somewhat shamefaced abandonment of his rôle of narrator.

"Good-evening," said Fayal, stepping into the room, with a laughing nod to the whole group. "Well, grandpa, I guess I have come after you," and she went over to the old man, and laid her hand on his shoulder. There was an absolute unconsciousness of her beauty in her manner, and yet a full, friendly appreciation of the admiring and affectionate glances of the half dozen weather-beaten old sailors that was charming.

"It's time you were home, you know it is. No wonder you looked put by when I came in. Now I know what you were saying," and she looked slowly around the group, who grinned in assenting enjoyment. "Yes, I know, and there's no use in denying it. You were saying, just as I came in, that you did n't believe there was anybody could kill a whale quicker than you could."

The grin deepened into a loud laugh of confirmation, joined in by the old captain with some deprecation.

"Oh, I know you, you old whaler," repeated the girl, nodding and swinging the lantern. "Come along home."

Captain Wheelock rose, and in a minute the two, with a gay "Good-night" from Fayal, left the murky atmosphere of good-fellowship, and stepped out into the damp darkness, lightened by the twinkling lantern and penetrated by the sound of the waves below.

The usual silence of people who are in no haste to express what is in the minds of all followed their exit. Then Captain Sash remarked, "Well, I guess she ain't off her soundings *yet*," and looked defiantly around for somebody to contradict him. Nobody did. Even Captain Small's pessimistic views of the attendant difficulties of woman's career were modified by the vision of the young,

beautiful, and courageous creature who had just left them.

II.

It was perhaps twenty minutes later. The conversation had been renewed upon subjects dear to seafaring men. There was another rapid tread outside, the door opened abruptly for the third time, and a young man stepped into the room, whose quick glance had taken in all the occupants before he responded to their deliberate nods of recognition. He was a heavily built fellow, rather good looking in a not particularly attractive way, with overhanging eyebrows, beneath which his eyes looked watchfully forth to see what people were thinking of him. His was a not unintelligent face, though far from intellectual. His manner, gait, and voice were permeated by a sense of his own importance, which restrained within bounds what might otherwise have been a turbulent nature. His passions, naturally strong and tenacious, could be wrought upon only through this medium of self-consideration, which, without concealing their existence from even indifferent observers, usually withheld them from reaching active demonstration or real depth. Yet this armor of Farnor's was not proof against his own carking doubt of the entire success of the impression he made upon others, by which suggestion perfect self-satisfaction is untroubled.

"Come for your mail, Mr. Farnor?" asked Captain Sash. It was noteworthy that no one suspected him of having come for the social advantages of the place.

"Yes, captain," answered the young man, with an attempt at ease and familiarity. "Anybody brought it over?"

"Here you are," and Captain Sash shoved towards him a small pile of letters lying on the table. "Went over myself to-night."

Farnor picked up the pile, and ran them through, laying aside one or two addressed to himself. This was the usual mode of mail distribution at Seacove. The men sat around, smoking silently and watching him.

"Don't see any that belong up my way, or I'd take them along, too," he said, laying down the last letter and picking up his hat.

"Most of 'em been in. Cap'n Wheelock was the last."

Farnor looked quickly at the speaker, and then, with something of an effort, asked carelessly, "So the cap'n's been down this evening, has he?"

"Yes. Left about half an hour ago." There was a pause, somewhat oppressive to Farnor, who kicked the table leg with assumed carelessness. "Him and Fayal," concluded Captain Trent.

"Yes," supplemented Captain Sash. "She came down and towed him home," and he glanced around to see if anybody had anything to say against that.

"Ah, yes?" murmured Farnor interrogatively. "Well, what are the prospects for codfishing, cap'n?"

"Get out to-morrow or next day," was the reply, "if it don't blow too hard."

"I'd like to get a chance to go out with you, some time."

"Plenty of chances before the fishing's over, I guess," was the not too cordial statement.

"Well," and Farnor opened the door, "I'll say good-evening, gentlemen."

"Good-night," answered the two men upon whom generally devolved those social duties of Seacove that no one else cared to attend to.

It struck Farnor that there was more cordiality in their parting salutation than had been in their greeting; and though this was not a reflection that affected his self-esteem, it was something very like an oath that passed his lips as he stepped from the threshold and strode away into the darkness.

Meanwhile, Fayal and her grandfather were walking slowly along the uneven road towards home. They passed through several of the little ten-foot-wide streets, on each side of which the small houses of the fishermen clustered and smiled at each other, and made their way to the Wheelock cottage, which stood a little apart from the rest, at the head of a lane. In one place a foot-bridge across a deep gully was broken down, and they had to descend and ascend the steep banks on either side; no easy matter, in the darkness, with the loose dirt and rolling stones. But Fayal's foot was as sure as a deer's, and to the old man the way was as familiar as his own sitting-room floor; while the swinging lantern gave the necessary assistance at critical points. Here and there gleamed through the curtainless windows the ray of a lamp right across the narrow footpath, and twice they met a wayfarer, like themselves, whose lantern warned them of his approach, and with whom they exchanged a good-evening. Always in their ears was the tumbling of waves on the beach, just beyond the line of tiny houses which ran along the edge of the steep sand bluff on their right; and above the darkness of land and water were wind-driven mists, and above the mists were the half-veiled stars.

"Why did n't Rod come with you, for company?" asked Captain Wheelock.

"Oh, Rod was studying," answered Fayal quickly, turning on her heel towards her grandfather, whom she was preceding, and walking backwards, as she spoke, over the short green turf which was now under their feet. "He wanted to come with me, but I would n't let him. I thought he'd much better stay where he was."

"Yes, if he was studying, I should think he had."

Fayal was quick to perceive the critical implication.

"Now, grandpa, you know Miss

Round says that there's no one can get ahead of Rod Grant when he wants to study. And who wants a boy to study during the day? You would n't yourself."

"No," admitted Captain Wheelock. He did not add that there certainly was little danger of such a mistake. He knew his granddaughter's line of argumentative reply by this time.

"I thought perhaps Farnor would have come along with you, if Rod did n't," he resumed.

Fayal turned indifferently on her heel again, and went forward, swinging her lantern, while she answered in a voice out of which all the interest had gone:

"I guess he thought so, too. He asked me if he could come. There was n't much use in saying I did n't want him, so I told him to wait for me at Rose Lane, and I came round by Sash Corner. I guess he's there now. Any way, he has n't sighted as yet," and Fayal laughed aloud.

"Well, I don't know as I'd play those sort of tricks with Farnor," said Captain Wheelock a little uneasily. "He does n't seem just the right kind."

"Why, grandpa!" and Fayal swung round again. "I guess you don't want me to be *afraid* of Dan Farnor!"

"Well, no, I guess I don't," said the captain apologetically, as they turned one of the many little corners of the toy village, and found themselves facing the old white house which was home for both. The door opened, and in the doorway stood a charmingly pretty old woman.

"I sighted your lantern when you turned into the lane," said she, as they went in. "Seems to me you took the long way round."

"And what if we did, grandma?" said Fayal, who, depositing the lantern in the corner, put her arm about the old woman and drew her into the sitting-room, which opened directly from the little square place of entrance which

could not be called a hall. "I guess you did n't worry about us much, did you?"

"Worry! Land, what'd I worry about?" said her grandmother, sitting down, and picking up her four steel needles and the dependent stocking. "I never was much of a whittle."

"Where's Rod?" asked Fayal, with a quick glance about the room.

"Gone to fetch some wood; the fire's getting kind o' low."

"Oh!" and Fayal tossed off her red cap, and dropped into a rather uncompromising rocking-chair. But it might have been a divan of Oriental luxury, so graceful were the curves of her figure and so suggestive of indolent comfort, as she threw one arm over her head, and looked, smiling, from one to the other of the old couple. Mrs. Wheelock's hair was snow-white, and, parted in the middle, was decorously smoothed back and wound in a knot behind. Her eyes were blue, with that vivid color which we associate usually with youth alone. Her features were regular, and her smile was childishly sweet. The old sea-captain's eyes dwelt upon her with loving satisfaction. He felt he had been away some time, and he was glad to see her again.

"Well?" said she, looking up to meet his eyes with a little nod and smile. It was as pretty as if they had been eighteen and twenty.

"No," said the captain, smiling too. "You were n't ever anything of a whittle; not even in the winters when I was off after whales."

"Oh, *whales*!" said Mrs. Wheelock, with a little toss of mock contempt. Captain Wheelock enjoyed the contempt immensely.

"She used to write me letters," he said to Fayal, with a nod. "She can write a mighty good letter. Used to be a school-marm, you know."

Just then the door opened, and a boy of eighteen came in with an armful of wood. Fayal sprang to her feet, and,

with a smile of pleasure playing about her lips, which dimpled into a laugh at his overloaded appearance, helped him deposit the wood on the hearth.

"Hullo, Fayal; got back, have you?" was the boyish greeting. "Well, grandpa, how was the Club to-night? Did you spin 'em a yarn that knocked Cap'n Sash out of sight?"

"Of course he did," answered Fayal for him; "and he'd have been spinning 'em yet, if I had n't brought him home."

Fayal had resumed her seat, but her eyes dwelt upon her brother, who tossed a knot of wood into the stove, slammed the iron door, picked up a book, and threw himself on the stiff sofa under the mantelpiece, as if everything he did was of absorbing interest. He was a very handsome boy, and looked much like his sister; but his face lacked the spirit and will that intensified hers, and the coloring was quite different. The eyes, with their long lashes, were blue, like his grandmother's; the mouth was sensitive and willful; and his manner conveyed a hint of constant restlessness, which might develop into activity, and might prove something less desirable. He was sure to find women to condone his offenses, whatever they might be; that much might be easily read in a certain appealing look in his blue eyes, and a general air of irresponsible charm. That he had not hitherto won golden opinions from his own sex was undoubtedly the unfortunate effect of their stormy lives, which unfitted them for the enjoyment of the less sturdy graces.

III.

The next day, Fayal stood on the doorsill, looking out over the intense glittering blue of the sea. Just below her was Rod, and her arm rested on his shoulder. It was a brilliant day. The air at Seacove was remarkably clear;

there was none of that distant haze which so often shadows the outlines about a place by the sea. Every low building rose clear and sharp against the sky, and beyond the village stretched the sweep of flat land, clothed in smoky browns and smouldering reds, to the very horizon line; while on the other side expanded

"the great opaque
Blue breadth of sea, without a break."

"It's just the day for it," said Fayal positively. "I'm sure it's quite cold enough."

"They went earlier than this, last year," said Rod, "and got a good haul."

Down the lane came a fine-looking woman, with a shawl tied over her head.

"Good-morning, Mrs. Trent!" called out Fayal. "Are they going codfishing to-day?"

"Morning, Fayal. They're going at eleven o'clock. I just stopped in at Peter Sash's to tell him James thought they might as well try their luck. I told James I'd bet a shad they would n't get a fish, and he said it was the first time he ever knew a Seacove woman bet awn anything but a certainty. All the same, I'm reckoning awn fried cod for my supper."

Mrs. Trent was leaning on the palings of the trifling fence, which seemed intended more to keep the house from coming into the road than from encroachments the other way, so close it stood to the low windows. Mrs. Trent had plenty of time this morning; no one was ever in much of a hurry at Seacove.

"Who's going?" asked Rod eagerly.

"Only two boats, Rawd," answered Mrs. Trent. (This elongation of the letter *o* was characteristic of the place.) "Peter Sash and James in one, and Abel Small and John Mason in the other."

"Good-day, Mary Jane Trent," said Mrs. Wheelock, behind Fayal. Her little shawl was crossed on her breast; she wore a fresh white cap, and the soft

plump outlines of her old face were tinted like a girl's. "So they're going out to-day, are they?"

"Yes, Mrs. Wheelock, they're going to see if the fish have come up yet. Where's the captain? He ought to go and launch 'em."

"He's cruisin' round," answered the old lady placidly. "I guess he'll be down about the time they start."

Fayal and Rod had dashed into the house for their caps, and were now on their way to the beach, where already a little group of men stood about two heavy row-boats.

"There's Cap'n Small now," said Rod, as they drew near, "and Cap'n Trent's with him."

The men who were to go were clad in oilskin suits, and were packing now a spear and now a coil of rope in their several boats, and answering the questions and the chaff of the bystanders. Two or three women stood about, with housewifely foresight, engaging a share of the possible spoil. As Fayal and Rod drew near, a figure separated itself from the group and approached them. Fayal nodded indifferently, but Rod called out, "Hullo, Dan! Don't you wish we were going too?"

"Not to-day. What's the fun of it, any way? Beastly hard work, and no fish, probably," answered Dan Farnor, shrugging his shoulders.

Rod looked at him with some admiration; he envied the knowledge of larger excitements that made the stranger so indifferent to Seacove episodes, but at present could not imitate it, and rushed down to the boats, leaving Farnor with his sister.

"That was a nice trick you played me last night, Miss Fayal," said Farnor, stopping short and looking into the girl's face.

Fayal stopped, too, and met his glance fearlessly, though at first in some bewilderment. In the interest of the moment she had forgotten all about the incident

of the evening before. Then she broke into a laugh, long and merry, which made the young man's cheek flush deeper with anger.

"You cruised round considerable before you gave it up, did n't you?" she laughed.

"Never mind," he replied shortly. "I'll pay you up for your tricks yet."

"Did you go into the Club?" she questioned, with renewed amusement. "If you did, I know you hung yourself, — they'd all be sure to know you came after me."

"They did n't know anything of the sort."

They had walked on again, but though they were quite near the men and the boat their voices were inaudible, for the sound of the beating surf.

"But, Fayal, why do you treat me so?" said the man, in another tone. "You know I love you; why don't you act like any other girl?" There was real passion in his voice, but he kept a close guard on his eyes and manner, that the people near might know nothing of what was going on.

"I don't know much how other girls act," said Fayal coolly. "You know I never cared much for other girls. I had Rod," and she looked up as if sure of sympathy in this her great love.

"And how when Rod begins to care for other girls?" said Farnor, with a sneer.

Fayal's face grew grave suddenly, then brightened again.

"Oh, pshaw!" she answered, "he won't. In the first place, there are not any girls here he would like as much as me, any way."

"And you, — do you mean to say you never expect to care for any man as much as you do for Rod?" exclaimed Farnor, angry at this persistent obtuseness.

"Care as much as I do for Rod!" cried Fayal. "Oh, go along!" and she laughed in sheer amusement at the ques-

tion. "I guess you know you're not talking sense now. Come on. They're going to launch her."

The other two salts had arrived while they were talking, and Fayal danced down to the group, followed by Farnor, trying to conceal his chagrin under his usual air of self-importance. The men were dragging one boat to the water's edge. The waves were boisterous, and it seemed to a novice a hazardous undertaking to launch her in the midst of them.

"Good luck, cap'n!" said Fayal, laying her hand in that of Captain Trent, who stood nearest to her. Captain Trent grasped it heartily and shook it, his brawny arm bared above the elbow, with a singularly nice thing in the way of an anchor and lover's knot showing in fine relief. Mary Jane could have told a tale of Captain Trent's devotion to sentiment as therein indicated.

"Good luck to all of you!" and she stood back, as one of the heavy men clambered into the bow and picked up the oars, while the other, assisted by friendly hands, pushed the boat down into the ripple of the receding wave, and waited with practiced eye for the right moment for the final shove. It came at last, and with a cheer from those on shore the craft rode out over the crests of the breakers, with the two men pulling hard at the oars. Fayal's eyes were shining, and she held her breath and clasped her hands in excitement. It was not without its romantic side, this matter-of-fact expedition for cod-fish, and she was susceptible to shades of emotion.

"Well, now," said Mary Jane Trent, at her side, with what passed for enthusiasm at Seacove, "I do like to see 'em go out like that awn the tawp of the waves, don't you?"

"Yes, I do," said Fayal.

They stood and watched the launching of the other boat, which followed immediately, and then the group dispersed;

only a few, including Fayal, waiting to see the fishermen become dots on the blue expanse of the ocean. The year's work had begun. Farnor waited because Fayal did, and turned to walk away with her at last.

"You may as well listen to me, Fayal," he said, an obstinate look settling down about his eyes. "I shall tell you every day that I love you. There's no use trying to turn me off."

"I don't know as I'm trying very hard to turn you off," said Fayal easily.

"Yes, you are," retorted Farnor. "You are always trying it in one way or another, and, by George! I don't know how I stand it from you! Other girls have n't behaved so with me, I can tell you."

"Why don't you go after one of them, then?" inquired Fayal, with a lack of active interest that must have been trying.

"Because I don't want any of them!" he answered angrily. "Because it's you that I want. But I don't know how long you expect a man to hang around waiting for you, and making himself the laughing-stock of these old coves around here for proposing to you."

"Oh, I've kept it private as murder," said Fayal, with some scorn. She was not experienced, but she felt the egotism of the man as keenly as a more subtle analyzer would have done.

"It is n't that I care about," asserted Farnor hastily and untruthfully, "but it's all-fired hard on a man who is in love with you."

Fayal looked over her shoulder, and then paused. Farnor paused, too, looking into her eyes for a gleam of encouragement. His was an honest passion; it only felt the limitations of his character.

"There he comes, poor boy!" said Fayal, in a tender tone. "He wanted to go with them."

"Who are you talking about?" said Farnor roughly.

"Rod," answered Fayal.

"Damn him!" came from the man's white lips.

Fayal looked at him a moment with eyes flashing anger; then turned, and, leaving him, went back to meet her brother. Farnor's eyes followed her a moment, and then he too went on, with an ugly look about the corners of his mouth.

IV.

It was two weeks after, in the early evening, that Fayal came again into the sitting-room from out-of-doors, and asked, as she had done that other time, with a quick glance about, —

"Where's Rod?"

This time, however, there was more anxiety in her tone; her eyes, too, were anxious, as she looked at her grandmother, waiting her answer, before she tossed down the cap she held in her hand, and took her usual seat in the stiff rocking-chair.

"Well, Dan Farnor came for him just after you went out," answered Mrs. Wheelock placidly, as usual. "I guess they're cruisin' round somewhere."

Fayal seated herself wearily, and said nothing.

"I wish he'd shipped with another mate," remarked the captain.

"Now, you let Rod alone," said Mrs. Wheelock, with a little nod of autocratic decision.

Captain Wheelock smiled broadly. He thought her charming. "I have n't said anything about Rod," he protested. "Have I, Fay?"

"No, grandpa," answered Fayal absently. "You are always very good." It was almost admitting that he might have found something to say. She was absent indeed.

"And why should n't he be?" inquired Mrs. Wheelock. "Why should n't he be, I'd like to know?"

It was easy to see that the tones of

her soft old voice were intended to signify excitement.

"Who'd he be good to if not his own daughter's children? I'd like to see him anything but good to 'em! A great rough sea-captain like him!" and she nodded tremendously, and looked at him with a scorn which convulsed the delighted captain. "If he behaved here as he did on board ship, he'd see! I'd manage him!"

"You'd set me adrift entirely, would n't you, now?" asked the captain, with an air of recognizing harsh facts. "Well, you see, I'm careful, — I'm careful. I know her," he added to Fayal. "We've been married sixty-one years, — kind o' got the run of each other."

Usually Fayal delighted in the coquetting of her grandfather and grandmother, but this evening she could hardly smile in response to the appeals made to her. It was a relief when, at the usual early hour for retirement, they left her alone in the sitting-room by the smouldering fire to wait for Rod. Into her eyes, as she waited, came two slow tears, — those eyes which, until the last ten days, had never looked upon life as anything which brings burdens, in the bearing of which hearts are bowed down and willing steps are made to falter, but rather as a practically limitless opportunity for the enjoyment of sun, health, and affection. To speak nearer the truth, she had never looked upon life at all; she had lived. These two tears were all she shed then; it was not the way of the Seacove women to cry very much over their misfortunes. Nor were these tears of protest or of helpless grief; they were rather a tribute to the loneliness of the present position. She who almost never in her whole life had spent a half-hour alone; she who, many and many an evening, had watched the fire die out, with Rod's curly head close beside her, while they talked of the delightful things they were doing every day, and the brilliant things they would

do some time together; she was sitting alone, while the old clock ticked away one hour, and then another, — alone and lonely, while Rod — Rod was — where? She knew well enough; and a little frown drew together the beautifully penciled eyebrows. Down at the Resort, playing cards with Farnor. No such respectable meeting-place was the Resort as the Club, where Fayal could break in, and, laughing, carry home her brother or her grandfather, as the case might be. Neither would it fairly be considered a den of iniquity. It was the place where the young men of Seacove, not yet fitted by experience or consideration for the solemn conclave of the Club, met to while away the many idle hours of life in a fishing-village, cut off for so much of the year from any active intercourse with the outside world. Whether or not it might have remained a place of entirely innocent amusement must be left to experts in original sin; but, unfortunately, there was not wanting the spirit of temptation existing outside the souls of the younger members. The black sheep of the older population, shut out by social lines from the respectable atmosphere of the Club, or finding there a lack of necessary excitement; strangers, young and old, who, like Dan Farnor, drifted into the village, bearing with them the aroma of metropolitan dissipation, — these and other influences, together with the harum-scarum element existing in any community, made the Resort a place strongly disapproved of by conservative Seacove. Hitherto, Rod had not shown the slightest inclination for the place, and even now his occasional presence there would not perhaps have caused Fayal overweening anxiety; for, with the optimistic philosophy of Seacove in general, and her own youth and temperament in particular, she would not have expected her Rod to imbibe any great harm while under her watchful guardianship.

But to-night she heard again Dan Farnor.

nor's words, and saw again the sulky fire in his eyes, when he had last met and spoken to her in the village street; words and look had haunted her, in spite of herself. It was the day after the fishing-boat episode. She was dodging the little irregular houses, on her way to Julia Sash's for some yeast, when, around the corner of one of them, Farnor came towards her. Most of the doorways of Seacove bore the semblance of one or more wonders of the sea perched above them, striking the beholder with a new awe of the possible contents of the gay, glittering element from which such things could be brought as trophies. A special favorite of Fayal's was that over Captain Small's, — a mermaid, of course; such an admirer of the sex could do no less than patronize a mermaid; but it would be a most susceptible mariner who would suffer himself to be decoyed by this wooden representative of siren fascination. She was plain of feature and deficient in outline, but her red waist, suggestive of firemen and a readiness to connect a hose with her native element, was startling of hue, and her green skirt tapered with delicate discrimination and appropriateness of color into a somewhat vague fish's tail. In order that there might be lacking no charm to endear her to the patriot, she bore under one arm the shield of the United States. Her face was turned towards the ocean, and Fayal fancied her longing to ride again at the head of a gallant whaling-ship and greet her companion Lorelei upon the distant rocks. Fayal was pleasing herself with this fancy, and did not see Farnor until he was close in front of her.

"I have something to say to you, Miss Fayal," he said.

"You generally do have," was the nonchalant reply.

"I have to warn you this time."

"To warn me!"

"Yes. You think you won't mind, but you will. It seems that no man can

reach you except through your brother Rod; that no man can make you think of him without you think of *him* first. Very well. You shall think of me when you think of Rod! You won't be able to think of him without thinking of me! The next time I tell you that I love you, you'll listen to me. That's all I've got to say to you, Miss Fayal," and he passed on.

He had spoken so rapidly that Fayal could only look and listen, but her look was so fearless that it angered the man more.

"Well, you've laid your course, have n't you?" she called after him indifferently, undismayed by his vehemence, and nodded at the mermaid sympathetically as she went on.

But since that time dismay had grown upon her, nevertheless, though she did not call it by its name. Day after day had seen Rod in the company of Dan Farnor. Evening after evening he had wandered off, now and again to bring up at the Resort. He had been out fishing once or twice, but had come back without his usual enthusiasm. To-night Fayal acknowledged that Farnor had spoken the truth to her that morning. Since then she had hardly thought of Rod that she had not been forced to think of Farnor too; in a shadowy, unacknowledged way, to be sure, like an unimportant guest in the presence of the heart's idol, but there nevertheless. It did not make him the chief figure through angry, indignant, scornful thought of him, as it would have done with some women. This was, perhaps, what he had hoped for; for Farnor fancied himself versed in women's books, and knew that hatred is not too far off from love, both being in the torrid zone, though on opposite sides of the sphere of emotion. No, it was Rod still that she thought of, — Rod and herself; but she knew, too, that there were four of them, two other unimportant people, — Farnor and the

mermaid, who had mixed herself up with them, unaccountably, ever since that morning when she had been brought back from contemplation of her by the sound of Farnor's voice. There was a last flicker inside of the stove; the fire had gone out entirely, but the somewhat overheated room was the more comfortable.

Voices were heard from the road. Fayal turned her head to listen. Yes, Rod was coming home, and Dan Farnor with him. It was not necessary that Fayal should go to unbolt the door; bolts and locks were unknown at Seacove. Who would want to come in except people who had business there, and whom there was no object in shutting out? She sat quietly and waited. There was a pause outside, and then Rod entered, and Farnor went on alone. He could not see Fayal as he passed the curtainless window; her high-backed chair concealed her, but he was quite sure that she was there.

"Here I am, Rod," said Fayal, turning her face around with a smile.

"Oh, Fay! What did you sit up for?" he said a little impatiently, as he came forward.

"Sit up!" said Fayal, with grieved surprise. "When did I ever go to bed when you were n't in the house? I'm not sleepy."

"No, of course you're not," said Rod, with some compunction, bending over and kissing her heartily. Not even Farnor's laughing inquiry as to whether his sister was waiting for him with a lighted candle to take up-stairs could make him indifferent to her whose companionship up to this time had been all sufficient.

"Where have you been?" asked Fayal. There was no tone of reproof in her voice; only interest, made a little pathetic by the fact that she found it necessary to ask.

"Oh, playing cards at the Resort."

"With Dan Farnor?"

"Yes. He's an awfully entertaining fellow, Fay."

"Oh, I know he can talk like Hob."

"Well, he can. I should almost think you'd take a fancy to him," said Rod boyishly.

"Well, I don't," answered Fayal coldly. Then she sat up, with a sudden sense of grieved humiliation, and, leaning forward, looked down into his eyes as he sat on the floor by her side. "Rod," — there were almost tears in her voice, — "do you want to have me?"

"Oh, no, of course not. Why should I?" he answered carelessly.

Fayal leaned back again, relieved.

"He's been teaching me a new game," went on Rod, with eagerness. "And he says he never saw such a lucky fellow as I am," and he laughed with pleasure.

"Did you play for money, Rod?"

"Well, yes, but I didn't get out over my head, Fay; you needn't worry," said the boy reassuringly. "It was only just to have something to play for; and you know I earned some money this summer."

"I don't see why you can't play for the fun of it," said Fayal, pulling at the curly rings of his hair.

"Oh, well, it is n't rulable not to play for money in this particular game," said Rod patronizingly. "It doesn't make

any difference, any way, but I won everything."

"I'd rather Dan Farnor won your money than that you won his," said Fayal quickly.

"Oh, if that is n't just like a girl!"

"I wish it was like you! It's like grandpa, too."

"Dan Farnor says that grandpa must be quite well off for a whaling cap'n," said Rod thoughtfully.

"He's no business to say anything of the sort!" blazed Fayal. "And, Rod, Rod, how can you talk with him about it! What has come over you that you talk with Dan Farnor about your own grandfather?" Fayal had risen, and pushed back her chair.

Rod was startled by her impetuosity. "Why, he didn't mean anything, Fay," he said; "and neither did I, I'm sure."

"Well, go to bed, any way," said Fayal wearily. "I'm going. Dan Farnor never says anything that he doesn't mean," she added. It was a conviction that had suddenly come to her. "Good-night," and she threw her arms around the boy's neck and kissed him.

There was a dull ache in her throat, and a blinded sensation in her eyes, and a helpless, hurt feeling all over, as Fayal laid her head on the pillow that night. She was all unused to crying herself to sleep.

Annie Eliot.

OVER THE TEACUPS.

VI.

OF course the reading of the poem at the end of the last paper has left a deep impression. I strongly suspect that something very much like love-making is going on at our table. A peep under the lid of the sugar-bowl has shown me that there is another poem ready for

the company. That receptacle is looked upon with an almost tremulous excitement by more than one of The Teacups. The two Annexes turn towards the mystic urn as if the lots which were to determine their destiny were shut up in it. Number Five, quieter, and not betraying more curiosity than belongs to the sex at all ages, glances at the sugar-

bowl now and then; looking so like a clairvoyant that sometimes I cannot help thinking she must be one. There is a sly look about that young Doctor's eyes, which might imply that he knows something about what the silver vessel holds, or is going to hold. The Tutor naturally falls under suspicion, as he is known to have written and published poems. I suppose the Professor and myself have hardly been suspected of writing love-poems; but there is no telling, — there is no telling. Why may not some one of the lady Teacups have played the part of a masculine lover? George Sand, George Eliot, Charles Egbert Craddock, made pretty good men in print. The authoress of *Jane Eyre* was taken for a man by many persons. Can Number Five be masquerading in verse? Or is one of the two Annexes the make-believe lover? Or did these girls lay their heads together, and send the poem we had at our last sitting to puzzle the company? It is certain that the Mistress did not write the poem. It is evident that Number Seven, who is so severe in his talk about rhymesters, would not, if he could, make such a fool of himself as to set up for a "poet." Why should not the Counsellor fall in love and write verses? A good many lawyers have been "poets."

Perhaps the next poem, which may be looked for at the end of this number, may help us to form a judgment. We may have several verse-writers among us, and if so there will be a good opportunity for the exercise of judgment in distributing their productions among the legitimate claimants. In the mean time, we must not let the love-making and the song-writing interfere with the more serious matters which these papers are expected to contain.

Number Seven's compendious and comprehensive symbolism proved suggestive, as his whimsical notions often do. It always pleases me to take some hint from anything he says when I can,

and carry it out in a direction not unlike that of his own remark. I reminded the company of his enigmatical symbol.

You can divide mankind in the same way, I said. Two words, each of two letters, will serve to distinguish two classes of human beings who constitute the principal divisions of mankind. Can any of you tell what those two words are?

"Give me five letters," cried Number Seven, "and I can solve your problem! F-o-o-l-s, — those five letters will give you the first and largest half. For the other fraction" —

Oh, but, said I, I restrict you absolutely to *two* letters. If you are going to take five, you may as well take twenty or a hundred.

After a few attempts, the company gave it up. The nearest approach to the correct answer was Number Five's guess of *Oh* and *Ah*: *Oh* signifying eternal striving after an ideal, which belongs to one kind of nature; and *Ah* the satisfaction of the other kind of nature, which rests at ease in what it has attained.

Good! I said to Number Five, but not the answer I am after. The great division between human beings is into the *If*s and the *Ases*.

"Is the last word to be spelt with one or two s's?" asked the young Doctor.

The company laughed feebly at this question. I answered it soberly. With one *s*. There are more foolish people among the *If*s than there are among the *Ases*.

The company looked puzzled, and asked for an explanation.

This is the meaning of those two words as I interpret them: —

If it were, — *if* it might be, — *if* it could be, — *if* it had been. One portion of mankind go through life always regretting, always whining, always imagining. These are the people whose backbones remain cartilaginous all their lives long, as do those of certain other

vertebrate animals, — the sturgeons, for instance. A good many poets must be classed with this group of vertebrates.

As it is, — this is the way in which the other class of people look at the conditions in which they find themselves. They may be optimists or pessimists, — they are very largely optimists, — but, taking things just as they find them, they adjust the facts to their wishes if they can; and if they cannot, then they adjust themselves to the facts. I venture to say that if one should count the *If's* and the *Ases* in the conversation of his acquaintances, he would find the more able and important persons among them — statesmen, generals, men of business — among the *Ases*, and the majority of the conspicuous failures among the *If's*. I don't know but this would be as good a test as that of Gideon, — lapping the water or taking it up in the hand. I have a poetical friend whose conversation is starred as thick with *if's* as a boiled ham is with cloves. But another friend of mine, a business man, whom I trust in making my investments, would not let me meddle with a certain stock which I fancied, because, as he said, "there are too many *if's* in it. As it looks now, I would n't touch it."

I noticed, the other evening, that some private conversation was going on between the Counsellor and the two Annexes. There was a mischievous look about the little group, and I thought they were hatching some plot among them. I did not hear what the English Annex said, but the American girl's voice was sharper, and I overheard what sounded to me like, "It is time to stir up that young Doctor." The Counsellor looked very knowing, and said that he would find a chance before long. I was rather amused to see how readily he entered into the project of the young people. The fact is, the Counsellor is young for his time of life; for he already betrays

some signs of the change referred to in that once familiar street song, which my friend, the great American surgeon, inquired for at the music-shops under the title, as he got it from the Italian minstrel,

"Silva tredi mondi goo."

I saw, soon after this, that the Counsellor was watching his chance to "stir up the young Doctor."

It does not follow, because our young Doctor's bald spot is slower in coming than he could have wished, that he has not had time to form many sound conclusions in the calling to which he has devoted himself. Vesalius, the father of modern descriptive anatomy, published his great work on that subject before he was thirty. Bichat, the great anatomist and physiologist, who died near the beginning of this century, published his treatise, which made a revolution in anatomy and pathology, at about the same age; dying soon after he had reached the age of thirty. So, possibly the Counsellor may find that he has "stirred up" a young man who can take care of his own head, in case of aggressive movements in its direction.

"Well, Doctor," the Counsellor began, "how are stocks in the measles market about these times? Any corner in bronchitis? Any syndicate in the vaccination business?" All this playfully.

"I can't say how it is with other people's patients; most of my families are doing very well without my help, at this time."

"Do tell me, Doctor, how many families you own. I have heard it said that some of our fellow-citizens have two distinct families, but you speak as if you had a dozen."

"I have, but not so large a number as I should like. I could take care of fifteen or twenty more without having to work too hard."

"Why, Doctor, you are as bad as a Mormon. What do you mean by calling certain families *yours*?"

"Don't you speak about *my* client? Don't your clients call you *their* lawyer? Does n't your baker, does n't your butcher, speak of the families he supplies as *his* families?"

"To be sure, yes, of course they do; but I had a notion that a man had as many doctors as he had organs to be doctored."

"Well, there is some truth in that; but did you think the old-fashioned family doctor was extinct, — a fossil like the megatherium?"

"Why, yes, after the recent experience of a friend of mine, I did begin to think that there would soon be no such personage left as that same old-fashioned family doctor. Shall I tell you what that experience was?"

The young Doctor said he should be mightily pleased to hear it. He was going to be one of those old-fogy practitioners himself.

"I don't know," the Counsellor said, "whether my friend got all the professional terms of his story correctly, nor whether I have got them from him without making any mistakes; but if I do make blunders in some of the queer names, you can correct me. This is my friend's story.

"My family doctor," he said, "was a very sensible man, educated at a school where they professed to teach all the specialties, but not confining himself to any one branch of *medical* practice. Surgical practice he did not profess to meddle with, and there were some classes of patients whom he was willing to leave to the female physician. But throughout the range of diseases not requiring exceptionally skilled manual interference, his education had authorized him to consider himself, and he did consider himself, qualified to undertake the treatment of all ordinary cases. It so happened that my young wife was one of those uneasy persons who are never long contented with their habitual comforts and blessings, but always

trying to find something a little better, — something newer, at any rate. I was getting to be near fifty years old, and it happened to me, as it not rarely does to people at about that time of life, that my hair began to fall out. I spoke of it to my doctor, who smiled, said it was a part of the process of reversed evolution, but might be retarded a little, and gave me a prescription. I did not find any great effect from it, and my wife would have me go to a noted dermatologist. The distinguished specialist examined my denuded scalp with great care. He looked at it through a strong magnifier. He examined the bulb of a fallen hair in a powerful microscope. He deliberated for a while, and then said, "This is a case of *alopecia*. It may perhaps be partially remedied. I will give you a prescription." Which he did, and told me to call again in a fortnight. At the end of three months I had called six times, and each time got a new recipe, and detected no difference in the course of my "*alopecia*." After I had got through my treatment, I showed my recipes to my family physician; and we found that three of them were the same he had used, familiar, old-fashioned remedies, and the others were taken from a list of new and little-tried prescriptions mentioned in one of the last medical journals, which was lying on the old doctor's table. I might as well have got no better under his charge, and should have got off much cheaper.

"The next trouble I had was a little redness of the eyes, for which my doctor gave me a wash; but my wife would have it that I must see an oculist. So I made four visits to an oculist, and at the last visit the redness was nearly gone, — as it ought to have been by that time. The specialist called my complaint *conjunctivitis*, but that did not make it feel any better nor get well any quicker. If I had had a cataract or any grave disease of the eye, requiring a nice operation on that delicate organ,

of course I should have properly sought the aid of an expert, whose eye, hand, and judgment were trained to that special business; but in this case I don't doubt that my family doctor would have done just as well as the expert. However, I had to obey orders, and my wife would have it that I should entrust my precious person only to the most skilful specialist in each department of medical practice.

"In the course of the year I experienced a variety of slight indispositions. For these I was auriscope by an aurist, laryngoscope by a laryngologist, ausculted by a stethoscopist, and so on, until a complete inventory of my organs was made out, and I found that if I believed all these searching inquirers professed to have detected in my unfortunate person, I could repeat with too literal truth the words of the General Confession, "And there is no health in us." I never heard so many hard names in all my life. I proved to be the subject of a long catalogue of diseases, and what maladies I was not manifestly guilty of I was at least suspected of harboring. I was handed along all the way from *alopecia*, which used to be called baldness, to *zoster*, which used to be known as shingles. I was the patient of more than a dozen specialists. Very pleasant persons, many of them, but what a fuss they made about my trifling incommunities! Please look at that photograph. See if there is a minute elevation under one eye.'

"On which side?" I asked him, for I could not be sure there was anything different on one side from what I saw on the other.

"Under the left eye. I called it a pimple; the specialist called it *acne*. Now look at this photograph. It was taken after my *acne* had been three months under treatment. It shows a little more distinctly than in the first photograph, does n't it?"

"I think it does," I answered. "It

does n't seem to me that you gained a great deal by leaving your customary adviser for the specialist.'

"Well," my friend continued, "following my wife's urgent counsel, I kept on, as I told you, for a whole year with my specialists, going from head to foot, and tapering off with a chiropodist. I got a deal of amusement out of their contrivances and experiments. Some of them lighted up my internal surfaces with electrical or other illuminating apparatus. Thermometers, dynamometers, exploring-tubes, little mirrors that went half-way down to my stomach, tuning-forks, ophthalmoscopes, percussion-hammers, single and double stethoscopes, speculums, sphygmometers, — such a battery of detective instruments I had never imagined. All useful, I don't doubt; but at the end of the year I began to question whether I should n't have done about as well to stick to my long-tried practitioner. When the bills for "professional services" came in, and the new carpet had to be given up, and the old bonnet trimmed over again, and the sealskin sack remain a vision, we both agreed, my wife and I, that we would try to get along without consulting specialists, except in such cases as our family physician considered to be beyond his skill.'

The Counsellor's story of his friend's experiences seemed to please the young Doctor very much. It "stirred him up," but in an agreeable way; for, as he said, he meant to devote himself to family practice, and not to adopt any limited class of cases as a specialty. I liked his views so well that I should have been ready to adopt them as my own, if they had been challenged.

The young Doctor discourses.

"I am very glad," he said, "that we have a number of practitioners among us who confine themselves to the care of single organs and their functions. I

want to be able to consult an oculist who has done nothing but attend to eyes long enough to know all that is known about their diseases and their treatment,—skilful enough to be trusted with the manipulation of that delicate and most precious organ. I want an aurist who knows all about the ear and what can be done for its disorders. The maladies of the larynx are very ticklish things to handle, and nobody should be trusted to go behind the epiglottis who has not the *tactus eruditus*. And so of certain other particular classes of complaints. A great city must have a limited number of experts, each a final authority, to be appealed to in cases where the family physician finds himself in doubt. There are operations which no surgeon should be willing to undertake unless he has paid a particular, if not an exclusive, attention to the cases demanding such operations. All this I willingly grant.

“But it must not be supposed that we can return to the methods of the old Egyptians—who, if my memory serves me correctly, had a special physician for every part of the body—without falling into certain errors and incurring certain liabilities.

“The specialist is much like other people engaged in lucrative business. He is apt to magnify his calling, to make much of any symptom which will bring a patient within range of his battery of remedies. I found a case in one of our medical journals, a couple of years ago, which illustrates what I mean. Dr. —, of Philadelphia, had a female patient with a crooked nose,—deviated *septum*, if our young scholars like that better. She was suffering from what the doctor called reflex headache. She had been to an oculist, who found that the trouble was in her eyes. She went from him to a gynecologist, who considered her headache as owing to causes for which his specialty had the remedies. How many more specialists would have appropriated

her, if she had gone the rounds of them all, I dare not guess; but you remember the old story of the siege, in which each artisan proposed means of defence which he himself was ready to furnish. Then a shoemaker said, ‘Hang your walls with new boots.’

“Human nature is the same with medical specialists as it was with ancient cordwainers, and it is too possible that a hungry practitioner may be warped by his interest in fastening on a patient who, as he persuades himself, comes under his medical jurisdiction. The specialist has but one fang with which to seize and hold his prey, but that fang is a fearfully long and sharp canine. Being confined to a narrow field of observation and practice, he is apt to give much of his time to curious study, which may be *magnifique*, but is not exactly *la guerre* against the patient’s malady. He divides and subdivides, and gets many varieties of diseases, in most respects similar. These he equips with new names, and thus we have those terrific nomenclatures which are enough to frighten the medical student, to say nothing of the sufferers staggering under this long catalogue of local infirmities. The ‘old-fogy’ doctor, who knows the family tendencies of his patient, who ‘understands his constitution,’ will often treat him better than the famous specialist, who sees him for the first time, and has to guess at many things ‘the old doctor’ knows from his previous experience with the same patient and the family to which he belongs.

“It is a great luxury to practise as a specialist in almost any class of diseases. The practitioner has his own hours, hardly needs a night-bell, can have his residence out of the town in which he exercises his calling,—in short, lives like a gentleman; while the hard-worked general practitioner submits to a servitude more exacting than that of the man who is employed in his stable or in his kitchen. That is the kind of life I have made up my mind to.”

The teaspoons tinkled all round the table. This was the usual sign of approbation, instead of the clapping of hands.

The young Doctor paused, and looked round among The Teacups. "I beg your pardon," he said, "for taking up so much of your time with medicine. It is a subject that a good many persons, especially ladies, take an interest in and have a curiosity about, but I have no right to turn this tea-table into a lecture platform."

"We should like to hear you talk longer about it," said the English Annex. "One of us has thought of devoting herself to the practice of medicine. Would you lecture to us, if you were a professor in one of the great medical schools?"

"Lecture to students of your sex? Why not, I should like to know? I don't think it is the calling for which the average woman is specially adapted, but my teacher got a part of his medical education from a lady, Madame Lachapelle; and I don't see why, if one can learn from a woman, he may not teach a woman, if he knows enough."

"We all like a little medical talk now and then," said Number Five, "and we are much obliged to you for your discourse. You are specialist enough to take care of a sprained ankle, I suppose, are you not?"

"I hope I should be equal to that emergency," answered the young Doctor; "but I trust you are not suffering from any such accident?"

"No," said Number Five, "but there is no telling what may happen. I might slip, and get a sprain or break a sinew, or something, and I should like to know that there is a practitioner at hand to take care of my injury. I think I would risk myself in your hands, although you are not a specialist. Would you venture to take charge of the case?"

"Ah, my dear lady," he answered gallantly, "the risk would be in the

other direction. I am afraid it would be safer for your doctor if he were an older man than I am."

This is the first clearly, indisputably sentimental outbreak which has happened in conversation at our table. I tremble to think what will come of it; for we have several inflammable elements in our circle, and a spark like this is liable to light on any one or two of them.

I was not sorry that this medical episode came in to vary the usual course of talk at our table. I like to have one of an intelligent company, who knows anything thoroughly, hold the floor for a time, and discourse upon the subject which chiefly engages his daily thoughts and furnishes his habitual occupation. It is a privilege to meet such a person now and then, and let him have his full swing. But because there are "professionals" to whom we are willing to listen as oracles, I do not want to see everybody who is not a "professional" silenced or snubbed, if he ventures into any field of knowledge which he has not made especially his own. I like to read Montaigne's remarks about doctors, though he never took a medical degree. I can even enjoy the truth in the sharp satire of Voltaire on the medical profession. I frequently prefer the remarks I hear from the pew after the sermon to those I have just been hearing from the pulpit. There are a great many things which I never expect to comprehend, but which I desire very much to apprehend. Suppose that our circle of Teacups were made up of specialists, — experts in various departments. I should be very willing that each one should have his innings at the proper time, when the company were ready for him. But the time is coming when everybody will know something about everything. How can one have the illustrated magazines, the "Popular Science Monthly," the psychological journals, the theologi-

cal periodicals, books on all subjects, forced on his attention, in their own persons, so to speak, or in the reviews which analyze and pass judgment upon them, without getting some ideas which belong to many provinces of human intelligence? The air we breathe is made up of four elements, at least: oxygen, nitrogen, carbonic acid gas, and knowledge. There is something quite delightful to witness in the absorption and devotion of a genuine specialist. There is a certain sublimity in that picture of the dying scholar in Browning's "A Granimarian's Funeral:" —

"So with the throttling hands of death at strife,
Ground he at grammar;
Still, through the rattle, parts of speech were
rife;

While he could stammer
He settled *Hoti's* business — let it be —
Properly based *Oun* —
Gave us the doctrine of the enclitic *De*,
Dead from the waist down."

A genuine enthusiasm, which will never be satisfied until it has pumped the well dry at the bottom of which truth is lying, always excites our interest, if not our admiration.

One of the pleasantest of our American writers, whom we all remember as Ik Marvel, and greet in his more recent appearance as Donald Grant Mitchell, speaks of the awkwardness which he feels in offering to the public a "panoramic view of British writers in these days of specialists, — when students devote half a lifetime to the analysis of the works of a single author, and to the proper study of a single period."

He need not have feared that his connected sketches of "English Lands, Letters and Kings" would be any less welcome because they do not pretend to fill up all the details or cover all the incidents they hint in vivid outline. How many of us ever read or ever will read Drayton's "Poly-Olbion?" Twenty thousand long Alexandrines are filled with admirable descriptions of scenery, natural productions, and historical events,

but how many of us in these days have time to read and inwardly digest twenty thousand Alexandrine verses? I fear that the specialist is apt to hold his intelligent reader or hearer too cheap. So far as I have observed in medical specialties, what he knows in addition to the knowledge of the well-taught general practitioner is very largely curious rather than important. Having exhausted all that is practical, the specialist is naturally tempted to amuse himself with the natural history of the organ or function he deals with; to feel as a writing-master does when he sets a copy, — not content to shape the letters properly, but he must add flourishes and fancy figures, to let off his spare energy.

I am beginning to be frightened. When I began these papers, my idea was a very simple and innocent one. Here was a mixed company, of various conditions, as I have already told my readers, who came together regularly, and before they were aware of it formed something like a club or association. As I was the patriarch among them, they gave me the name some of you may need to be reminded of; for as these reports are published at intervals, you may not remember the fact that I am what The Teacups have seen fit to call The Dictator.

Now, what did I expect when I began these papers, and what is it that has begun to frighten me?

I expected to report grave conversations and light colloquial passages of arms among the members of the circle. I expected to hear, perhaps to read, a paper now and then. I expected to have, from time to time, a poem from some one of The Teacups, for I felt sure there must be among them one or more poets, — Teacups of the finer and rarer translucent kind of porcelain, to speak metaphorically. Out of these conversations and written contributions I thought I might make up a readable series of

papers; a not wholly unwelcome string of recollections, anticipations, suggestions, too often perhaps repetitions, that would be to the twilight what my earlier series had been to the morning.

I hoped also that I should come into personal relations with my old constituency, if I may call my nearer friends, and those more distant ones who belong to my reading parish, by that name. It is time that I should. I received this blessed morning — I am telling the literal truth — a highly flattering obituary of myself in the shape of an extract from “Le National” of the 10th of February last. This is a bi-weekly newspaper, published in French, in the city of Plattsburg, Clinton County, New York. I am occasionally reminded by my unknown friends that I must hurry up their autograph, or make haste to copy that poem they wish to have in the author’s own handwriting, or it will be too late; but I have never before been huddled out of the world in this way. I take this rather premature obituary as a hint that, unless I come to some arrangement with my well-meaning but insatiable correspondents, it would be as well to leave it in type, for I cannot bear much longer the load they lay upon me. I will explain myself on this point after I have told my readers what has frightened me.

I am beginning to think this room where we take our tea is more like a tinder-box than a quiet and safe place for “a party in a parlor.” It is true that there are at least two or three incombustibles at our table, but it looks to me as if the company might pair off before the season is over, like the crew of Her Majesty’s ship the Mantelpiece, — three or four weddings clear our whole table of all but one or two of the impregnable. The poem we found in the sugar-bowl last week first opened my eyes to the probable state of things. Now, the idea of having to tell a love-story, — perhaps two or three love-stories, — when I set out

with the intention of repeating instructive, useful, or entertaining discussions, naturally alarms me. It is quite true that many things which look to me suspicious may be simply playful. Young people (and we have several such among The Teacups) are fond of make-believe courting when they cannot have the real thing, — “flirting,” as it used to be practised in the days of Arcadian innocence, not the more modern and more questionable recreation which has reached us from the home of the *cicisbeo*. Whatever comes of it, I shall tell what I see, and take the consequences.

But I am at this moment going to talk in my own proper person to my own particular public, which, as I find by my correspondence, is a very considerable one, and with which I consider myself in exceptionally pleasant relations.

I have read recently that Mr. Gladstone receives six hundred letters a day. Perhaps he does not receive six hundred letters every day, but if he gets anything like half that number daily, what can he do with them? There was a time when he was said to answer all his correspondents. It is understood, I think, that he has given up doing so in these later days.

I do not pretend that I receive six hundred or even sixty letters a day, but I do receive a good many, and have told the public of the fact from time to time, under the pressure of their constantly increasing exactions. As it is extremely onerous, and is soon going to be impossible, for me to keep up the wide range of correspondence which has become a large part of my occupation, and tends to absorb all the vital force which is left me, I wish to enter into a final explanation with the well-meaning but merciless taskmasters who have now for many years been levying their daily tax upon me. I have preserved thousands of their letters, and destroyed a very large number, after answering most of them. A few inter-

esting chapters might be made out of the letters I have kept, — not only such as are signed by the names of well-known personages, but many from unknown friends, of whom I had never heard before and have never heard since. A great deal of the best writing the languages of the world have ever known has been committed to leaves that withered out of sight before a second sunlight had fallen upon them. I have had many letters I should have liked to give the public, had their nature admitted of their being offered to the world. What struggles of young ambition, finding no place for its energies, or feeling its incapacity to reach the ideal towards which it was striving! What longings of disappointed, defeated fellow-mortals, trying to find a new home for themselves in the heart of one whom they have amiably idealized! And oh, what hopeless efforts of mediocrities and inferiorities, believing in themselves as superiorities, and stumbling on through limping disappointments to prostrate failure! Poverty comes pleading, not for charity, for the most part, but imploring us to find a purchaser for its unmarketable wares. The unreadable author particularly requests us to make a critical examination of his book, and report to him whatever may be our verdict, — as if he wanted anything but our praise, and that very often to be used in his publisher's advertisements.

But what does not one have to submit to who has become the martyr — the Saint Sebastian — of a literary correspondence! I will not dwell on the possible impression produced on a sensitive nature by reading one's own premature obituary, as I have told you has been my recent experience. I will not stop to think whether the urgent request for an autograph by return post, in view of the possible contingencies which might render it the last one was ever to write, is pleasing or not. At three-score and twenty one must expect such

hints of what is like to happen before long. I suppose, if some near friend were to watch one who was looking over such a pressing letter, he might possibly see a slight shadow flit over the reader's features, and some such dialogue might follow as that between Othello and Iago, after "this honest creature" has been giving breath to his suspicions about Desdemona: —

"I see this hath a little dash'd your spirits.

"Not a jot, not a jot.

"My lord, I see you 're moved."

And a little later the reader might, like Othello, complain, —

"I have a pain upon my forehead here."

Nothing more likely. But, for myself, I have grown callous to all such allusions. The repetition of the Scriptural phrase for the natural term of life is so frequent that it wears out one's sensibilities.

But how many charming and refreshing letters I have received! How often I have felt their encouragement in moments of doubt and depression, such as the happiest temperaments must sometimes experience! If the time comes when to answer all my kind unknown friends, even by dictation, is impossible, or more than I feel equal to, I wish to refer any of those who may feel disappointed at not receiving an answer to the following general acknowledgments:

I. I am always grateful for any attention which shows me that I am kindly remembered. — II. Your pleasant message has been read to me, and has been thankfully listened to. — III. Your book (your essay) (your poem) has reached me safely, and has received all the respectful attention to which it seemed entitled. It would take more than all the time I have at my disposal to read all the printed matter and all the manuscripts which are sent to me, and you would not ask me to attempt the impos-

sible. You will not, therefore, expect me to express a critical opinion of your work. — IV. I am deeply sensible to your expressions of personal attachment to me as the author of certain writings which have brought me very near to you, in virtue of some affinity in our ways of thought and moods of feeling. Although I cannot keep up correspondences with many of my readers who seem to be thoroughly congenial with myself, let them be assured that their letters have been read or heard with peculiar gratification, and are preserved as precious treasures.

I trust that after this notice no correspondent will be surprised to find his or her letter thus answered by anticipation; and that if one of the above formulæ is the only answer he receives, the unknown friend will remember that he or she is one of a great many whose incessant demands have entirely outrun my power of answering them as fully as the applicants might wish and perhaps expect.

I could make a very interesting volume of the letters I have received from correspondents unknown to the world of authorship, but writing from an instinctive impulse, which many of them say they have long felt and resisted. One must not allow himself to be flattered into an overestimate of his powers because he gets many letters expressing a peculiar attraction towards his books, and a preference of them to those with which he would not have dared to compare his own. Still, if the *homo unius libri* — the man of one book — choose to select one of our own writing as his favorite volume, it means *something*, — not much, perhaps; but if one has unlocked the door to the secret entrance of one heart, it is not unlikely that his key may fit the locks of others. What if nature has lent him a master key? He has found the wards and slid back the bolt of one lock; perhaps he may have learned the

secret of others. One success is an encouragement to try again. Let the writer of a truly loving letter, such as greets one from time to time, remember that, though he never hears a word from it, it may prove one of the best rewards of an anxious and laborious past, and the stimulus of a still aspiring future.

Among the letters I have recently received, none is more interesting than the following. The story of Helen Keller, who wrote it, is told in the well-known illustrated magazine called "The Wide Awake," in the number for July, 1888. For the account of this little girl, now between nine and ten years old, and other letters of her writing, I must refer to the article I have mentioned. It is enough to say that she is deaf and dumb and totally blind. She was seven years old when her teacher, Miss Sullivan, under the direction of Mr. Anagnos, at the Blind Asylum at South Boston, began her education. A child fuller of life and happiness it would be hard to find. It seems as if her soul was flooded with light and filled with music that had found entrance to it through avenues closed to other mortals. It is hard to understand how she has learned to deal with abstract ideas, and so far to supplement the blanks left by the senses of sight and hearing that one would hardly think of her as wanting in any human faculty. Remember Milton's pathetic picture of himself, suffering from only one of poor little Helen's deprivations: —

"Not to me returns
Day, or the sweet approach of even or morn,
Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer's rose,
Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine;
But cloud instead, and ever-during dark
Surrounds me, from the cheerful ways of men
Cut off, and for the book of knowledge fair
Presented with a universal blank
Of Nature's works, to me expunged and rased,
And wisdom at one entrance quite shut out."

Surely for this loving and lovely child does

"the celestial Light
Shine inward."

Anthropologist, metaphysician, most of all theologian, here is a lesson which can teach you much that you will not find in your primers and catechisms. Why should I call her "poor little Helen"? Where can you find a happier child?

SOUTH BOSTON, MASS., *March 1, 1890.*

DEAR KIND POET, — I have thought of you many times since that bright Sunday when I bade you good-bye, and I am going to write you a letter because I love you. I am sorry that you have no little children to play with sometimes, but I think you are very happy with your books, and your many, many friends. On Washington's Birthday a great many people came here to see the little blind children, and I read for them from your poems, and showed them some beautiful shells which came from a little island near Palos. I am reading a very sad story called "Little Jakey." Jakey was the sweetest little fellow you can imagine, but he was poor and blind. I used to think, when I was small and before I could read, that everybody was always happy, and at first it made me very sad to know about pain and great sorrow; but now I know that we could never learn to be brave and patient, if there were only joy in the world. I am studying about insects in Zoölogy, and I have learned many things about butterflies. They do not make honey for us, like the bees, but many of them are as beautiful as the flowers they light upon, and they always delight the hearts of little children. They live a gay life, flitting from flower to flower, sipping the drops of honey-dew, without a thought for the morrow. They are just like little boys and girls when they forget books and studies, and run away to the woods and the fields to gather wild-flowers, or wade in the ponds for fragrant lilies, happy in the bright sunshine. If my little sister comes to Boston next June, will you let me bring her to see

you? She is a lovely baby and I am sure you will love [her]. Now I must tell my gentle poet good-bye, for I have a letter to write home before I go to bed.

From your loving little friend,

HELEN A. KELLER.

The reading of this letter made many eyes glisten, and a dead silence hushed the whole circle. All at once Delilah, our pretty table-maid, forgot her place, — what business had she to be listening to our conversation and reading? — and began sobbing, just as if she had been a lady. She couldn't help it, she explained afterwards, — she had a little blind sister at the asylum, who had told her about Helen's reading to the children.

It was very awkward, this breaking-down of our pretty Delilah, for one girl crying will sometimes set off a whole row of others, — it is as hazardous as lighting one cracker in a bunch. The two Annexes hurried out their pocket-handkerchiefs, and I almost expected a semi-hysteric cataclysm. At this critical moment Number Five called Delilah to her, looked into her face with those calm eyes of hers, and spoke a few soft words. Was Number Five forgetful, too? Did she not remember the difference of their position? I suppose so. But she quieted the poor hand-maiden as simply and easily as a nursing mother quiets her unweaned baby. Why are we not all in love with Number Five? Perhaps we are. At any rate, I suspect the Professor. When we all get quiet, I will touch him up about that visit she promised to make to his laboratory.

I got a chance at last to speak privately with him.

"Did Number Five go to meet you in your laboratory, as she talked of doing?"

"Oh, yes, of course she did, — why, she *said* she would!"

"Oh, to be sure. Do tell me what she wanted in your laboratory."

"She wanted me to burn a diamond for her."

"*Burn a diamond!* What was that for? Because Cleopatra swallowed a pearl?"

"No, nothing of that kind. It was a small stone, and had a flaw in it. Number Five said she didn't want a diamond with a flaw in it, and that she did want to see how a diamond would burn."

"Was that all that happened?"

"That was all. She brought the two Annexes with her, and I gave my three visitors a lecture on carbon, which they seemed to enjoy very much."

I looked steadily in the Professor's face during the reading of the following poem. I saw no questionable look upon it,—but he has a rather remarkable command of his features. Number Five read it with a certain archness of expression, as if she saw all its meaning,

which I think some of the company did not quite take in. They said they must read it slowly and carefully. Somehow, "I like you" and "I love you" got a little mixed, as they heard it. It was not Number Five's fault, for she read it beautifully, as we all agreed, and as I knew she would when I handed it to her.

I LIKE YOU AND I LOVE YOU.

I LIKE YOU met I LOVE YOU, face to face;
The path was narrow, and they could not pass.
I LIKE YOU smiled; I LOVE YOU cried, Alas!
And so they halted for a little space.

"Turn thou and go before," I LOVE YOU said,
"Down the green pathway, bright with
many a flower;
Deep in the valley, lo! my bridal bower
Awaits thee." But I LIKE YOU shook his
head.

Then while they lingered on the span-wide shelf
That shaped a pathway round the rocky
ledge,

I LIKE YOU bared his icy dagger's edge,
And first he slew I LOVE YOU,—then himself.

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

SOME RECENT VOLUMES OF FRENCH CRITICISM.¹

THE first thing which strikes a foreign reader, at a random glance through several volumes of French criticism of the day, is the activity of mind displayed in this department; the perennial interest in questions of art, of workmanship, of literary truth; the variety of topics upon which an equal curiosity, minuteness of examination, and vigor of intelligence are brought to bear; and the number of agile minds employed at one moment in the consideration of the same subject. We perceive that among the

things which they order better in France is this ancient problem of the making of many books; that they find stimulus rather than weariness in much study, and, failing a creative atmosphere, are incited by the rush of the printing-press to literary effort. The phenomenon next in evidence is that passion for system which Mr. Dowden has justly pointed out in his admirable article on French criticism in a recent number of the *Fortnightly Review*. Each critic waves a banner in his preface, or unfurls it be-

¹ *Le Théâtre et les Mœurs.* Par J. J. WEISS. 3me. ed. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

Impressions de Théâtre. Par JULES LEMAÎTRE. Quatrième Série. Paris: Lecène et Oudin.

Figures Littéraires. Par PAUL DESCHANEL, Député. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

Lamartine. Etude de Morale et d'Esthétique. Par CHARLES DE POMAIROLS. Paris: Hachette et Cie. Boston: Carl Schoenhof.

fore he has covered many pages of his course. The literary conscript in France may be enrolled under the naturalistic, the psychological, the physiological, the analytic, or the poetic symbol; he may plant his own colors and fight lustily in their defense; but to be without a badge in the buttonhole is to confess a bosom void of conviction. If a critic wishes to note simply the qualities and defects of the book before him, or if he is moved, like M. de Pomairols, to pay a tribute of loyal admiration to the memory of a great poet, he erects this laudable desire into a system designed beforehand to prove the error of any rash inquirer who may presume to examine the subject from a different point of view. M. Hennequin, the "scientific critic" by profession of faith, set out with a mission to discover the man in the author; M. Brunetière engages on behalf of fact to prove not alone the tolerably obvious futility of searching in the *Odyssey* for a psychology of Homer, but the less apparent uselessness of endeavoring to disentangle the personality of Rabelais, Molière, or Bossuet from their respective works. M. Taine studies the author in the epoch, and both in an historical medium of his own invention. M. Weiss laments that in gauging the passion and instincts of an author, or determining the quantity of his talent and intellectual power, both the scientific and historical schools "consider it idle to inquire to what degree the use which he has made of this talent and power is a legitimate one. This is because, for these empirical observers, there does not exist a type of perfection, relative to each art, which at times has been reached, and to approach which as nearly as possible should be the end of all effort." M. Weiss therefore takes his stand upon pure criticism. It is an admirably definite position; it is one of great authority and of opportunity for innumerable niceties of detail; and if human achievement does not always receive its exact due by his system

of measurements, if genius is now and then so awkward as to get in the way of the machinery, "so much the worse for the coo." Even the seductions of Madame Bernhardt, appealing as they do to his finest perceptions, do not move him a hair's breadth from the line of critical conviction.

"But leaving aside the supposition *that she knows neither the rhetoric nor the grammar of her art*" (M. Weiss is in the midst of an appreciative notice of "the glorious and victorious Sarah" in her rôle of *Fédora*, and the italics are not his own), "what a sense she has of its eloquence and its poetry! How she loves her rôle when she does love it! How she pours it into the very tissues of her soul and into all her fibres! She no longer exists apart from it. The whole universe, for her, is compassed in a few feet of boards, where she is living the drama which she is supposed to be acting. The most subtle, the finest, the most daring inspirations that the genius of her sex could conceive burst from her, the other evening, at every moment; simplicity, precision, audacity, she had them all. . . . It is an inexhaustible series of incomparable trifles."

It is interesting to inquire into the nature and principle of an art of which Madame Bernhardt is suspected of knowing "neither the rhetoric nor the grammar." Let us hear M. Weiss on her American tour, which he watched through a telescope of Parisian construction: "The other day — was it in Chicago, or was it Nebraska?" (he knows, this knowing M. Weiss, that it was nearer the Atlantic coast, but he makes no allusion either to Quakers or terrapin) — "Mademoiselle Sarah Bernhardt was to play *Adrienne Lecouvreur*. The hour arrives, and a full house. All the seats disposed of at a fancy price, and not one empty. Unfortunately, two of the artists cast for the play are missing, being kept from their engagement by some detention on the railroad. The announcement is made

to an enthusiastic house that Phèdre will be substituted for Adrienne. For my part, I should have rubbed my hands at the change. I should have made a mistake. The American was not to be thus deceived; with entire unanimity" (the unanimity is such a smooth and even touch of exaggeration) "he took back his money and returned to his fireside."

The conclusion drawn by M. Weiss is that the admiration for Madame Bernhardt in this country is a tribute to her personal grace rather than to her art, and that to us "she appears accomplished, not because she is an actress, but because she is no longer acting;" in short, that we like best the part in which she has least to assume. Not that the Sardou-Bernhardt combination of situation and temperament, in which the rôle is fitted to the actress as a dress to a form, is considered inartistic in France. On the contrary, M. Lemaitre has devoted to the analysis of its charm one of the cleverest chapters of *Les Contemporains*; M. Weiss, too, is fully sensible of its spell, of its artistic points. But apart from the inspirations even of genius, there is in the background of his criticism an art of acting, abstract, severe, and codified. The true actor, according to M. Weiss, is he "who has patiently studied the effects which he aims to produce, and who produces varied and dissimilar ones by a perfect knowledge of the laws by which they are governed." And the enjoyment of the spectator, like the skill of the actor, gains from a recognition of these laws.

A noticeable feature in the literary portion of the books before us is the preponderance of topics which are studies of yesterday. The constant comparison of the present with the past, the perennial readjustment of standards, is always a feature of French criticism, and the frequent reprints and theatrical revivals serve as texts for research, and do much for the preservation of intellectual standards; but the space given to

bygone writers and literary creeds in these books of 1889 show that it was not a year of new inspirations. *Le Théâtre et les Mœurs* is put forth as a volume of reminiscence, and is preceded by an entertaining preface, in which autobiography and history are combined in a way that would hardly occur to a native of any other country. The Frenchman hitches his private wagon to the star of politics; public events rank among the crises of his own life; his self-analysis or introspection shades into study of his environment, which is the mirror of his soul; and the state of society is felt and noted by him like a personal mood. France and *la vie* are personalities half identified with his own. The tie between author and reader is an intimate one in France, and the literature of the country is also in a peculiarly close sense a part of its history. M. Weiss's collection of newspaper articles is a review of the nineteenth century. His material is grouped under the two dates 1830 and 1852. They are those of romantic and Second Empire literature, and are separated by a very sharp line of demarkation, the transition having taken place, according to M. Weiss, in a period of ten days following upon the *coup d'état*. The literature of the eighties falls under 1852, for M. Weiss recognizes no innovation in naturalism of a destructive and epoch-making character; it is to him the ancient sentimental romance in a new guise, not the revival of Flaubert and Balzac nor the appearance of a new realism. M. Weiss was young in 1848, mature in 1852; nothing has happened since.

His romantic souvenirs attach themselves, not to Hernani, but to Henri III., and his outline of the career and influence of this play, his hearty sympathy, may be compared with the attack upon it of that latter-day sinner M. Jules Lemaitre, whom the *Saturday Review* accuses, with evident justice, of overlooking on this occasion the "historic element."

When it comes to Hugo, M. Weiss's reign of law is in accord with M. Lemaitre's caprice. The former demonstrates critically, with his eyes lifted to Racine, what the latter has already declared in *Les Contemporains* on the ground of personal preference and a livelier interest in younger bards, — that there is *ennui* in the *boum-boum* of the great poet. They both expend considerable pains to upset the primacy accorded to Hugo, and to prove that he ranks as a poet, "*though* not first in the very first line," where warmer admirers than Messieurs Weiss and Lemaitre may be content to leave him. M. Weiss is right in his insistence upon the fact that in French literature no one figure stands out as does Shakespeare in English and Goethe in German literature. The solidarity of French letters is such that every writer is one of a troupe, and those who revolt against the traditions are like priests who unfrock; they carry the mark of the system into their freedom. Hugo lacked one of the most precious qualities of French literature, one which emanates perhaps from its solidarity, — that of intimacy, *l'intime*. But take any complete French anthology, and compare its selections one with another: there will be a touch of primacy everywhere in his favor, and the most perfect examples of lyrical expression will bear the old autocratic signature.

Dumas fils is also discussed by both critics, with free doses of blame administered in a spirit of admiration. M. Weiss scrutinizes keenly the use made of a talent for which he, like all his country, feels a tenderness that seems to be a lesser and modernized form of the Musset *culte*. Among M. Weiss's most recent subjects are Sardou, whose dramatic machine he takes to pieces with triumphant deftness, and M. Edouard Pailleron. His article on this poet and dramatist of the salons — written before *Le Monde où l'on s'ennuie*, but just as applicable afterwards — is a delicate

example of M. Weiss's *métier* of pure criticism. His recognition of the talent and opportunity of the poet, his regret that they are not reinforced by effort, his clear statement of the firmness of hand required for the production of delicate trifles, and his summing up, that "one may be half a Scribe or half a Sardou, but one cannot be half a Musset or half a Marivaux," is a clever bit of writing, and a morsel of literary truth as well.

In speaking of a number of bygone themes discussed in the books before us, we did not intend to give the impression that M. Lemaitre had donned the scholastic cap and gown. True, he begins with Æschylus, by way of giving a few points to the Porte St. Martin, and he serves Racine and Molière with Sarcey sauce, but he does not neglect Gyp nor harden his heart to the *opéra bouffe*. His writing is almost a marvel in its unflagging vivacity and ingenuity, its audacity and restraint; he is past master of the art of saying things, and his certificate of personal critic authorizes him to say what he pleases, the selection being, however, made with deliberation and knowledge of his world. He has not very exacting standards, but he has a set of critical tentacles of considerable delicacy, and their touch is everywhere a fine one, though his element, like that of the asteroid, is not in the deepest waters. His critical method is of the pictorial order. He reproduces a book or a play with vividness and color; manipulating it a little in accordance with his own views, bestowing upon it a series of caressing touches or a running comment of irony, and producing a result which is clever, entertaining, and perfectly homogeneous. His liveliest sallies never take him out of his course or break the texture of his writing. His wit goes from high to low; it discovers Shakespearean affinities in Barbe Bleue and a spice of Tartarin in Voltaire; it finds reasons for the admission of Meilhac and

Halévy by St. Peter into the French Academy, and produces arguments for the claim to success of M. Jules Lemaitre's drama of *Révoltée*. Perhaps the *moi* employed is not in this instance quite the *moi public*, which is the title claimed by M. Lemaitre for that of the personal critic.

There are no airs of cosmopolitanism, at all events, about M. Lemaitre. He sees a play adapted from Dostoievsky, *Crime and Punishment*, and gives an appreciative analysis of its motive; but he returns in a moment to Paris, to the Goncourt novels, which stir in him "a compassion that reaches from the particular suffering described to the great human misery beyond, and thus takes on a religious character, — as well as if the text were a translation from the Russian," — and to Gyp, who calls for no compassion, and to whose genius he surrenders himself "*pieds et poings liés*." There is plenty of *esprit* in this article on the *Théâtre des Marionnettes*, and the clever woman who is its inspiring genius. Critic and subject are here in accord, and the result ought to satisfy any reader who demands of his French literature that it should have what is generally recognized as the true Gallic flavor.

M. Lemaitre closes a volume begun with *Æschylus* with an obituary of Victorine Demay, a prima donna of the *cafés chantants*, who stands out on the canvas as she stood before her audiences, "large and cordial, opulent and gay, — her whole plenteous person compounded of enjoyment." Critical curiosity and a *penchant* for contrasts led M. Lemaitre to bring about a meeting between Madame Demay and M. Renan, who addressed to her a polite remark, indicating that her fame as a singer had reached his ears; to which, duly impressed with the fact that a great man stood before her, and wishing to acquit herself with distinction, she replied, "And I, monsieur, know all about you!"

Madame Demay makes the transition

from M. Lemaitre's vivacity to the serious papers of M. Deschanel, which open with M. Renan. If the critics of the literary philosopher do not know all about him, it is not for want of assistance on his part; from the Breton-Gascon key of his temperament, furnished by himself, to the latest phase of his thought, they have all the materials. Perhaps there is not much that is novel left to be added, at this date, to contemporary criticism of him, and M. Deschanel is not a writer who attempts the impossible; his book exhibits no marked cleverness or keenness of vision, but it is written with intelligence and moderation of tone, and with a sympathy which is that of conviction for the serious and aspiring element in French literature. His *Figures Littéraires*, who are more or less philosophic figures as well, stand to him for a certain hardihood and independence of thought, though M. Brunetière would not allow him Rabelais on that ground, and the portrait of M. Paul Bourget might appear at first sight a curious pendant to that of Edgar Quinet. It is the solemnity of M. Bourget rather than his decadence that attracts M. Deschanel, who attributes the latter feature to the absorption by an impressionable and imitative nature of ideas already aired and in print, and concludes that "it is the very vivacity of his feeling and of his imagination which gives him the appearance of being old at heart." The picture of young France, with which the interesting paper on M. Bourget is concluded, would inspire more confidence if the catalogue of its virtues did not have the air of being drawn up by the deputy rather than the critic, though no one can doubt the existence of some such hopeful element of reaction; and it could hardly find a better programme than that furnished by M. Deschanel, in which the clause recommending resignation to the conditions of a private and insignificant existence strikes one as specially imbued with *bon sens*.

If the critical signs are inauspicious for the fame of Victor Hugo, even at the height of his popularity, the mild star of Lamartine, on the contrary, which seemed almost to have disappeared, is now in the ascendant. Lamartine staked his poetry with his politics, and lost; he is now having a political and poetical *revanche*. The tone of disparagement and indifference in regard to his work, which was perhaps natural enough, though manifestly exaggerated and unjust, has died away of late, and a reaction "has set in with its usual severity," as Horace Walpole said of the spring. It is not one or another trait of Lamartine which is held up to us to-day for reverence and admiration, but the man and the poet, his entire person washed and made whole, his cherished wings plumed and restored. After being attacked as a *poseur* and a chanter of sentimental measures, he is cited as sincere, fresh, inspired; after despising his vanity and lack of independence, his compatriots are touched by his disinterestedness, and by the pathos of an outstretched hand to which his country owed so much and which it left empty.

There are not many reputations which could bear a stronger light than Lamartine's, and his admirers could well afford to mix a little more scrutiny with their adoration. A stricter criticism will hardly be able to dispose, as M. de Pomairols does, of his vanity by an occasional allusion with absolution, to wrap it in a rose leaf and set it aside. But neither egoism nor the sentimental nature of his poetry, which was both a personal trait and a necessary feature of his moment, could injure his sincerity. The feeling of his verse is as genuine as its harmony, and even his vanity had an ethereal quality, like the perversions and errors of Shelley.

M. de Pomairols's Study in Morals and *Æsthetics* is not a general treatise on these subjects, but exclusively a study of the moral and æsthetic aspects of Lamartine's life and poetry. There is

something a little naive and wanting in perspective in the entire absence of any reference to other writers, interests, or ideas; but this method, if it be a method, is not unsuited to the treatment of Lamartine, and brings out strongly the singleness of his nature, the simplicity of his ideal, and the unity of his achievement. "Les ombres," said Lamartine, "n'ajoutent rien à la lumière." This was his poetic creed and the conviction of his life; it was the source or the explanation of his religious inspiration and of the pellucid loveliness of his verse; it was also his great mistake, as any painter could have told him. Not only have strong literary effects been produced by contrast, but the writers who have sounded the human mind and given the truest pictures of human life have looked fearlessly into the shadow as into the light.

No reality, however, could have been a more grateful element in French literature, or have had a stronger or more immediate effect, than this absolute idealism of Lamartine. Matthew Arnold relates somewhere that he once remarked to Sainte-Beuve that Lamartine appeared to him an unimportant poet, to which the French critic replied, "He was important for *us*." Whether there was in this answer a suave suggestion of the difficulty of determining the values of a literature from the standpoint of a different language and environment, or whether it referred merely to the relations of life and literature in France, it is certain that, for a foreign eye, it is easier to overlook the importance of a poet like Lamartine than to exaggerate or even appreciate it. M. de Pomairols takes us back to the France of 1820, nourished on the ideas of the eighteenth century, but with the intellectual force that had inspired them already gone; with a mechanical and arid poetry still dominant amid the new enthusiasm stirred by the prose of Chateaubriand and Madame de Staël. Into this at-

mosphere the melody and tenderness of the first *Méditations* fell like summer rain. It was an infusion of new life rather than a new literary form. There were fragments of eighteenth-century expression here and there; and, in fact, Lamartine's poetry belongs to the legitimate line of French verse rather than to the romantic school; but its unlikeness to what had preceded was striking, and its freshness unmistakable. It is an almost impalpable essence of poetry, borrowing nothing, as M. de Pomairols shows, from the plastic arts, suggesting "no medium save poetic speech, the direct expression of the soul. . . . His essential spirituality is rendered by an entire immateriality of style. Never were words more completely freed from weight; he chooses always the airiest and most translucent, and herein, perhaps, resides the secret of their harmony. His lines are not hammered out by a firm hand working upon resistant metal; they are the breathings of a spirit." M. de Pomairols's whole analysis of the poems, which is not confined to a general review of the style or argument, but enters minutely into discussion of the verse and seizes the most elusive traits, is an instance of what French criticism aims at and accomplishes, not alone in technical study, but in sympathy and delicacy both of perception and expression. There is a little overfine writing of this sort in the book, and a good deal that is sifted too fine for the enjoyment of any save enthusiastic amateurs of poetry; but it must not be forgotten in this connection that M. de Pomairols is himself a poet as well as a critic.

The impersonal nature of Lamartine's

poetry, everywhere apparent in his selection of feelings common to humanity as the theme of his verse, and in the affiliation of his own love or sorrow to the universal, comes out no less clearly in the circumstance, noted by M. de Pomairols, that in the retrospection so frequent in his poems Lamartine's regret is never for his own former self, but always for those whom he loved. His affections were very strong. The friends of his boyhood, none of whom was distinguished or to the world at large specially interesting, were not only loved by him to the last, but loved with the old idealization and eagerness.

As regards the relative estimate of his work, we cannot agree with M. de Pomairols in placing the *Harmonies* above the *Méditations*; and we do not find its rightful supremacy accorded to "l'incomparable Lac," as Sainte-Beuve calls it, though perhaps this most perfect of sentimental poems is rather taken for granted in M. de Pomairols's survey. Jocelyn is the fullest expression of Lamartine's genius, the most successful instance of that usually unsuccessful form, the novel in verse; and while M. de Pomairols's characterization of it as "the greatest, perhaps the only poem in our language," though it finds support in the critical pages of M. Lemaitre, sounds tolerably sonorous, this idyl of passion merits at least the tenderness here bestowed upon it. M. Brunetière has wittily said of the banquets by which his country loves to do honor to the memory of its great authors, "Ils ont pensé pour nous, et nous mangeons pour eux;" and it is pleasant to find that there is still — or shall we say again? — a feasting in homage to Lamartine.

STORY'S CONVERSATIONS IN A STUDIO.

THE versatility of Mr. Story's mind, which is illustrated by the variety of his talents, finds an admirable means of expression in the informal talk upon many topics which he has thrown into his last volumes.¹ Prose dialogue is a literary form difficult to manage, and instances of success in it in English books are rare; but one who has a well-stored mind and an educated interest in many subjects can scarcely find a form offering such freedom and ease. Mr. Story has but one interlocutor with himself, and as he has not endeavored to make him the mouthpiece of views opposed to his own, he escapes the danger of creating only a man of straw. In fact, there is no discussion, properly speaking, in the work; there is only talk such as would take place between sympathetic friends of the same tastes and education without any friction of the mind. The matter of the conversation, also, is not such as would arouse any very serious feeling, but is largely that mass of fact, theory, and opinion upon artistic or literary subjects which is the common property of men of scholarship and taste. The writer reminds us of the principles of art and poetry, and recalls anecdotes of the history of past times and famous men, and occasionally communicates some out-of-the-way piece of information, such as a wide-ranging reader may gather from curious books; and he binds the whole together in a natural way by his fiction of the hour in the studio. There is nothing energetic in thought or exacting of attention; all is very easy reading; but the intelligence and mental alertness of these rambling discourses lend them value and make them attractive; the curiosity of

the reader is quickened and satisfied, and at the end he finds he has been pleasantly and instructively entertained.

One trait of the work is a certain cosmopolitanism natural to its Roman setting, but also belonging of right to the author himself. The ancients seem like contemporaries in such an atmosphere, and they come often and quite without ceremony upon the stage; but besides this scholarly neighborliness with the Greeks and Romans, there is an equal closeness to Goethe and Shakespeare, to Paris fashions, and of course to Italy with all its range; nor does the criticism fail to glance at the characteristics of Mr. Story's countrymen. The leading subject in all this is properly art, its theory and practice and history; and although there is little new in the thought or fresh in its expression, it is interesting to listen to a sculptor upon his own profession, and to hear from a poet what pleases him in the great masters. Mr. Story is an idealist, and consequently finds much to criticise in modern works of painting and sculpture, and takes pains to justify his own convictions, and to set forth the defects of naturalism or realism, of photographic representation, of unorganized detail, of mere effects of sensation or of technical power, and the like; and, on the other hand, to speak of the beauty behind nature, the type in the individual, the poetical and philosophical temperament of the great writers, and, in general, to defend idealistic treatment both in the fine arts and in literature. Only a small portion of his conversations, however, deals with such abstract matter; his usual method is concrete, and his main purpose seems often to present striking facts. One of the freshest of these conversations, for example, is that which deals with the luxury of the ancients,

¹ *Conversations in a Studio.* By WILLIAM WETMORE STORY. 2 vols. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1890.

and particularly with the extraordinary prices paid to artists and sculptors of classical times for their works. Art was then, according to this account, a remarkably lucrative profession. The prices now paid either to the most eminent of living artists or for the works of the old masters which occasionally come into the market, enormous as they seem to us, were exceeded in the days of Greece and Rome; one artist reached such a degree of wealth and also of vanity that he declared no money could pay for his productions, and therefore he gave them away to cities or princes. Mr. Story cites a large number of instances of these prices from the ancient authors, and supports his view with ample illustrations. This profusion, in Rome at least, was equaled in other departments of luxury, examples of which he furnishes. He compares with this the low prices prevailing in the Italian Renaissance, and thus affords a broad summary view of the financial side of artistic history. In another chapter he treats of the much-vexed question of Latin pronunciation, in which he argues plausibly and in detail in favor of the Italian system. The continuance of many of the old Roman proper names in familiar and unbroken succession down to the last period supplies him with one noteworthy point in the question, and the Italian lengthening of the consonantal sounds suggests a peculiarly apt explanation of a rule of quantity. The history of the Italian alphabet and the evidence of some ancient inscriptions are also made to do service in behalf of his position. Altogether, this subject becomes almost a monograph, under his skillful handling. The canon of proportion in sculpture, as practiced by the ancients, is a third most interesting classical theme, and is treated in an original way.

Not all of Mr. Story's topics, nevertheless, are of this severe sort. The talk about literature, whether German, Ital-

ian, or English, is admirably light in touch and sound in criticism. He is more appreciative than rigorous in his remarks upon the poets, but his quotations are usually happily selected examples of the minor excellences of really good verse. Shakespeare, naturally, holds a foremost place everywhere, and his versification is well discriminated and illustrated. Shelley comes scarcely behind the great dramatist as a favorite poet, and the descriptions of Italian scenery, so wonderfully direct and truthful, are often cited on the page. Few writers have perceived so clearly how much Shelley owed to Italian landscape for that peculiar charm and atmosphere which is diffused about his later verse. Wordsworth is the third greatest name which recurs with frequency to Mr. Story's memory, and to him he does full justice. Contemporary poetry, however, is hardly mentioned, and there is no familiar reminiscence of the poets the author has known excepting Landor, of whom a sympathetic but rather pitiful portrait is drawn in his old age. Mr. Story appears throughout as a generous and tolerant lover of poetry,—as one into whose life it has entered; and perhaps the best of his conversations on this subject consists rather in the unconscious illustration of this intimacy of poetry in a life than in any express criticism of it. Of Goethe he usually speaks disparagingly, as a mechanical and too self-possessed poet, with too much of platitude and attitude in his work; and for his criticism of English literature, particularly the famous analysis and improvement of Hamlet, Mr. Story has no mercy. This is but one of several signs which an attentive observer may note of a decrease in the reputation of Goethe among the English. In his strictures, Mr. Story will have the sympathy of many who have not been able, in these latter days, to reach the degree of enthusiasm for the chief of the Germans which was aroused

by the eulogy of Carlyle and his early followers.

The variety of these volumes, however, is hardly indicated by mention of these greater separate subjects on which the conversation turned at one or another point. The mere list of the topics which are touched on just sufficiently to yield interest without weariness would fill a long paragraph. There is a good deal of the "curiosities of literature" scattered through the pages, much piecemeal learning, occasionally a humorous story or fine saying. Magic and the powers of memory; old age, with an account of famous centenarians; the pedigree of the dress-coat and its unfortunate influence; the fate of the corpses of the Medici family; the early exhaustion of Raphael; the genius of Michael Angelo; the population of ancient Rome; the patriotic verses of Robert Treat Paine; American mispronunciations and solecisms; the characteristics of Roman statues; the obligation of the sculptor to his assistant who does the mechanical work, are a few of the more prominent matters to which some pages are given. In fact, Mr. Story does not write all this now for the first time; but he has gathered here, with some recasting, much that he has written from time to time upon special topics, so that we have a considerable portion of his occasional literary work in the shape which he desires it to wear. The knowledge of a cultivated man, his wealth of allusion and literary or artistic anecdote, his final con-

victions about art and its great historical memorials, are all laid under tribute in these pages for our entertainment; and though there is a good proportion of seeming paradox, and the freshness of idea is not always quite unworn, yet one finds the volumes useful as well as charming resources for leisure. There is, too, through all of the conversations a geniality of feeling and a refinement of intellectual interests, a tone of friendliness and good-nature, even in those portions which distribute the mild blame in which the author sometimes indulges himself, that win the reader to cheerfulness, and give the work that companionableness of feeling which it ought to have. Mr. Story's literary faculty is not beneath such work as this, and there is something of the same quality here as in his older books about Roman life which have delighted lovers of Italy. One misses only the local coloring which might have been looked for in conversations which are represented as taking place in his Roman studio, and the occasional ripple of Italian breaking in on the English text does not entirely make up for this lack. It is not markedly an Italian work, therefore, but there is something of Italy in it; and one feels this mainly in the cosmopolitan manner which characterizes it, and which we began by speaking of. Those who are interested in the things of culture will give it welcome, and others may be led to liking of such pleasures by reading it.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

Paul Jones's Funeral. IT is just a hundred years since Paul Jones entered on the fifth act, a mute and inglorious one, of his life drama. He arrived in Paris in the winter of 1789-90. In the pre-

vious year he had gone to St. Petersburg. There he was introduced by Ségur, the French ambassador, a fellow-member of the order of Cincinnatus, to the Empress Catherine, and was appointed

rear-admiral in the Russian navy, much to the annoyance of the English officers, who were with difficulty deterred from resigning. He was sent out of their way to the Black Sea, where he helped to defeat the Turkish squadron. On his return to St. Petersburg, Russian jealousy led to a girl being suborned to accuse him of immorality; he was forbidden the court, and was boycotted by fashionable society. The truth soon came to light, and Jones received full reparation; but he had had enough of a country where a man's reputation could be thus blasted, and, receiving ostensible leave of absence, together with a pension, he went in the autumn of 1789 to Vienna. There, however, he found no opening, for Austria had no navy to speak of, and he went on to Paris. But he had no sympathy with the Revolution, nor the Revolution with him, and in lieu of the ovation which greeted him in 1780 he found himself ignored. He died July 18, 1792. Gouverneur Morris describes his illness and death, but neither Morris nor any biographer gives the funeral register. The original document was destroyed in 1871, when the Commune set fire to the Hôtel de Ville, with all its records of Parisian interments; but, fortunately, a copy of it had been taken by Mr. Charles Read, a French antiquary of Scotch extraction, and published by him in the *Correspondance Littéraire* of 1859. It reads as follows:—

"This day, 20th July, year 4 of liberty, at 8 o'clock in the evening, conformably to the decree of the National Assembly of yesterday, in presence of a deputation from the said Assembly, consisting of MM. Brun, president of the deputation, Bravet, Cambon, Rouyer, Brival, Deydier, Gay-Vernon, episcopal vicar of the department of Loir et Cher, Caulier, Petit, Le Josne, Robeaume, and another deputation from the consistory of the Protestants of Paris, consisting of MM. Marron, pasteur, Perreaux, Binard,

Monquin, and Empaytaz, elders, was buried in the cemetery of foreign Protestants *John Paul Jones*, native of England and citizen of the United States of America, commodore in the service of the said States, aged 45 years, deceased the 18th of this month, at his house situate Rue de Tournon No. 42, in consequence of dropsy in the chest, in the sentiments of the Protestant religion. The said interment was made also in the presence of us, François Pierre Simonneau, king's commissary in that behalf, and commissary of police of the section Ponceau, MM. Samuel Blackden, colonel of dragoons in the service of the United States of America, S. James Col. Mountflorenc [sic], ex-major in the service of the State of North Carolina and citizen of the United States of America, Marie Jean Baptiste Benoist Beaupoil, ex-French officer living at Paris, Passage des Petits Pères No. 7, and Louis Nicolas Villemillot, officer commanding the detachment of gendarmerie grenadiers which escorted the deputation from the Assembly, and of other witnesses who have signed with us."

The Sadness
of Rural
Life.

— A writer in a recent number of *The Atlantic* concludes a sketch of New England rural landscape with the question if it will have to her readers "a tinge of sadness." Any one who knows something more of country life than appears on the surface to the eyes of the summer sojourners in our pleasant New England villages, must answer to the above query that more than a tinge of sadness is discoverable in the little picture the writer has presented. Wherever she leaves the external scene and touches on anything relating to the life of the people the note of melancholy is apparent. She speaks of the "sorrows and almost undiverted toil" of the inhabitants of the quiet-looking homes; records the loneliness which doubles the pain of long illnesses in one family, and in another the lack of all gladness in the lives of

the children who had learned already "to lift and carry their share of the burdens" of a bereaved and saddened household.

Let me tell something of what I know of life in one little village, — as pretty a one as will be found anywhere. The houses of the more well-to-do are always neat, if not architecturally pleasing; and even the poorer sort, the low, weather-beaten cots set among the straggling phlox and clumps of tiger-lilies of the "front yard," have without a certain picturesqueness, and often within more comfort of a simple kind than their exterior promises. But the lives of the inmates are seldom cheerful ones. Such, at least, is the impression left by the glimpses afforded an outsider.

Of course one must not make the mistake of endowing others with one's own susceptibilities. It is possible, for instance, that the joyless monotony of their existence does not weigh as heavily upon the native villagers as the imagination of it does upon the spectator. And yet tell upon them it does, to some extent, though perhaps unconsciously, and with persons of a certain temperament it must be counted among the burdens daily borne. I have in mind a middle-aged woman, who in youth must have been as light-hearted and merry a girl as one could find. She married into a family of the utmost respectability, and was lifted to as high a social position as the village knew. But trouble came: her husband turned out an amiable good-for-nothing, who, with idleness and conviviality, squandered his father's money; and gradually the good old family sank down in the world, till the roof over them was theirs on sufferance only, and the poor disheartened daughter-in-law had hard work to struggle on under the burden of the aged father's helplessness and the care of the two or three boarders who scarce paid for their keep. She lost hope and energy, as persons of her naturally light and happy temperament

often do. Yet she was full of the real New England humor and capacity for pleasure, and no one more enjoyed a little break in the dull jog-trot of her days. I think she never fell into that sort of stupid, spiritless acquiescence in the inevitable miscalled content; and though she did not often complain, I always pitied the good, kindly woman as heartily as I loved her.

There is little pauperism in the village, but much poverty of the proud and independent kind. Our rural population may live in far greater comparative comfort than the same class in other countries; but even if so, there is much to be desired for them. The families of farmers are as a rule rather underfed; and if enough in quantity, the food is not so wholesome and nourishing as it should be. The men are not ruddy nor well fleshed; their wives look pinched and worn. The poverty of mechanic and farmer folk reveals itself to a sympathetic observer by the way in which the life of a younger member of a family is sometimes seen to be quite sacrificed to maintain that of the parents. So in one family I know the father is so aged and the mother so helpless that the daughter's life is wholly spent for the exacting old pair; and she, imagining she owes this excess of duty, scarcely stirs beyond the threshold to gather the few flowers she loves, in her homely little plot, and foregoes altogether the pleasure of church-going and visiting her neighbors. Poor old maid! It is partly her own fault, — the dreary sameness of her existence; but there is wonderful strength in the bands that tie the unselfish to the side of those they labor for.

There is a house in a pretty though secluded spot, a good-sized white building, — far too shady with close-surrounding trees for the feeble old man and the consumptive young one, father and son, who pass their lonely days there. The son, a man of unusual intelligence and refinement, is condemned to this solitary,

and it would seem most melancholy, existence because he would not leave his father if he could, and could not if he would. The old man holds the purse, and, like so many of those who are more well off among the country folk, is inclined to miserliness. He even grudges his dutiful son the price of his medicines. Money is come by hardly, and those who have it are unwilling to part with it. I have known an old woman of eighty, living alone, too niggardly to keep a servant, till in her last illness the relatives who were to inherit her money came and brought her aid and service. These old people often show an indomitable will and fortitude, which is both heroic and pitiful. Directly opposite the house of the person above mentioned is a tumble-down-looking gray tenement, of Revolutionary date, and in it lives — or exists — a woman of ninety or over, blind and deaf. Her nephew lives with her, and does the rougher "chores," but the nonagenarian takes as full a share of the household work as he. She comes of a good stock and has well-to-do relatives, but old lady S — dribbles out the remainder of her years in a strange, apathetic contentment with her dreary lot.

The more able and enterprising young men of the place go away as soon as possible, to seek their fortune elsewhere. The young women of superior intelligence and refinement have no escape but by marriage, and their very superiority limits their choice.

I have dwelt upon the dark side of country life; and though to me it has been the most apparent, I would not deny that it has also a brighter one.

A Remonstrance. — I have been wounded in the house of my friends. When Agnes Repplier, who in days past has so often put for me my subtlest, most elusive thoughts into words, so often expressed in one delicately turned phrase the very soul of my delight in something I have read, or just touched with sensitive pen-point the one blemish that an-

noyed me, — when she, I say, willfully (for how else than willfully can she do it, with her quick feeling, her fine perception?) misinterprets Wordsworth, my heart's love among poets, I cannot refrain from outcry.

That she should call Wordsworth's Lucy "shadowy" I can forgive, for the sake of the accompanying adjective "alluring;" but why shadowy? Is there anywhere in poetry a more exquisite portrait, or one with more distinct individuality and definite charm, than that given us in the lines beginning

"Three years she grew in sun and shower"?

To me, indeed, the comparisons in the little poem from which Miss Repplier afterward quotes convey a very clear picture.

"A violet by a mossy stone."

Mark the word "mossy," and recall the kind of violet that such moist verdure cherishes.

"Fair as a star, when only one
Is shining in the sky."

Do you not see the quiet maiden, softly radiant, serene, large-natured, gracious, in perfect harmony of mind and body?

All this, however, is a mere matter of personal impression. What I cannot forgive Miss Repplier is her apparent inability to estimate aright the poet's grief at Lucy's death. "We cannot endure," she says, "to think of Lucy as he thinks of her, —

'Rolled round in earth's diurnal course
With rocks, and stones, and trees.'"

I admit that the idea is not a pleasant one, but is it not true that in the first horror of complete loss this deadness of the beloved body is, more than anything else, what presses upon us with crushing weight?

"No motion has she now, no force;
She neither hears nor sees."

Yesterday, alive at every pore; to-day, a stock, a stone!

Miss Repplier speaks, too, of the poet as turning from Lucy's "fair image back to a consideration of his own emotions." Surely she fails to catch the true attitude of his mind. The failure seems to me sufficiently serious, for it makes a real appreciation of much of Wordsworth's poetry quite impossible. Some emotions are too strong for words; the very simplicity in which they find expression proves their force. I have always been of the opinion that Wordsworth has, preëminently among poets, the power to make us feel this force. He accomplishes his end sometimes by means of a homely exclamation, —

"Oh, mercy, to myself I said,
If Lucy should be dead!"

Again, by an absolutely unadorned recital of some action so commonplace as to be often almost unconsciously performed, and yet so full of meaning that its mere mention thrills our deepest being: —

"On summer evenings I believe that there
A long half-hour together I have stood,
Mute, looking at the grave in which he
lies."

And still again, by the half-utterance of a thought that, pursued far enough, would lead one into regions vast and sad as life itself: —

"I've heard of hearts unkind, kind deeds
With coldness still returning;
Alas, the gratitude of men
Has oftener left me mourning!"

The lines Miss Repplier characterizes as written musingly, with a deliberate sadness which "exasperates us by its dispassionate regret, its tranquil self-communing," I should class among these half-utterances. Lucy, pure and fresh as a violet, restful as a star; Lucy, living, loving, his, and his only, is before the poet. Suddenly there seizes him, with that bitter sense of hopelessness which a sorrow takes but at intervals, the knowledge, — ah, no, he knew it before, — the anguish of the knowledge, that this

sweetness, this goodness, this tender brightness, all, all are gone, —

... "and oh!

The difference to me."

Is it not the cry of Sorrow's self?

A Talk about — However it may have been Parsons. with the world in general, that part of it which we call literary has always found the parson interesting. As a personage he has discovered sharp contrasts to the rest of humanity, and has not been without contradictions in himself which are available for purposes of the novelist's art. Nearly every great writer of fiction has used him as a foil; and when other subjects of ridicule and sarcasm fail, the clergyman remains an ever present resource. As a rule, we do not find him in the drama except in caricature; even Shakespeare creating only the great prelate, the ecclesiastic on the side of his relations to the state. But since the novel has driven the drama out of the literary field, fiction has held the mirror up to every phase of clerical character, from the improvident Vicar of Wakefield, in whom Goldsmith reflected so much of his own personality, to the Dean Maitlands and Reverend Apostates, the Robert Elsmere and John Wards, of our own day. No one would think of accusing Hawthorne of churchy inclinations, and yet the fact remains that no human product seems to have had the fascination for his mind which he found in that unique individual, the New England minister of a century ago. Even George Eliot, with her secularist tendencies, rarely failed, in a novel, to pay her respects to a profession which must have appealed to her only upon the literary side; nor was her singularly catholic mind wanting in a genuine and tender appreciation of the difficulties as well as the ideal aspects of the minister's work. How, too, Trollope delighted in clergymen, reveling in the petty details of curate existence as if he shared that absorption in their person and function which is commonly ascribed

to women of uncertain prospects and a sentimental turn of mind! And what a hopeless figure that same novelist would have made in a new world like ours, without any religious establishment and a social life conditioned in its mild monotonies!

In the field of actual literary achievement, also, should we not miss that gentle lover of the fields, Gilbert White of Selborne, who knew so well how to serve men in the double capacity of naturalist and pastor? George Crabbe may not be a great poet, but it is pleasant to think of him, after his safe anchorage in the Church, as solacing his own life, if not compelling the attention of after-ages, with the respectable mediocrity of his verse. Who does not like to take the road with preaching, fighting, gyp-sying George Borrow, whose heart always spoke in Romany, whatever language might be on his lips! Few have done more to enliven our literature than Dean Swift and Sydney Smith, to say nothing of that laughter-loving Mr. Ingoldsby, who was known in the pulpit as Rev. Richard H. Barham. Not every one recalls that the best two drinking-songs in the language were written by clergymen, — The Brown Jug, by Rev. Francis Fawkes, and that Drinking Song by John Still, Bishop of Bath and Wells in the sixteenth century, which Warton calls the first *chanson à boire* of any merit in the English tongue. What a saving quality of reaction there is in the humor and playful abandon of such divines as Mather Byles, Norman Macleod, and James Hannington, as if, un-

compromising and devoted as they are, their very seriousness made them capable of a boyishness denied to the rest of mankind!

One hopes, moreover, that under the leveling conditions of democracy the type may not be losing somewhat of its variety, and becoming less picturesque and interesting to the unprejudiced observer. The clerical figure seems best projected upon the background of a state church, with its definite social adjustment and its permitted freedom of action. What other religious organization could contain and tolerate at the same time so many differing phases of the genus parson as the English Establishment? And whether he belong to the praying, fighting, drinking, racing, or fox-hunting order, where else is he so certain of commanding the deference due to his cloth? This latitude, allowed him for the institution's sake, has at least tended to keep him up to the mark of manly vigor and that all-round sympathy with life so necessary to his function and office. For when men justify their indifference to religion by recalling the *mot* that there are three sexes, men, women, and clergymen, it is evident that a more than artistic loss has been suffered.

But parsons will be parsons; and, say what we may in their disfavor, the human drama would be incomplete without them. One does not like to contemplate the world with the clerical element wholly left out; but perhaps there is no other way of bringing us to a realizing sense of the profession and the place it occupies in life.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

Education and Text-Books. Alpha, a Greek Primer, introductory to Xenophon, by William G. Frost. (Allyn & Bacon.) A very attractive and ingenious little manual, in which the editor has gone, apparently, as far as he dared in making the ancient Greek a living language. The dialogues are clever, and the vocabulary has an interesting feature in the addition to the words, whenever it is possible, of English words which are descended from the Greek. — Gradation, an easy Latin translation book for beginners, by H. R. Heatley and H. N. Kingdon; revised by J. W. Seuder. (Allyn & Bacon.) A well-known English primer, prepared for the American market. A feature of the revision is the introduction of Latin stories leading up to the Latin of Nepos and Cæsar. The same use has been made of the vocabulary as in the preceding volume, to interest the student in derivation. — Principles of Plane Geometry, by J. W. Macdonald. (Allyn & Bacon.) An interesting manual, for the use of teachers who, understanding elementary geometry, have the patience and courage to lead their pupils into a development of the science, instead of employing the easier method of teaching rules and examples. — C. W. Bardeen (Syracuse, N. Y.) has begun the issue of a series of pamphlets entitled Papers on School Issues of the Day, which so far consist of reports of discussions and papers which first saw the light at the meeting of the National Association at Nashville in July last. Some of the titles are, Denominational Schools, The Educational Value of Manual Training, Art Education, The True Industrial Education, Methods of Instruction and Courses of Study in Normal Schools, Pedagogical Chairs in Colleges and Universities, Honorary Degrees as Conferred in American Colleges. The papers are for the most part of more than ordinary interest. — Crusader Programs for the Loyal Temperance Legion, Sunday-Schools, etc. (Woman's Temperance Publication Association, Chicago.) There is no uncertainty about the sentiment conveyed in this little book, which is intended to furnish programmes for the celebration of Christian and patriotic festivals, and to inculcate total abstinence. For those who believe that total abstinence and Christianity are one and inseparable, it will present no difficulties. — Studies in Pedagogy, by Thomas J. Morgan. (Silver, Burdett & Co., Boston.) The work of a man of wide experience in the prevailing systems. We think his estimate of the actual value of Normal Schools

and of chairs of pedagogy is unduly high, but he believes plainly in an ideal excellence, and is willing to believe that the schools are working out the problem, not that they have already achieved a full result. The book has some good practical suggestions, but what a world of talk the professional view of pedagogy seems to give rise to! — Thomas Jefferson's Views on Public Education, by John C. Henderson. (Putnams.) Mr. Henderson has taken a great deal of trouble which we fear will not receive sufficient recognition. He has not simply printed from Jefferson's writings such portions as relate to education. Under the several heads, An Admonition to Friends of Civil Liberty, A State should have a University, Jefferson's Ideal University, Our Colored Brethren, and A Jeffersonian Amendment to the Constitution of the United States, he has drawn upon Jefferson's public and private writings for expression of his views, and has set these forth with comments of his own, so as to make continuous papers. The plan assumes an importance attaching to Jefferson's *obiter dicta* which we fear will not be shared by many men; but, curiously enough, the author has used some of Jefferson's vague generalities as texts for admirable practical comment. — A German Reader for Beginners in School or College, with Notes and Vocabulary, by Edward S. Joynes. (Heath.) The plan requires that the exercises should be introductory to an intelligent reading of German, not to an acquaintance with German literature; but the editor has, after all, accomplished both objects in a degree. There is an ingenious series of interlinear introductory exercises. — Laboratory Manual of Experimental Physics; a Brief Course of Quantitative Experiments intended for Beginners. By Albert L. Arey. (Bardeen.) The book is cleverly made up by having a blank or tabular page opposite each set of experiments, upon which to record results. — In Heath's Modern Language Series, recent numbers are *Aus dem Staat Friedrichs des Grossen*, by Gustav Freytag, edited by Herman Hager; Alexis Piron's *La Métromanie*, edited by Léon Delbos; and Lamartine's *Jeanne d'Arc*, edited by Albert Barrère. They are reprints from English publications. The French numbers have the notes conveniently at the foot of the page. Freytag's essay, being annotated chiefly on the historical side, has its notes in an appendix. — Under the title of Public School Music Course, Charles E. Whiting has prepared a series of six music

readers. (Heath.) They form a complete course, both of study and of exercise, up to the High School. The later numbers review the work of the earlier ones, and the higher one goes in the series, the more songs and hymns he has. It strikes us that the plan is almost too elaborately graded for general use, but we are glad of anything which emphasizes the importance of thorough training in vocal music in our public schools. We may yet awake fully to the immense help of both music and drawing in our elementary education. — Luther on Education, including a [sic] Historical Introduction and a Translation of the Reformer's two most Important Educational Treatises, by F. V. N. Painter. (Lutheran Publication Society, Philadelphia.) Mr. Painter points out the important work done for schools by Luther, and insists that he deserves to be recognized as the greatest, not only of religious, but of educational reformers. There is much that is interesting in this book as to the history of education, but the treatises which are reproduced do not have a very immediate bearing upon current questions in school and state. — The New Arithmetic, edited by Seymour Eaton, with preface by T. H. Safford. (Heath.) A convenient collection of examples and problems arranged in a natural order. The preface is suggestive, and ought to be helpful to teachers, whether they use this particular book or not. — *Æschines against Ctesiphon*, edited on the Basis of Weidner's Edition, by R. B. Richardson. (Ginn.) The notes enable the student to keep in mind the natural comparison with Demosthenes' oration; and the apparatus generally is such as will both stimulate the student and increase his interest in the theme treated. The text is admirably printed. — State and Federal Government of the United States (Heath) is a chapter from Mr. Woodrow Wilson's longer work on The State, to which we have already referred. It is excerpted so as to serve as a brief manual for schools and colleges desiring to take up the central questions of our administration. — The Elements of Astronomy, with a Uranography, by Charles A. Young. (Ginn.) There is hard work before any High School pupil who grapples with this book, but it is work which will quicken the pulse of the student, and lead him into realms where the imagination, under the guidance of mathematics, will have a fine field.

Biography. The Life-Work of the Author of Uncle Tom's Cabin, by Florine Thayer McCray. (Funk & Wagnalls.) Mrs. McCray follows Mrs. Stowe through her life, making the several books written by her stepping-stones with which to keep along the current of her career. She gives a notion of their contents

and comments on them, and as Mrs. Stowe's life, after she became famous, was in a measure a public one, it was easy to find material without having recourse to any private sources of information. It should be added that many of Mrs. Stowe's writings are of a half-autobiographical character. — In Saint Teresa of Avila Mrs. Bradley Gilman has found a comparatively fresh subject. At any rate, the point of view is fresh, for the author approaches a saint in the Roman calendar as if she really were a woman, and an interesting woman she finds her. There is a downright, unaffected treatment of the subject which suggests the experiment of translating other mediæval haloed people into persons seen near at hand. — Wilbur Fisk, by George Prentice. (Houghton.) A volume in the series of American Religious Leaders. The interesting manner in which Mr. Prentice starts off leads us to look for more than we get, or perhaps for something different. If Dr. Allen's Jonathan Edwards was lacking in the biographical element, this volume suffers from an excess of this element. No doubt, the co-religionists of Wilbur Fisk will read with full minds, but those outside of the Methodist Church would have been glad if the author had made clearer both the leadership of Fisk and the characteristics of the body in which he was a leader. — A third volume in the same series is W. W. Newton's Muhlenberg. Dr. Muhlenberg stood in an exceptional position. He was at the parting of the ways in the Episcopal Church. In his day it was ceasing to be a parasite of the Anglican Church, and asserting its individuality. No men, perhaps, more than Bishop Alonzo Potter and Dr. Muhlenberg, did more, each in his own way, to emphasize the new departure. About each centred the activities of an aggressive church, but Muhlenberg had a special gift in a sort of prophetic insight, and he was the herald of new movements which found in him both a prophet and an administrator. Mr. Newton's book is a vivid portraiture of a notable man, and it is a study, as well, in the phases of church life of which Muhlenberg was an exponent. — Thiers, by Paul de Rémusat; translated by Melville B. Anderson. (McClurg.) One of the new series of The Great French Writers. Thiers was so distinctly a statesman that the author of this volume has spent himself almost wholly on the historical background of his subject's life, and the book thus affords a capital sketch of the interior history of France; the history, that is, of ideas as expounded in a great political and literary figure. — A Woman's War Record, by Septima M. Collis. (Putnams.) A lively little reminiscence, unpretentious and readable, by the Southern wife of a Union officer. Mrs. Col-

lis preserves, we are glad to see, an interesting, well-told little anecdote of Lincoln, originally contributed by her husband to a newspaper. — The journal of Marie Bashkirtseff, translated by Mrs. M. J. Serrano, has been issued in paper. (Cassell.) — The Boyhood and Youth of Goethe, translated from the German by John Oxenford (Putnam's Sons), makes two exquisite little volumes in the Knickerbocker Nuggets Series.

Fiction. Theresa at San Domingo, a Tale of the Negro Insurrection of 1791, by Madame A. Fresneau; translated from the French by Emma Geiger Magrath. (McClurg.) A somewhat old-fashioned story, with a little the air of having been constructed at second hand, though it is not at all certain that the writer was not familiar with San Domingo. The primness of the narrative removes it a little from the region of reality. — In Thoughtland and in Dreamland, by Elsa D'Estene-Keeling. (T. Fisher Unwin, London.) A volume of scraps, some of them, like Laddie and Lassie, really clever, others rather affected, but all characterized by a little straining after effect. The effect, to be sure, is sometimes gained, and there are several masterly bits of condensed narrative. — Rothermal, a Story of Lost Identity, by Louis Reeves Harrison. (American News Company.) A good deal of pains has been taken with this rather preposterous story, but we wish the author had not been drawn into the wearisome use of the historic present. It is singular how much this device adds to the unreality of the performance. — The Catholic Man, a Study, by Mrs. Lawrence Turnbull. (Lothrop.) An involved, semi-psychological, semi-sentimental novel, moderately well written, and appealing to a somewhat antiquated state. — Six to One, by Edward Bellamy. (Putnam's.) This Nantucket idyl, issued a dozen years ago, is revived under the stimulus of Mr. Bellamy's later fame. — Taken Alive, and Other Stories, by Edward P. Roe. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) A collection of short stories, which is prefaced by a kindly written autobiographic sketch. — The History of a Slave, by H. H. Johnston. (Appleton.) Mr. Johnston, the well-known African traveler and geographer, has gathered into an assumed autobiography of an African slave a great number of bits of experience which have come to his knowledge. The form adopted enables him to give a force to the narrative, but it is far from being realistic in the sense of art. That is to say, it is the skin of a black man, but the voice of a white. He has taken on all the external form of a slave, but it is the geographer and trav-

eler who really tells the story. — Sylvie and Bruno, by Lewis Carroll (Macmillan), is a charmingly ingenious story for young folks. It is not quite equal to Alice's Adventures in Wonderland, but it is not given to mortals to write two books as delightful as that.

Sociology and Economics. The Industrial Progress of the Nation: Consumption Limited, Production Unlimited, is the cheerful title of Mr. Edward Atkinson's volume containing articles contributed to The Century and The Forum. (Putnam's.) The value of the volume, apart from the results of individual investigations pursued by Mr. Atkinson, is in the comprehensive manner in which he has formulated his belief in what may be called the social morality of true business laws. Statistics take on a most interesting form as treated by him, and it is hard to resist the kindly optimism which runs through the many lines of thought and study pursued in this agreeable book. — Nationalism, by C. S. Griffin (The Author, Boston), is a small paper-covered book, in which the rapid organization of all society into an industrial army is urged as a cure-all for existing evils. Why so hot, my little man? exclaimed Emerson once, on a less urgent occasion, and our friends the nationalists evidently want the mills of the gods to be run by an electro-motor. — Frances Raymond's Investment, or The Cost of a Boy, by Mrs. S. M. T. Henry. (Woman's Temperance Publication Association, Chicago.) A little story intended to show how a mother kept an exact account of what she expended on the care and education of her boy, charging the account with the expense entailed by the saloon. — Problems of Greater Britain, by Sir Charles Wentworth Dilke (Macmillan), is an exhaustive survey of England's possessions in North America, Australia, South Africa, and India. The work is the result of two long journeys, but is in no sense a book of travels; it is a painstaking and elaborate account of the political, social, and material condition of the English colonies, somewhat on the plan of Mr. Bryce's American Commonwealth, though not so well done as that. The reader will find a vast amount of information in these seven hundred closely printed pages; as to its accuracy and the soundness of Sir Charles Dilke's deductions, we are not able to pronounce. — Money, by James Platt. (Putnam's.) Mr. Platt discourses of money in its economic aspect, but his mind is always ready to recur to the ethical side of the questions which arise under the consideration of wealth and prosperity.